



**NON
CIRCULATING**









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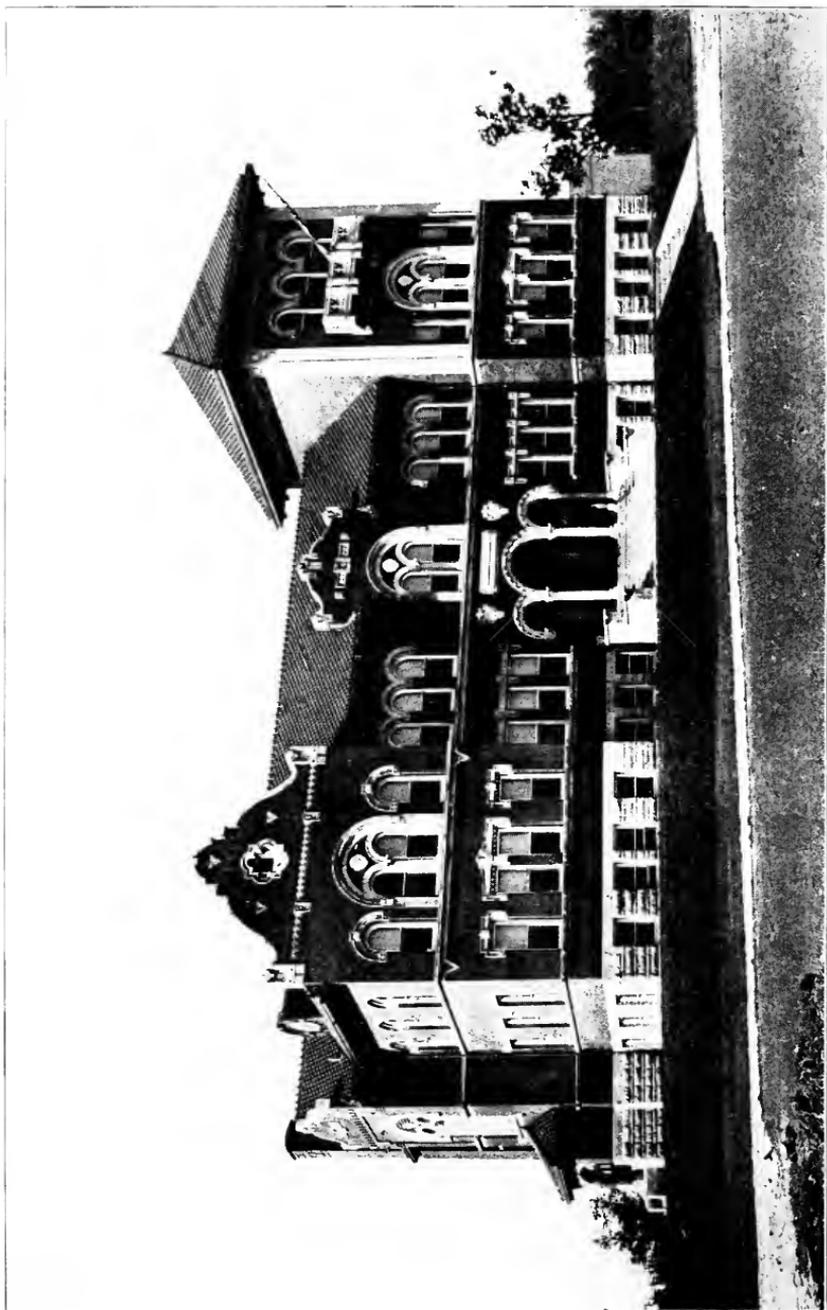
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LOYOLA ACADEMY—NUCLEUS OF LOYOLA UNIVERSITY
DEVON AND EVANSTON AVENUES

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. IX.

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No. 1.

The Woman's Portion.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY '10.



FROM the coast of Brittany,
Fisher fleets stand out to sea,
Golden in the sunbeams' gilding,
Watched by loved ones tenderly.

From their cruel caverns rushing,
Down the storm winds sweep, and hushing
For the moment whispered prayer,
Grind the fleet in maddened crushing!

From the coast of Brittany,
Fisher wives peer out to sea,
Hearing in the surf's wild roaring,
Screams of shipwrecked agony, —

And thus forever will it be
With the toilers of the sea,
Fear and dread the woman's portion,
Fear and dread and tragedy!

Loyola University.

THOS. Q. BEESLEY.



EW University Born in Chicago! St. Ignatius College expanded into great university under name Loyola. * * * Jesuit leaders plan best of engineering, medical and other departments." Thus ran a headline and sub-headings in the Chicago Daily Tribune, Monday, October 18, 1909, announcing to the people of Chicago an event momentous in local education—the founding of a Catholic and Jesuit University! Those terse, brief statements marked the climax of forty years collegiate prominence in this city, and the consummation of the eagerly awaited Chicago Catholic University plan. The story of that university plan has been sketched in the pages of the "Collegian" for three years, by editorial, feature article, and half-tone. In the 1906 April issue, the purchase of seventeen acres of Rogers Park real estate during the preceding month by the then president, Rev. Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., was announced in a glowing editorial, prophetic of the future that has now become a reality. In the April issue of 1907, the frontispiece was a half-tone of St. Ignatius Church, Devon and Evanston avenues, the first building to be erected on the north shore property. In 1908, the July frontispiece was a photograph of the Hon. Wm. Dillon, Dean of Lincoln College of Law. The first leader that month was an article by Mr. Arnold McMahon on "Lincoln College of Law," the first department of the greater St. Ignatius. In that same July issue, "College Notes" was illustrated by two cuts, one representing the Academy (then) to be begun the following fall, and the other a birds-eye view of the proposed Loyola University. Accompanying the "cuts" was an explanatory article discussing the university plan. Now, in October, 1909, we have the privilege and happiness of chronicling the realization of that university plan, and of attempting the climax of a narrative whose opening chapter was penned in 1906.

When three years ago last March the news spread abroad that seventeen acres of Rogers Park real estate had been purchased by the President of St. Ignatius College, with a view to establishing an academy and later branching out into a university, the announcement caused wide spread wonderment, not unmingled with admiration for such an undertaking. The Catholic people of this city hailed the news with delight, for, with the exception of Chicago, all the principal cities of the middle west, St. Louis, Omaha and Mil-

waukee, had Catholic and Jesuit Universities of splendid reputation. The purchase of the ground by Fr. Dumbach was the first decisive step. In 1907 the first building, a church, was erected, as stated above. In February, 1908, Fr. Dumbach's term as President expired and Rev. Alexander J. Burrowes, S. J., so prominently identified with the conversion of Marquette College, Milwaukee, into Marquette University, was installed as his successor. This was a significant movement in view of the then comparatively recent purchase of the north shore property. Soon after his installation Fr. Burrowes was quoted in the "New World" as saying: "It is our aim to eventually build up a university out of St. Ignatius College. Just how soon we shall be able to attain that end I cannot say. We want to establish a medical school and a school of pharmacy, law and dentistry. We shall probably begin by establishing an academy on the north shore property and later on branch out into the College Department of the school. * * * I am firmly convinced that the field in Chicago for a Jesuit University of high rank is promising of good results." This, early in 1908. In May of the same year, the second step in the actual building up of a university was taken, by establishing a law department to be opened in the downtown district the following September. Two years previous at the Annual Banquet of the Alumni Association in 1906, the formation of a law department was for the first time publicly discussed. "Great enthusiasm was aroused among the members, many of whom knew from their own experience of the great need for a school under proper direction and guidance in which young men, forced to labor for their own support could obtain a legal training. The subject was constantly agitated by the Association from that time on, and the foundation of Lincoln College of Law was the direct result of their efforts. Organization of the College was completed and plans for its opening perfected at an informal dinner held on May 18, at Vogelsang's." Many men prominent in the legal profession were guests of the faculty, and at that dinner Hon. William Dillon was chosen Dean of the Law School, and Arnold D. McMahan elected Secretary and Registrar. The most prominent jurists and leading practitioners of the Chicago bar were selected as members of the faculty. Apartments were secured in the Ashland Block and the Law Department opened under the title of "Lincoln College of Law"—the first law school in the United States named in honor of Abraham Lincoln. The first regular session was held Monday, September 14, 1908. Thirty students were enrolled, twenty-three in the first, and seven in the second, year of the course. Classes are conducted in the evening from 6:30 to 9:00 P. M., in order to afford those students who

must support themselves while preparing for the profession, an opportunity to obtain a thorough training in all the branches of the law. The opening enrollment of thirty was most encouraging and this fall the number was swelled to over fifty, a positive indication of the school's success. At Commencement in June, next year, there will be a graduating class in law.

In June of 1908, preceding the opening of the Law School, the plans of the proposed Loyola University were published, together with the announcement that ground for the new academy was to be broken in July. The announcement and the plans aroused wide spread interest in the undertaking. After the Law School opened in September, interest in the proposed university abated somewhat during the winter, until in April, 1909, came the announcement that Loyola Academy would open the following September, with classes for three years of high school, classical and commercial. Interest was at once renewed and that the university idea was highly popular, was evinced by the applause which greeted Fr. Burrowes' remarks on the subject at the Commencement Exercises in Orchestra Hall last June. This September Loyola Academy was completed, and opened its doors with an enrollment of 84 pupils, surely a splendid beginning. The Academy is a handsome building, two and one-half stories in height, built of pressed brick with stone trimming and done in "Spanish Mission" style of architecture, a style adopted for the entire future north shore plant, since peculiarly suited and adaptable to this species of work and which is more in accord with what is generally considered as real art as well as of practical service.

Simultaneously almost, with the opening of the Academy, came the announcement that affiliation with the Illinois Medical College had been agreed upon, and that that institution was henceforth the medical department of St. Ignatius College. To those most interested in the realization of the university ideal, the goal seemed close at hand. True, the medical college was small, but it has been consistently the Jesuit plan to affiliate some small college and then expand it into a larger institution.

The Illinois Medical College is located at the corner of Halsted street and Washington boulevard, within ten minutes' ride of the Cook County Hospital. The students enjoy all the privileges of the larger medical colleges of the city, and have the advantage of personal attendance, as the classes are small. Fr. Burrowes, as President of St. Ignatius College, will supervise the selection of professors and dictate the policy of the school. Dr. I. F. Burkholder is the President of the Medical Department, and Dr. Hugh Blake Williams is Dean. Dr. Burkholder is known in the profession as a man of great administrative ability, and is the

author of a work on the brain that has been commended by reviewers in terms of the highest praise. "Recently the college was officially examined at Dr. Burkholder's request, by the Association of American Medical Colleges, and pronounced thoroughly equipped and prepared to do the work in most advanced methods. Last year everyone of the eighteen graduates of the college passed the rigid state examination, a conclusive proof of the efficiency of the school."

And now, now comes the final step, the step that has been looked forward to since 1906, by everyone who has the interest of Catholic and Jesuit education in Chicago at heart. The newspaper headlines at the beginning of this article, tell the eagerly awaited story—Loyola University at last a reality! The charter for the university has not as yet been secured from the state legislature, but will be at an early date. St. Ignatius College will become the department of arts and sciences of the new university, but will preserve its name and identity as the parent school under its own charter. Its location is permanent and the founding of a new institution will effect no change in the character of the school. A new charter is of course necessary for Loyola University since it is a separate corporation, and when secured, the university will confer degrees in the Collegiate, Law, Medical and other departments. In the near future an engineering school, thoroughly modern in method and equipment, is to be opened, several branches in the study of engineering being already taught at St. Ignatius. The university seal is the coat-of-arms of St. Ignatius Loyola and is described in detail in the editorial columns. Regarding the medical and law departments, Fr. Burrowes has stated that they will remain in the downtown district, since the location is more central, easier of access and more convenient for practical work in law and medicine. That the new university will assume a place among the best in the West within a short time, seems indicated at once by the increase of students in the lately affiliated Illinois Medical, and the number enrolled in the other new departments opened since September, 1908. That affiliation of Illinois Medical College with St. Ignatius has undoubtedly attracted a number of students to the former institution, is shown by the attendance roll of eighty-three, an increase of over half from last September. The reason for this increase is not hard to find. Thousands of students flock to Chicago every year to study medicine. "Hitherto, Catholic students have had no college where their faith and morals would be safeguarded. In opening this new department the Jesuits will accomplish the double purpose of giving the Catholic students a thorough course in medicine, and at the same time, looking after his spiritual direction." What is true in regard to the medical department is true also to a certain extent in the other departments, when

the enrollment lists are examined. Surely this is indicative of what Loyola University will be to Chicago, especially Catholic Chicago, in another decade. There is no reason why, in a city like ours, with a population of over two million and a half of people, and with a Catholic population estimated at a million, that a Catholic university should not grow and flourish. A Catholic university of recognized standing and efficiency such as Loyola University, assuredly will become, has been the long cherished hope and ideal of those interested in the cause of higher Catholic education in this city. That ideal has at last been realized, and Chicago is now determined to assume her rightful place in higher Catholic education; from which she has been so long denied.

Autumn Night.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

"Nox erat et caelo fulgebat Luna sereno
Inter minora sidera."

Silent is the night, and silent, hill and dale.
 Across its hoary archway glides the moon
 In lingering flight, averse to leave thus soon,
 Clothing the harvest fields with silvery veil.
 The while a thousand imps bestride the gale,
 And sting my cheek in fiendish glee, and croon
 In piping unison a wild, wierd tune,
 Enticing me to join the gay wassail.
 My spirit yields. Aglow with keen delight,
 It soars away to join the merry crew,
 Imbibing deep the beauties of the night,
 And reveling in the deep empyrean of blue!
 O, Autumn night, of Nature's bounty born,
 Dissolve not at the coming of the morn!

Robert Browning "My Last Duchess"

WILFRID MAJOR, '12.



GREAT deal has been written about Robert Browning; and it would seem to make this man more complex and mysterious to increase the volume about a personality which can scarcely be said to have adequately understood itself. Yet, while most of the Browning literature has been about Browning's life in general, about its complexity or simplicity, as you will, and while most of the longer poems have aroused champions or assailants, the smaller pieces remain unexplored and unfathomed, and will afford fruitful study for the aspiring student.

Not for the reason that "My Last Duchess" is the greatest among these minor poems is it herein commented upon, but because it gives a sufficiently adequate insight into Browning's work.

It would appear to be an easy task to exhaust the possibilities of this short dramatic monologue, in its first perusal, but a periodical study will reveal more and more its worth; and on second, third, and fourth reading we find an undercurrent of truth, which makes us readily surmise "that poets wot not of the truth they spoke."

Difficult it would indeed be, to find a picture more true to life, than the portrayal of the Baron, whose opening words introduce the poem:

"That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,
Looking as if she were alive."

The Duke, presumably of Ferrara, is represented here as addressing a matrimonial emissary from another family. This house, though noble, cannot boast "a nine-hundred-years-old name, therefore, the extreme condescension of the whole attitude of Ferrara throughout the negotiation. The two men are coming down the old ducal stairway to the banquet hall, when Ferrara casually throws back the drapery and reveals the beautiful face of the "Last Duchess."

Some glorification of the lady on the part of her quondam husband, some sinking of the proud features of his face, some sorrow for the beautiful girl that was once his wife, might be expected from the haughty baron by the matrimonial go-between; but, no, only a brutal estimate of the art-work of the picture:

"I call that piece a wonder, now;
 Fra Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day,
 And there she stands."

The Last Duchess, no doubt a deep, sympathetic woman with a trace of the girlishness of her earlier years, refused to check the native impulse to shed happiness around her by smiles and blushes:

"A heart— how shall I say it—
 Too soon made glad,
 Too easily impressed."

For an adequate idea of his overbearing demands and haughty forbearance, a sister poem, "The Flight of the Duchess," might be read. When the Duke at last saw that it was impossible to stop this perennial sunshine of smile and blush, cankerous jealousy took hold of him, and the recipient of every facial benefice became to him an object of hatred, contempt, and scorn.

"The dropping of the daylight in the West.
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her—
 All and each would draw from her
 Alike the approving speech.
 She thanked men—good! but thanked
 Somehow—I know not how—as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine-hundred-years-old-name
 With anybody's gift."

This center of ducal righteousness, by no means could have been at fault, and so he imagines vanity, on part of his wife, the predominant cause of all his woe. It was not the presence of her dear husband in the studio that caused that spot of joy in the cheek, that is shown in the picture, but Fra Pandolf said: "Paint must never hope to reproduce the faint half-flush that dies along my lady's throat."

This cold calculating analysis of his dead wife's character is beating into submission the emissary of the family, which is to sacrifice another girlish heart at the altar of pride. And with the girlish heart must come a liberal dowry.

"We'll meet the company below—
 The Count, your master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;
 Though his fair daughter's self as I avowed

At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go
 Together down, sir. [Such magnanimity.]
 Notice Neptune, though,
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me."

If Browning had done nothing else than create this haughty type, to have us heartily condemn it, it would have been a great work, indeed.

The Coming of the Frost.

W. BERGHOF.

The spectered Frost King astride the northern blast,
 Spurs on his fleeting courier of death
 Towards smiling earth, and speeding quickly past
 He reeks the air with venom of his breath.

The flowers wither in his glazing clutch,
 The shiv'ring songsters seek the southern breeze,
 The blooming fields grow wane beneath his touch,
 And smitten leaves fall lifeless from the trees.

The wary fox his rambling life forsakes,
 The busy muskrat warms his mossy nook,
 The hunted rabbit seeks the meadow brakes,
 And noisy crickets leave the silent brook.

The stream that laughing kissed the leaning grass
 And shyly stole away with frothing brow;
 The daring brook that leaped the mountain pass,
 Are wrapped in cold and languid silence now.

His work well done, the Frost King's snowy form
 Remounts the panting blast, and hurries o'er
 The naked earth, to realms of endless storm,
 To icy seas of frigid Labrador.

Are They Dead.

Thomas Quinn Beesley, '10.



ARE they dead? Are two of the most stupendous and amazing frauds of a century being perpetrated upon the American people? Are Mark Twain and Mrs. Eddy dead? We feel constrained to answer in the affirmative. In the beginning let us state that the motives prompting this article are sincere, and that we are earnest in the desire to give this delicate question serious consideration. In 1906, the report was spread that Mark Twain had died abroad, and the only answer ever given to the rumor—"Reports of my death greatly exaggerated." No positive denial! Of late years, rumors have been increasingly and widely circulated that Mrs. Eddy's life is being lived by a clever substitute. This fall a positive statement was made to that effect. When the September issue of the North American Review was placed on the bookstands, the fourth article in the table of contents bore the startling title "Is Mark Twain Dead?"

It was a scholarly and convincingly logical answer in the affirmative by Eugene H. Angert. Following hard upon the sensation created by this article among those who read it, came a statement through the Press on September 20, by Dr. E. J. Foster, of Vermont, the adopted but disinherited son of Mrs. Eddy, that his foster-mother was dead and had been dead for some time. Two such startling disclosures emanating from widely divergent sources within the same month, and regarding two such prominent Americans, were extraordinary and merited serious attention. The fact that Mr. Angert's article was published in the North American Review, lent it added import and dignity, for that able journal, now in its ninety-fifth year, is not given over to publication of the crack-brained theories of illustrious nobodies. The next question that naturally arises is, Who is this Eugene H. Angert? He "was born in Missouri, was graduated from St. Louis University in 1896 and from Harvard Law School in 1899. He is now practicing law in Missouri. While at the law school he edited the "Harvard Law Review," and he has contributed to various magazines on legal subjects." It will be seen from the foregoing brief biography, that literary experience and legal training befit Mr. Angert most thoroughly for the discussion he has taken up and that his article merits serious consideration. It is the work of a man who has the courage of his convictions and who has the best interests of American liter-

ature at heart. Extracts have been given from his article where deemed advisable and portions of his introduction quoted that the reader may observe for himself the sincerity of Mr. Angert's motives.

"Mark Twain is dead. Not dead in any literary sense, but literally dead; dead as Aristophanes, as Bunyan, as George Washington—just plain dead! I know this statement will be met with incredulity, perhaps with derision. * * * I know this statement will be dismissed by those readers who resent any disturbance of their too readily accepted beliefs as the vagary of a crack-brained theorist, if, indeed, they do not ascribe it to a more acute form of mental instability. But should fear of ridicule compel my silence? Did I not owe to Mark Twain's readers of a century or two hence the moral obligation of publishing my discovery? Ought not future generations be saved from the endless argument, the crimination and recrimination of learned commentators, that surely would convulse the literary world when the authenticity of Mark Twain's later writings was questioned? * * * For, of course, the question, as thoughtlessly ignored by the readers of today, whether Mark Twain was the author of his works, would undoubtedly be raised by the literary dilettanti of a hundred years from now. How much better that it should be raised and settled in this day and generation! * * * The indifference of the contemporaries of Shakespeare and Bacon to the great literary deception of their day will not be initiated by me. The mystery of Mark Twain's writings shall not be left for some learned Ignatius Donnelly or Nathaniel Holmes of a century from now to unravel. The blunderbuss loaded for his destruction shall be fired now, not a couple of hundred years after his death."

It is morally certain that Mark Twain passed into the Great Beyond during the summer or early fall of 1906 while travelling on the Continent. Switzerland is the country in which Mr. Angert states that Mark Twain breathed his last. He declares "the exact date and place of his demise I have been unable as yet to discover. But it is undoubtedly true that he passed away * * * in an obscure village of Switzerland." It was then that he (?) gave out the statement "Reports of my death greatly exaggerated." No positive denial! Merely a near-humorous ambiguity that could be interpreted either way. For the world of literature Mark Twain still lives on. Two books have been issued since his death, together with an autobiography which, strangely enough, ran in the Associated Newspaper Magazines. "Christian Science" and "Is Shakespeare Dead?" are the titles of the two works published since 1906, together with the autobiography which ran serially in the Asso-

ciated Sunday Magazines, appearing in Chicago in the "Sunday Record-Herald Magazine." That the genius that created "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer" and "Colonel Mulberry Sellers," that the pen which described the travels of the "Innocents Abroad," and "Life on the Mississippi," that the author of "The Prince and the Pauper," "A Connecticut Yankee" and "Eve's Diary" could have written the three works published in Mark Twain's name since 1906, strains credulity to believe. If then, a literary fraud of this nature is being perpetrated, what are the motives? Let us hear Mr. Angert on the subject. "For many years prior to his death, Mark Twain commanded the largest audiences of any writer of his day. * * * The financial return to his publishers was enormous. But they foresaw that the steady stream of wealth that flowed from Mark Twain's genius must cease at his death. The inexhaustible mine must close when he is no more. * * * Mark Twain's passing of the Biblical tenure of three score and ten warned the publishers that this financial catastrophe could not be averted. Then, it was, that the possibility of keeping him alive indefinitely flashed upon them. If his death, when it occurred, could be kept secret, books written by the publisher's hacks might be given to the gullible public, year after year, as the latest offerings of Mark Twain * * * so with every contingency carefully provided for, it was not difficult, after Mark Twain had quietly passed away, to continue his existence. The fact that his death occurred in an obscure European village, made it easy to suppress. As his last years had been spent abroad he was an unfamiliar figure to his own countrymen and so detection of the imposture was not likely. "Of course an impostor had to be provided, for Mark Twain must of necessity occasionally appear in public. Those public appearances have been decidedly few, and then, only to limited audiences where danger of detection would be minimized.

The question of imposture brings up the question of personality. We are all familiar with the Clemens long, bushy, white hair. It has been a prominent feature in all his later pictures. The present Mark Twain according to Mr. Angert, possesses that physical resemblance. But interior evidence goes sadly against the new Mark Twain. "The old Mark Twain was profoundly profane; the New Mark Twain uses language that requires no expurgation for Sunday school purposes. The old Mark Twain was notoriously indifferent about his dress; the new Mark Twain is a Beau Brummel, who, with his white suits, even to evening dress, is the acknowledged leader of fashion." There are other pieces of internal evidence which the length of this article will not permit us to adduce.

In his latest (?) book, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" published April, 1909, we read, facing the title page—"Copyright, 1909, by *Mark Twain Company*." Why this incorporation? What reason has any living author to incorporate himself, especially a live Mark Twain? "There is the strongest motive for incorporating the dead Mark Twain. In no other way could the conspirators obtain a valid copyright of the works they published in his name. For their copyright in Mark Twain's name would be invalid if it was discovered that the author was dead when he applied for it; on the other hand, the discovery of the fraud would not affect the validity of any copyright granted to the Mark Twain Company. Mr. Angert produces strong evidence from the articles of incorporation themselves. He states that it was "a corporation chartered by the State of New York on December 28, 1908. * * * *Mark Twain was not one of the organizers of the Mark Twain Company*. His signature does not appear to the agreement which constituted him a corporation." As Mr. Angert states, we would reasonably expect Mark Twain to figure somewhere in the incorporation proceedings, but there is a very good reason why he did not. He was dead! Then take the autobiography which appeared in 1907 and 1908. Mark Twain always kept faith with the reading public. All remember his statement some five years ago that his autobiography would not be published until a century after his death. He was not the man to resort to such cheap advertising to puff his book, and yet—in 1907 that autobiography came to light and was published from the most unlikely of all sources—the Associated Magazines. The work itself was a sad blow to expectations of what Mark Twain's autobiography would be. It was hardly Mark Twain's wonted style and further, why was it not issued in a bound volume instead of in a newspaper serial, and why did Mark Twain violate his word? For the very good reason that he could not prevent—Mr. Clemens was no more! Then came "Christian Science"—as evidently a piece of Mark Twain's work as that the Coliseum in Rome was built by the Digger Indians. Then his latest work, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" a profound, erudite, and scholarly discussion of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by one who had a complete mastery of the subject and who had studied the question for years. Mr. Angert proves very conclusively on page 326 of his article, that Mark Twain had no time at any period of his career to acquire this knowledge and that his (?) latest work was not his own. Here we wish to state that we in parts employed Mr. Angert's line of reasoning the individual, and give his theory of, who is impersonating Mark Twain, a theory which Mr. Angert demonstrates most conclusively. The author of Mark Twain's latest work "is

an erudite Shakesperian scholar. Jealousy of literary honor has made him the arch-enemy of Mrs. Eddy. * * * Other writers may lay claim to some of these qualifications—he alone possesses them all. The name springs instinctively to the lips—Elbert Hubbard,” editor of the *Fra*, whose cover informs us that it is “not for mummeries,” but is “a Journal of Affirmation”—preacher of doctrines in the style of Mrs. Eddy, a man who is a scholar, an editor, a litterateur, a genius; a man who bears from pictures that we have seen, some facial resemblance to the old Mark Twain. All these qualifications are Elbert Hubbard’s. Mr. Angert further demonstrates that cryptograms of “Elbert Hubbard” exist in “Is Shakespeare Dead?” and in “Christian Science,” on page 328 of his discussion. The one we append is our own and is taken from the closing sentence of “Is Shakespeare Dead?” If the critical detect a missing B we refer them once more to “Is Mark Twain Dead?” page 326, for explanation. The capitals are our own:

“Isn’t it curious that two ‘town-drunkards’ and onE half-breed Loafer should leave Behind thEm, in a Remote Missouri village, a fame a hundred Times greater and several Hundred times more particUlarized in the matter of definite facts than ShakespearE left Behind him in the villAge wheRe he had liveD half of his lifetime?”

We conclude with Mr. Angert’s words: “I can have no possible self-interest to serve in proclaiming Mark Twain’s death; the strongest possible motive, namely, self-preservation as Mark Twain, prompts denial from the impostor. * * * Any emphatic denial can come only from an impostor and is proof that Mark Twain is no more. If * * * the bogus Mark Twain meets this exposure by silence, it must be construed as an admission of guilt.” We are anxiously awaiting that silence or that answer.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sept. 20.—“Dr. E. J. Foster of Vermont, an adopted son of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, founder of the Christian Science Church, said this afternoon that he was certain that Mrs. Eddy was dead and had been dead for some time, though information of her end had been purposely concealed from the general public by a coterie of Christian Scientists in the “Mystery House” in Boston. He and Dr. Robert C. Hannon, who would like to become Mrs. Eddy’s successor, are positive that a clique in Boston has been perpetrating a gigantic fraud for some time. Dr. Foster also intimates that vast sums of money donated for church work either have been hoarded in the vaults of the society or have been diverted for improper private uses.”

Thus ran the *Press Dispatch*, a positive affirmation of the rumors afloat for over two years that Mrs. Eddy is dead and that her life is being lived by a clever substitute. Coming as it does,

from Dr. Foster, a man who should be in a position to know at least some of the facts in the case, it gains a weight and importance that strengthens our inclination to an affirmative answer to the question, "Is Mrs. Eddy Dead?" Motives prompting Dr. Foster's statements could scarcely be those of self. He would gain little by such a disclosure. He possesses few, if any, chances to become Mrs. Eddy's successor, which to a Christian Scientist is the acme of earthly glory—to follow in her footsteps. The reason for Dr. Foster's statement being disinterested and prompted by impersonal motives is this: Dr. Foster as everyone knows, was legally adopted by Mrs. Eddy on November 5, 1888, when 41 years of age. He was then a homœopathic physician at Waterbury, Connecticut, and had met Mrs. Eddy the year previous. From the day he legally became her son, Miss Eddy's cabinet was jealous of him and from the day when she made him the publisher of her works, the most remunerative position in her gift, his days were numbered. He had to be in Boston much of the time and in his absence, his enemies poisoned Mrs. Eddy's mind against him. In the spring of 1896 she took the publishing business away from Dr. Foster and gave him to understand his fall from favor, by sending him to Philadelphia to build up a church where one had already been built up, and where he found that he had been discredited in advance with the Philadelphia following. When Mrs. Eddy was through with a man she was through. To quote from Miss Milmine's History of Christian Science, in McClure's Magazine:—"Mrs. Eddy's word had made Foster and her word unmade him. From the moment the Christian Scientists understood that he was no longer in favor with his mother, Dr. Foster was ostracized. * * * Legally of course, he was still Mrs. Eddy's adopted son, but she did not trouble herself about that apparently. She made no charge against him, demanded no explanation. She simply erased him from her consciousness." Mrs. Eddy had set the seal of her official disapproval upon Dr. Foster and from that time forth he could not be "near the throne." Hence it must become evident from even this brief presentation of Dr. Foster's history, that statements emanating from him in regard to Mrs. Eddy's death cannot be prompted by hope of his own elevation to her vacant seat of power. In Christian Science, as far as authority is concerned, he has become a minus X.

We cannot in the limits of this article go into Mrs. Eddy's life history in detail, a history that is equivalently the history of Christian Science. Still that life-history has an important bearing on the subject, and a splendid series of articles in this regard can be found in McClure's Magazine, Chicago Public Library, Vols. 28-31, by

Miss Georgine Milmine. The series are a thorough and comprehensive study of Mrs. Eddy's history and to Miss Milmine we are indebted for most of the quotations and historical points given in this part of our discussion. Mary A. Morse Baker was the youngest child of Mark Baker and Abigail Barnard Ambrose. She was born at Bow, New Hampshire, July 16, 1821, making her 88 years of age if alive today. She was first married in December, 1843, to George Washington Glover, who died in June, 1844. In September her only child, George Washington Glover, was born, and the history of her utter neglect of that child until he reached manhood, has been one of the most astonishing facts of her career. In 1853 she married Dr. Daniel Patterson, who proved incompatible, and in 1873 she secured a divorce. In 1877, on New Year's Day, she made her third and last matrimonial venture, by marrying Asa Gilbert Eddy, who died of heart trouble June 3, 1882. Since then Mrs. Mary A. Baker-Glover-Patterson-Eddy has remained a widow. In 1862 Mrs. Eddy met Dr. Quimby at Portland, Me., who had by 1859 developed a philosophy of life and disease which he called by the various names of "Science of Health, Science of Christ and Christian Science." Mrs. Eddy made a thorough study of his philosophy and thence arises the famous Quimby-Eddy controversy in regard to the originator of Christian Science. Nine years after Dr. Quimby's death she published "Science and Health (the Christian Science "Bible" if we may be permitted to misapply that sacred term). The first Christian Science organization was formed in June, 1875, and in 1879 Mrs. Eddy took steps to form a chartered church. In 1884 she taught her first class in Chicago. In 1887 Dr. Foster was adopted. In 1890 Mrs. Eddy disorganized the Boston Church, and in 1893 changed it into a close corporation of which she was the supreme and ruling head with a puppet of directors through whom to issue her orders. She has continued to be the absolute and supreme authority ever since, gradually centering more and more power upon herself until by the early '90s Mrs. Eddy had become a synonym for Christian Science! We have given this brief sketch of her career that the reader, if not already familiar with it, may understand something of the character of the remarkable woman about whose death there is so grave a suspicion, and the history of whose life bears intimately upon her death.

It is our theory that Mrs. Eddy died in her home at Concord, late in 1907 or less, probably very early in 1908. We will fix the date more definitely—between August and the last of December, 1907. The evidence seems certainly to warrant this conclusion. We shall set it down in order. From early girlhood Mrs. Eddy was never physically strong. She was subject to violent seizures and

"at times the attack resembled a convulsion." At others violent hysteria would come upon her or attacks closely akin to cataleptic. The family for years expected that Mary would end her days in one of her hysterical attacks and went to every extreme to prevent them." After her first husband's death Mrs. Eddy was almost daily subject to her old, violent hysteria. During the succeeding years, especially after her marriage with Dr. Patterson, her old malady recurred with increasing violence and her health was much shattered. In 1879 came the first traces of the palsy which affected her so seriously in after years. By the spring of 1889 she had begun to show the wear and tear of the preceding eight years, and had begun to move about from place to place, driven almost to frenzy by her absurd fear of "Malicious Animal Magnetism." "It was probably not until after she had left the city * * * that she realized how greatly her administrative life in Boston had taxed her strength." In 1895 at the dedication of the great Boston "Mother" church, Mrs. Eddy was absent from the ceremonies and her address was read from the platform. "Her absence must be considered an indication of her failing strength." "Mrs. Eddy, one must remember, was fifty years of age before she knew what she wanted to do, sixty when she bethought herself of the most effective way to do it, * * * and seventy when she achieved her greatest triumph—the re-organization and personal control of the Mother Church." Between her seventieth and eightieth years she devoted her time to disciplining that church and its leaders, and converting it more and more each succeeding year into a synonym for her name. From 1890 on, she became gradually more and more inaccessible to her followers, and in Boston was becoming merely an all-powerful name. While she lived at Concord, large pilgrimages of the "Faithful" came down occasionally to see their leader and towards the last, only on the balcony of her home, Pleasant View. These pilgrimages were separated near the end by long intervals of time and finally about 1906, were discouraged by Mrs. Eddy, though small groups occasionally came out from Boston for consultation with their "Pastor Emeritus." "On January 2, 1907, Mr. Glover, her son and his daughter, Mary Baker Glover, were permitted a brief interview with Mrs. Eddy at Pleasant View. Mr. Glover states that he *was shocked at his mother's physical condition and alarmed by the rambling incoherent nature of her conversation.*"

In March he began action in his mother's behalf against some "ten prominent Christian Scientists among whom were Calvin Frye, Alfred Farlow and the officers of the Mother Church in Boston. Mr. Glover asked for an adjudication that Mrs. Eddy *was incompetent through age and failing faculties* to manage her estate, * *

* and that the various defendants named be required to account for *alleged misuse of her property.*" Mrs. Eddy replied "by declaring a trusteeship for the control of her estate," and in August, Mr. Glover withdrew his suit. The previous June, Arthur Brisbane interviewed Mrs. Eddy and published the result in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, August, 1907. He described her face as "almost entirely free from wrinkles." She was then *86 years old*. "She is * * * very slender and probably weighs less than one hundred pounds. Mrs. Eddy's mind is clear, her health good for an old lady of eighty-six." This interview was really in the interest of a prominent Christian Scientist and we will remember that this was during the time that Mr. Glover had begun legal action to have a commission appointed to manage Mrs. Eddy's affairs. We also wish to state that a photograph taken in the early '00s of Mrs. Eddy in her daily drive about Concord, almost entirely discredits Mr. Brisbane's statement about her facial smoothness. Possibly he had the pleasure of interviewing Mrs. Eddy's substitute! Furthermore, it may be well to mention here that many of Mrs. Eddy's later pictures have been greatly retouched and that one of her most famous late photographs is admittedly a composite. In regard to Mr. Brisbane's statement concerning Mrs. Eddy's health, please recall Mr. Glover's shocked surprise over his mother's physical condition and his subsequent action.

"About a month after Mr. Glover's suit was withdrawn, Mrs. Eddy purchased * * * the old Lawrence mansion in Newton, a suburb of Boston. The house was remodeled and enlarged in great haste and at a cost that must almost have equalled the purchase price of \$100,000. All the arrangements were conducted with the greatest secrecy and very few Christian Scientists knew that it was Mrs. Eddy's intention to occupy this house until she was actually there in person. On Sunday, January 26, 1908, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mrs. Eddy attended by nearly a score of her followers boarded a special train at Concord. Mrs. Eddy's face was heavily veiled when she took the train at Concord, and when she alighted at Chestnut Hill station. Her carriage arrived at the Lawrence House late in the afternoon and she was lifted out and carried into the house by one of her male attendants. Why this intense haste, why this extraordinary secrecy, why this careful concealment of features, why this suddenness of movement? Remember those early hysterical attacks that convinced her family would soon cause her death, that made her early womanhood so wretched, that racked and shattered her health! Remember the broken-down and strained condition in which she found herself upon her retirement from Boston. Remember the gradual ex-

clusiveness and retirement which she effected. Remember the failing of her health as indicated by her absence from the dedicatory service of the Boston Temple, that day of days for the Christian Science Capitol. Remember the condition in which her son, Mr. Glover, found his mother, and his subsequent and immediate action. Remember the haste with which the Chestnut Hill home was fitted up in Boston, the suddenness and deep secrecy of the removal and the manner in which Mrs. Eddy had become merely a name in Boston. Remember her discontent in other cities and then her many years of peaceful contentment in Concord. Remember all that, and the date of the fitting up of the Boston house and the sudden removal, September, '07, and January 2, '08, respectively, and then Dr. Foster's statement on September 20th—and do you not think the evidence is strong that Mrs. Eddy died toward the close of 1907, to make our date more definite, between August and December 31st?

That a coterie of Christian Scientists are keeping her death hidden as Dr. Foster charges, seems very probable. With Mrs. Eddy dead the consequences in Christian Science are not hard to foresee. On the future of Christian Science we refer the reader to Miss Milmine's history of Mrs. Eddy, McClure's Magazine, Chicago Public Library, Vol. 31, page 188. We will quote but two sentences: "After her death, when that compelling hand is withdrawn, either the church must renew itself from among the ignorant and superstitious as Mormonism has done, or it must permit its members to use their own minds. Those who use their minds will discover that Christian Science is only one method of applying a general truth and that it is a method hampered by a great deal that is illogical and absurd." With this future in view there is every reason why Mrs. Eddy should remain alive for some time. *She* has become the Christian Science Church and with her dead—the jackals quarreling over the corpse of the lion, the deacons struggling for the empty succession to Dowie's apostolic (?) robes in the desolate city of Zion, are but similes to fill out that dash. Mrs. Eddy has been so secluded for over five years that her life could be lived by a clever substitute with little fear of detection. Her wealth amassed from her "religion" and from her books, must total millions. Consider these millions of dollars; add to them her failing health, the board of directors the next in power, the ten men named by Mr. Glover in his suit, the 1908 removal and Dr. Foster's startling September statement and the whole must make us pause before we answer in the negative to the question, "Is Mrs. Eddy Dead?"

The Eternal Watch.

AUGUSTINE BOWE,

Black were the valleys, and the mountains black
 That reared their manes like bison to the storm,
 And sheltered peaceful acres 'neath their crests.
 The winds were spent, and pennons fluttered down
 Spires that had pointed sunward in the day
 Groped, helpless all as babies' hands, out, out
 Into the vast unseeing waste beyond.

Afar—afar. Beyond the last star's course—
 Beyond the ken of cycling orbs dwelt One
 From where He sate vast orbits swung as beads
 Upon a thread of gold, and rosary-like,
 They slipt his fingers through. He watched them all—
 The galaxies that sparkled in the night,
 The cold, dead, icy moons of atmospheres
 That pierce to outermost the bounds of space.
 He dipt his finger in an ocean bed—
 Nations were crumbled in the wild sea's maw.
 His breath would twinkle out the stars at night,
 And send them hurtling on, great lifeless things
 Oblivious and in oblivion.

Tonight he gazed upon the mountains black
 Of our own earth, and singled out thereon
 A child, a youth, an aged, broken man.

A strain of harmony broke the still night
 And slept again. The child said naught.
 Its little brain was filled with utterance
 It could not speak aloud but to confuse.

"Up," cried the youth, and in the mid of night
 Awoke to fiery potency all his powers,
 Tuned to the magic strain his heart of iron
 As staunch and true of sound as that same chord.
 In prayerful tone and reverential mood
 Sang back to that Creator his own song
 As pure of tone as he had rendered it.
 "Amen," he said.

A grim and harsh old man
 Heard the resounding chime, yet sat unmoved.
 He, too, had once a heart of welded iron,
 But greed and lust for gold had tarnished sore
 And rusted off the manhood that was there.
 Heard he the mighty chant, but heard alone
 The metal's clang, and listed not the chime—
 The plaintive little melody it spoke.

Haply an angel sped those mellow notes
 At her Lord's bidding cleft the midnight air
 That one might hear whose heart was thus attuned.

'Tis thus God's grace would seek our hearts and some
 Who deem His word a mighty chord that needs
 No answering save a mute obsequance, these
 Like babes would give no sign that they have heard.

Rises the youth that hears within his soul
 Resound the sweet-tongued echo of that grace.
 Cries he unto that great Infinity
 He calls his God, "Thy will be done! On earth
 And in the skies; Thy will—and thine alone."

Reclused, self-exiled from his fellow man,
 Yet well within the realm of God's high grace,
 Ponders the aged reasoner, and cons
 The phrases o'er, piecing the noble work,
 The holier that lost in a godless sea
 Of licensed blasphemy, science his world.

Comes God's grace even now. Art thou the child—
 The youth—haply the "Reasoner"?



A Challenger of Mars.

AUGUSTINE BOWE, '10.



IG, tired, sickly eyes, with an awful expression of hunger for something, perhaps more than food, were about all that would distinguish the little fellow from a hundred others like him. On the pavement, already scorched by the sun for the greater portion of the day, the child stood, and fiddled lazily, snatches of Spanish tunes. He sang occasionally, sang those hearty old songs, accustomed only to the accompaniment of childish laughter, great, generous feasts and kindly merriment. It was sad indeed, to watch him feasting on the words to whose realization he had so long been a stranger. The lilting love melody, the galloping chase, harvests of fruit and grain had each their turn in his song.

There were waifs round about, better versed in the trade of the corners than this little child of song, who seemed to be enjoying the latter's discomfiture immensely. Even older people were more inclined to laugh than be impressed. Only the child was serious. It meant bread to him, and meat and bread meant life, and life—well, it didn't mean so much after all, so he played on disconsolately through the afternoon.

For an hour, perhaps more, he played industriously, for the sum of a few small cents. These he had no difficulty in disposing of at a near-by bakery, whence he journeyed to the residence portion of the city. Up and down them from one end to the other he traversed until by some kind chance he happened past Senator Ashburn's home as a housemaid was emptying some garbage. She beckoned to him (being not altogether ignorant of his kind) and he understood. So deftly tucking his violin under his arm, he followed her into the house. Here she seated him before a meal heartier than he had tasted for many a day; and left him to himself.

Presently, a door leading into the other apartment was opened and Senator Ashburn stepped into the kitchen. He was busy for a moment, explaining something to the cook, and was about to leave the room. In passing he turned to the boy, who had been staring at him since he entered. The child arose apologetically, grabbed his hat and violin and then—stood stock-still.

They faced each other for a moment, only a moment—the tall, handsome man, and the child, not very tall, graceless, vacant and consumptive. For a second the man turned away, half shuddered, then recovering himself, his face relaxed into a smile.

"Well, my lad, what's your business?"

"I play, sir; I play, would you hear me?"

The Honorable Ashburn was the people's friend, kindness was his trade; he answered affirmatively. He led the way through dainty halls, touched here and there by rare prints, water-colors, and a grandeur of tapestry that fairly dazzled his companion.

"What's your name, my little man?" the Senator questioned, after he was comfortably seated at his great desk.

"Alphonse, sir; Alphonse, after the king."

A few more questions were asked and very unsatisfactorily answered. Then some moments of silence, which Alphonse broke by saying:

"I will play, sir."

The performance wasn't much in the line of music. The song was pathetic, but it was the singer who might have excited the pity. He stood swaying nervously (not a professional nervousness either), his shrill voice piping out harmonies as shallow as the little chest that forced them.

He was through. He hadn't at all engrossed the attention of the Senator. He mumbled a few words of thanks and had started for the door, when the audience aroused himself and inquired if the boy were going. It seemed that he was. The Senator, more to have something to say than anything else, questioned where. There was no where, therefore, no answer.

"No home—doesn't your family live here, don't you know anyone?"

"None, sir," said the child quite bravely, for one of his years.

"None!" the Senator mused, then he rose awkwardly and confused. He didn't like the idea of sending the boy out in the damp evening, so he told him to go down with the servants over night. The boy agreed and left the room.

A homeless child—God, what a tragedy. The Senator's features hardened as if perhaps in recollection of his own boyhood. He rose nervously and walked over to the window.

It was a dull evening, the sun being heavy and red just over the horizon. The smoke of factory and locomotive had smutched the brilliant picture that nature is wont to paint at sundown. Heavy and red, the dark sun was suspended in the western heavens. It seemed to be fading—perhaps the Senator only thought so—perhaps the darkness was only in his eyes, or his heart. Strange how a little thing will so upset a person, isn't it?

At this point he lost the chain of his conjectures over the sun and reverted to a subject which (rather strangely) the child had awakened himself. He had come from the west years ago. He

was big in his state. They had sent him to Washington and he was big even there—big because he was honest about money. His ambition didn't run in that line; he wanted power. As a child he had dreamed of himself as a vast dispenser of power. In a fair measure he was attaining his ideal. He had espoused the cause of the people because it was the one to surest success. But tonight, this ragged appealing little boy woke in his heart misgivings that had never found place there before. He had implicitly believed that with him advanced the cause of the people. He had marked an even line of battle when he began at the bottom; he had not seen the vast course that could not move at all, nor had he counted the struggles as he advanced. Tonight he looked back and was disillusioned. Not so much was he depressed in spirit at the plight of the unfortunates, but somehow or other he regarded their condition as a reproach to his own ability.

His eyes had drifted back from the setting sun over the roofs and gangways, over the alleys and houses of the city, to a dome, a great white glistening dome. A little flutter in his pulse, a feeling like that, perhaps, a martyr experiences, or a brave heart warring on a battlefield, flickered for a moment, and then slept under the quiet brow of his deliberation.

He turned from the window and went back to his writing.

A rather clumsy boy with a fiddle and sundry other inconvenient accompaniments is not long in making himself in the way among a family of busy servants, and they too are not at all reticent about making the fact known to the inconvenient party. So, in the midst of a busy morning's work, Alphonse was shipped, bag and baggage, to the Senator's study. An action, perhaps, calculated to hasten the Senator's disposition of the boy. He was alone here for some minutes—the Senator not being an early riser—and he amused himself by striking strange chords on the violin and drawing out an unintelligible chant. At length, after perhaps an hour of this impromptu music the Senator came in, bright and ready for work.

He was taken back somewhat upon seeing the child—intrusions of this sort were unfamiliar to him. His first impulse was to speak harshly, but there was something so helplessly forlorn about the boy's manner, something so like the wailing of a naked winter forest in his song, that the Senator forebore speech. Instead he delivered himself of a half-pleasant good morning, to which Alphonse replied absently. The boy was all intent upon his fingers for the moment—a brief little sputter as the bow fell upon the strings—a swift flashing of those thin fever-eaten little hands ending in a sweet burst of melody that the child tried hurriedly to follow with his piping voice. He flushed, and a smile gave place to the song. Then he turned to the Senator still smiling, rather sadly though, and re-

marked: "Ah, if she were only to sing it, sir," and he shook his brown curls back from his forehead.

It developed in the conversation that followed that "she" was a street gamin like himself, only older, much older and gray. A prima donna of forty years ago, forgotten, her fortunes squandered, and her vitality spent, a boarding house mistress more lately, and when that pursuit failed, the streets claimed her, and only the other day, Alphonse explained, the morgue had taken her. Hence his homelessness. She had fostered the child, fed him when there was the wherewith in her pocket, taught him the mastery of the violin, and sang on rare occasions what were once her triumphs.

After a recital of this kind the Senator hardly felt equal to settling down to real work. So he picked up his hat after some further conversation with the boy, and went out. Left to himself, Alphonse was of half a mind to be on his way, as he was no longer on invitation. He began wearily to gather his things, but soon left off. So bitter was his remembrance of yesterday that he would have died rather than return to its desolation. And, too, there was a homelike feeling of security and protection here with the big, kind Senator, that the child had never experienced before.

After that the Senator was sure to find Alphonse in his library whenever he entered it. Instinctively the child learned to put aside his music upon the entrance of his patron, although often-times the Senator would encourage him to continue it. They became intimate after a fashion. The boy learned to help around the room and make himself handy generally. Besides the old-fashioned little fellow was wise and quick with his saws, some of which delighted the Senator exceedingly. And they had royal times at night. After the work was done, and they were alone, the Honorable would sit and talk half to himself, half to the walls around him and perhaps the remaining fraction to his companion about things in general quite unknown to Alphonse, which however, the little fellow would drink in with the supremest gusto. When visitors came he would slink away to some inconspicuous corner and amuse himself with the more elementary literature that adorned the Senator's shelves. And sometimes he would get the Senator to sing or rather hum the songs that the boy's continued playing had familiarized him with.

One night as was their wont, after a distinguished guest had departed, Alphonse and his patron held solemn conclave. He was an old man, white haired buxom and red as a Jonathan apple at Christmas—a very Apollo at sixty. He was a furious smoker Alphonse thought—and smoke always made him cough until his pale cheeks were red—very red. He had a habit, too, of talking very rapidly and chopping off his words with an infectious chuckle more like a grunt than a laugh.

But to-night instead of having it all to say, he seemed to be waiting most of the time for the Senator to say something. It was about war, Alphonse heard, for he was quick in such matters. He fixed his great black eyes straight on the visitor, caught every word that fell from his lips, without being seen or heard. The proposed war—public sentiment expediency—partisan loyalty, all flashed through Alphonse's brain as the speaker uttered them. He could not know of course what half of them meant, but then he gained a fairly comprehensive idea of what was going on.

Early the next morning—very early, the Senator went to the door with his guest and he departed.

It was settled the Senator was to speak for war on the morrow. He closed the door and walked back to his armchair. He looked over toward Alphonse's corner expecting to find him asleep. But no, there he sat staring about with eyes so ghostly that the Senator half shuddered as they fixed themselves on him. Then he leaned forward on his desk and studied a pamphlet that his visitor had left.

"War," he repeated to himself.

After a moment of reflection he turned.

"You know what war is, Alphonse?"

"Sir, I know, I—— know——"

"You know then, Alphonse?"

"Know; my father a soldier—he fight de Morocco for de company, de gran' company and Spain. He fight—he dies—we starve, but they, they have Morocco sir, that is war."

"No! no! Alphonse, your notions are all wrong. We must have war—it is good, it is grand, when a nation like ours makes it an instrument for right."

"You fight for a railroad to the Panama—"

"Yes, a railroad that will build up a nation around it, spread freedom in the heart of a barren surf-land, bring up new millions to revere our flag, feed starving thousands, Alphonse, war is the plowshare of liberty."

"The plowshare! And must it harrow human hearts."

"Oh, sir; you cannot see war the way I can." And that was all.

But what he had said was enough. He had not been proficient in argument, but the Senator was and could reconstruct the argument in his mind as the child lay sobbing himself to sleep on his lap. He saw that his dawn of progress had been one of bloodshed, that his democracy was one of conquest. He had pledged himself to the war party last night, but two years ago he had pledged himself to the people—and his people would have him. So he determined and resolved to look at life through the eyes of the little

waif before him. Of course he failed, but then he did better than if he had not tried at all.

Alphonse had fallen asleep long before his patron had left off thinking. He had promised the boy to speak against the war tomorrow. Finally he arose, turned down the lights, and gathering the frail little body into his arms with the wan, homely face pressed against his shoulder, he carried his burden off to bed.

Nearly noon of the next day Alphonse awoke and fearful that he would be too late to hear the Senator, he prepared hurriedly and was soon ready to be on his way. He reached under his bed, more from force of habit than anything, and pulled out his little violin arrayed in a new case which the Senator had purchased for him. He forgot that it would be well for him to eat and hastened down the steps and off to the Senate Chambers. It was a long walk and being none too familiar with his way, the lad was some time in getting there. But he got there finally, little frayed outfit, fiddle and all. He glided into the gallery and down to the rail where he could see the Senator already addressing the chamber.

A hatchet-faced guard snarled a word or two at him and after a dispute with a punctilious grandame who wished to reserve an extra seat for her hat, Alphonse was ordered to go and sit with the guard where he could hear but not see. Everything seemed so strange and it was so hard to keep from crying. He fingered his violin case nervously and was impolitely ordered to put it up. The Senator was speaking—his Senator, thought Alphonse, and he turned to the guard with a look of pride. The guard was snoozing and Alphonse felt rather offended at him. He began handling the violin again, and occasionally he would mumble something to himself. The Senator's sweet voice seemed to awaken something far back in his brain. The strain began to tell. Presently his eyes grew blood-shot, the tense silence of the hall begot fancied sounds in his ears. He opened his violin case calmly, deliberately, and with his eyes wide open, yet sightless, he whispered, "Ah, that is 'she.'"

"That song, mammy, you never sang that before, never so sweet, never, never, never.

Quietly he looked up.

The Senator was swept on in a grand period—"You shall not harrow the heart of humanity." The boy seemed to recall the words.

"Let me play it for you, mammy—"

He raised the fiddle to his chin and with a great effort drew the bow across the worn strings. A faint little gurgle broke on the assemblage at the last word of the speaker, so faint, so sweet, that it was almost indistinguishable from the Senator's mellow tones.

When the guard awoke he was surprised to find the Senator standing over the boy beside him trying to lull him into restfulness. The glazed eyes, it seemed, would turn only with the fevered head, and the boy would keep repeating: "You never sang that song before, mammy, never, never."

The boy was brought home to the Senator's home where he died the next day, holding the Senator's great big hand in his own.

The speech! It didn't do a great deal, speeches, and the like don't nowadays. Men whose pockets are filled with bribes are not readily susceptible to oratory except perhaps in as far as money talks. But if the little fellow hadn't saved thousands of hearts from pain and thousands of mouths from hunger, his little consumptive life had served one purpose—a great big honest heart had been taught to know its fellows better.



The Reformer.

ALPHONSE ZAMIARA.



THE other day while waiting for a car on the corner of Halsted street and Archer avenue, I was accosted by a middle-aged gentleman whose eager eyes looked somewhat recklessly on the world about him

"The street-car system of this city," he said, "is very bad. I'm waiting here this full half-hour, and there isn't a sign of a car yet."

"Oh, our system may not be the best," I replied, "but still—"

"Why!" he exclaimed, "it's a disgrace to the city. The authorities ought to step in and force the companies to improve the service. If I had charge of this, I would remove all wagon-traffic to separate streets, or at least keep the wagons off the tracks. This would do away with all blockades and their consequent delay. I'd have the cars run regularly every three minutes, and no car would be allowed, under any circumstances, to take on more than sixty passengers. I'd have no more crowding."

"I wish you success, sir," I replied, smiling; "but I am afraid that present conditions are very, very unfavorable to any such radical change. Yet, if that could be done it would do away with all late-coming at college. I'm on my way to school now, but I fear I'll be a half an hour late for class."

"Which school do you attend?" he inquired.

"Saint Ignatius College on the West Side."

"Saint Ignatius, St Ignatius. Yes, I know the place. I have a cousin there. It's in charge of the Jesuit order, if I'm not mistaken. Yes, that's right. I understand that the Jesuits are good teachers, and have many wise men in their number. But their system of education is altogether too old. It is in total dissonance with the times and the age. It may have been very good two or three hundred years ago, but since that time the world has made great strides on the road of improvement and reform. And the Jesuits are making a great mistake in not joining in the progress. The world of today is not the world of two or three centuries ago. It has advanced at least one thousand per cent; but the Jesuits have preferred to remain where they are."

"I beg pardon, sir, but—"

"Now I expected that you would object. But I know I'm in the right. I've had experience. And let me tell you, the Jesuits must soon reform their system, or else—" and he threw up his

hands. "I tell you I've had experience: I've been at Creighton, Yale, Notre Dame, Oxford, and Cambridge; but I did not spend two years in any one of them. I could not stand it. With some I was disgusted even before a year had passed. There were so many things that called for total reform, and that could be reformed so easily that I could not endure the negligence of the respective faculties in not bringing about those changes. I studied various system of education, and have also considered the Jesuit system. But I was not satisfied with any one of them. Some were good in this, others in that; but all were on the whole deficient. My opinion of the Jesuit system, as I have told you a while ago, is that it is too ancient. In Latin, for example, they, the Jesuits, take about ten chapters of Caesar, one or two speeches of Cicero, and one book of the Aeneid. Why, that hardly gives you a taste of the man's style. And it's the same story with Horace, Homer, Xenophon, and Demosthenes. You can't get the full value, or a really correct appreciation of a man's works by reading one-twentieth, or even one-tenth of them. They're altogether too slow. Their whole system needs a thorough reform. They are going backwards instead of advancing. Their system of education is as crude and deficient as are the Army and Navy of the United States. They—"

"Sir," I interrupted him, "judging by your assertions, it would seem that the Jesuit system isn't worth anything. And yet, it was the Jesuits who gave the world such men as Tasso, Moliere, Kircher, Secchi and Suarez.

"They don't take enough matter, you assert. But the old saying is, *non multa, sed multum*; and Cicero says: '*Timeo hominem minus libri.*' And the whole world has reiterated these from the ancient times to the present day. It is not the man who has devoured books, but he who has digested them, that has obtained real power from his study.

"Then you brand their system 'crude and deficient.' Facts, however, seem to indicate the opposite. Only two years ago in the Rhode's scholarship examinations, the undergraduates of Saint Ignatius College had five of the eight places awarded to the State of Illinois.

"Recently, the students of the Saint Ignatius Academy won, with distinction, all their public debates against older students of secular high schools.

"Your opinion, sir, has at least one distinction: It is confined to those whose theory of education is built on a confusion of progress with modern fads, or to those who do not take the pains to study the system which the Jesuits are following. Those who understand the principles and method of Jesuit education or who see

its results do not seem to share your opinion; at least, the forty colleges and universities which the Jesuit Society conducts in this country are crowded to their fullest capacity and are frequently obliged to enlarge their opportunities.

“Furthermore, you said that you had been in Yale, Oxford, Cambridge, Notre Dame, and that there were so many things that called for total reform that you could not stay in any one more than two years.

“The system employed in these colleges, Yale especially, is diametrically opposed to Jesuit, and yet you say it needs total reform—”

But just then the long-awaited car rattled in front of us and we separated.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas,—Our Heavenly Father in His inscrutable wisdom and mercy has seen fit to remove by death Mrs. Mary Kircher, and

Whereas,—Our Professor, Rev. Ignatius B. Kircher, S. J., has suffered the loss of an estimable and devoted mother, therefore be it

Resolved,—That we, the members of his classes, express our heartfelt sympathy with our Professor in his hour of sorrow, and be it further

Resolved,—That the members of each class determine upon appropriate prayers and good words, and offer them for the repose of her soul.

SENIOR MATHEMATICS AND JUNIOR SCIENCE CLASSES.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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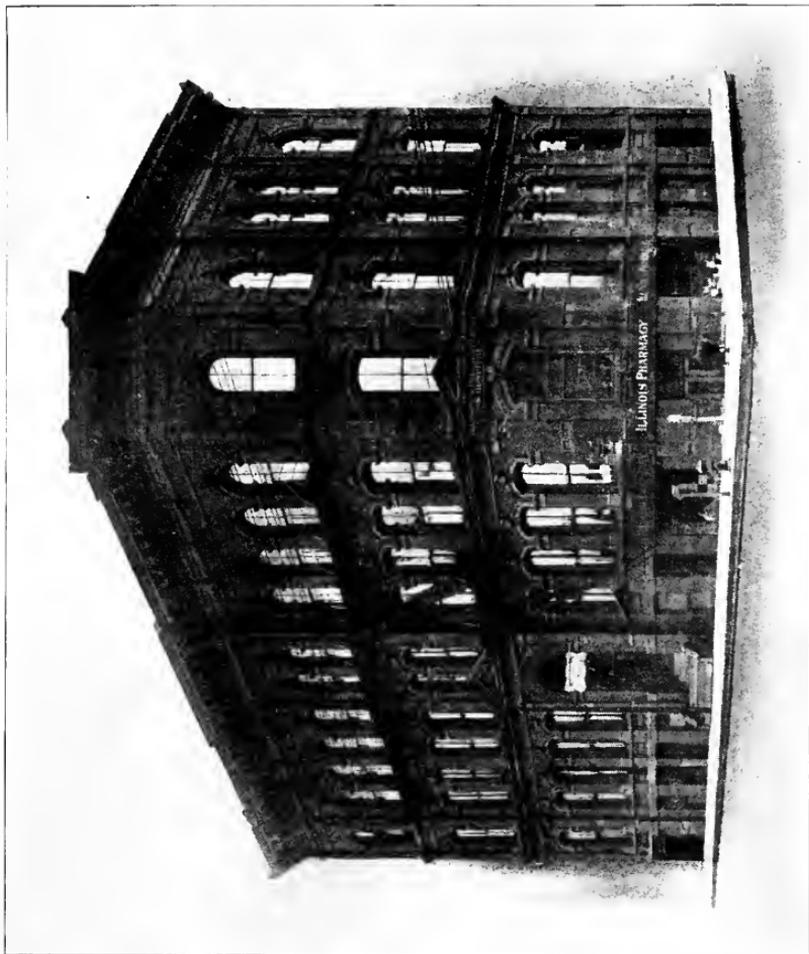
Editorial.

The publication of this, the November issue, inaugurates the ninth volume of the ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN. This issue marks likewise a complete change in the personnel of the editorial board. Only three remain of the ten men of THE STAFF '08 and '09 who exchanged a parting handclasp around the banquet table Commencement week, last June.

With these as a nucleus, the staff for 1909-10 has been appointed and the activities of the sanctum renewed. In selecting the staff, a departure has been made from the custom of later years by appointing six associate editors and reducing the number of Departmental Editors to three. In addition a new position has been created and a former office dropped. This year it has been decided to dispense with an illustrator and to appoint an assistant business manager to look after the Circulation Department of the magazine.

Mr. Claude J. Pernin, S. J., who guided the destinies of the COLLEGIAN for the four last years has been transferred to Creighton University, Omaha.

The post of editor-in-chief will be filled this year by Thomas Q. Beesley, '10, who will also edit the "Athletic" column. Mr. John F. Graham, '10, will continue in his old position of Business Manager. The berth of Assistant Business Manager will be filled by Mr. James J. Gaughan, '10, a newcomer to the COLLEGIAN, but whose hustling ability well suits him for this new position. The three departments to which editors have been definitely assigned are "Exchanges," "Societies" and "Academy." Mr. John T. Benz, '10,



ILLINOIS MEDICAL COLLEGE
MEDICAL DEPARTMENT OF LOYOLA UNIVERSITY



has been given charge of the exchange column. Mr. Sidney E. Glenn, '12, had been appointed to chronicle the society news of the College but left school rather unexpectedly in October. Accordingly one of the Associate Editors was assigned to Mr. Glenn's department for this issue.

"Academy Notes" will be written by Mr. Edward J. Barry, '13, who will record the happenings both in the High School and at Loyola Academy. The other departments of the paper, viz., College Notes, Music and Song and Alumni, will be covered each issue by assignments from the Associate Editors. The six gentlemen who have been chosen as Associates are, Messrs. Augustine J. Bowe, '10, Frederick L. Happel and Philip J. Carlin, '11, Windhorst J. Berghoff, Wilfrid A. Major and Alphonse J. Zamiera, '12. They are men of recognized ability and should prove welcome contributors to the literary portion of the magazine.

To the members of last year's staff who have gone out of college life, the present staff extends its sincerest wishes for success in their new fields of endeavor. "We cannot but feel a deep regret that the COLLEGIAN has been deprived of their services," and can only pledge ourselves to maintain the paper's high standard of journalism. In conclusion, the staff of '09 and '10 extends to the subscribers and advertisers of the COLLEGIAN its hearty appreciation of their interest and support, and hopes that their good-will and kindnesses of the past will continue during the present year!

T. Q. B.

The official announcement of the consummation of the Jesuit University plan for this city brings up a detail of interest to the students of St. Ignatius College. It is this! The College pin, which has been a familiar emblem to the students for so many years, is identical almost, with the new Loyola University Seal. Both are the coat-of-arms of St. Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuit Society. This coat-of-arms is described by Martin Garcia, the brother of St. Ignatius, as follows: "Which said arms of my said house and ancestry of Oñaz, are seven red bars on a field of gold. And those of the house of Loyola, black pot-hangers and two gray wolves * * * , the whole to be placed on a white field." In explanation of this it must be stated that St. Ignatius and his brother were descended of the noble houses of Oñaz and Loyola the combination of the seals of the two houses giving the family coat-of-arms.

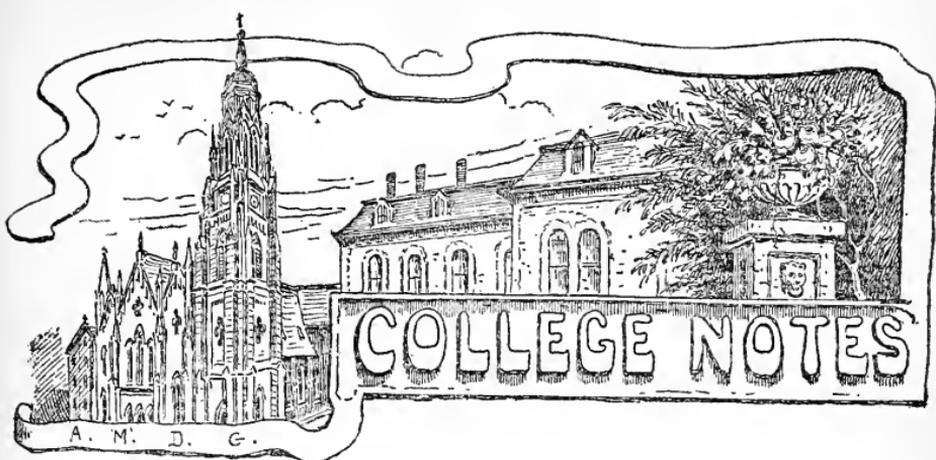
The coat-of-arms of Loyola, viz., black pot-hangers between two gray wolves, signifies hospitality or generosity. St. Ignatius

was a soldier of Spain before he renounced his titles to become a soldier of Christ, and tradition and history have it that the members of the two houses were so generous in caring for their retainers that there was food enough to feed not only the retainers themselves, but even the wolves that prowled around the camp. Furthermore, the "pot" and "wolves" are a play on words. The family name is Loyola. The Spanish word for wolf is "lobo," and for pot "olla." Combining the two we have "Lobo," wolf; "y", and; "Olla," pot; which, when joined, read "Lobo y allo" or Loyola!"

The house of Oñaz is represented on the right of the seal by a shield of gold with seven red bars. These seven red bars commemorate the bravery of seven heroes of the family who distinguished themselves in the famous battle of Beoliban in 1321, when history records that 800 Spanish lords defeated 70,000 French and their allies. These two shields are surmounted by a helmet to denote that St. Ignatius was a knight, while underneath is a waving scroll inscribed with the family name—"Loyola y Oñaz." In the University Seal, the words "Loyola University" have been substituted on the scroll for the name "Loyola y Oñaz"; but otherwise, beyond a few minor changes not connected with the design, the coat-of-arms of St. Ignatius, and the University Seal are the same! Thus, then, from the foregoing explanation, the significance of our College pin and of the Loyola University Seal, is hospitality and bravery!

T. Q. B.





Upon the opening of school Sept. 7, many changes greeted the students. Faces that have been associated with the College for years have disappeared and new ones have taken their places. Those members of the present faculty affected by the changes are: Rev. P. M. Breen, S. J., who has taken Fr. Cassily's place as vice-president and prefect of studies in addition to the office which he held last year of prefect of discipline; Rev. J. Doyle, S. J., who was at St. Ignatius for four years as a scholastic, is teaching Junior class as well as being President of the Chrysostomian Society.

Fr. Spalding, S. J., of literary fame, has charge of the Junior Literary Society and teaches one of the third year classes; Fr. Foley, S. J., teacher of 1st High A; Mr. C. Ryan, S. J., in addition to teaching 1st High C, is moderator of the COLLEGIAN; Mr. Thos Kelly, an old student of the College, has returned as Professor of Political Economy, Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing; two new professors, Messrs. McGillen and Summers, respectively of Elocution and Music, have replaced Messrs. Carr and Hutter, both of whom have been connected with the College for some time and whose loss will be deeply felt by their many student friends. Mr. McGillen has been dramatic instructor for the DePaul University and several schools in Chicago and vicinity, while Mr. Summers is widely known throughout the city as a capable pianist and choirmaster.

Of those who have left, Fr. Francis B. Cassily is teaching at St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Mr. Phillips, S. J., is studying theology at St. Louis, while Mr. Claude J. Pernin, S. J., is a professor in Creighton University, Omaha.

The total attendance of all the departments affiliated with St. Ignatius College (but lately incorporated into the Loyola University)

	mounts up far higher than expectations could have reached. Tabulated, it is as follows:	
TOTAL	reached. Tabulated, it is as follows:	
ATTENDANCE	College Department	69
	High School Department	362
Commercial Department	91
Grammar Class	32
		<hr/>
	Total at West Side School	554
Loyola Academy	83
Lincoln Law School	50
Illinois Medical College	85
		<hr/>
	Total enrolled in Loyola University	772

The slight falling off in the attendance at the West Side School is accounted for by the suprisingly large number enrolled at Loyola Academy, also by the elimination of the Grammar Classes at the College.

The customary Mass of the Holy Ghost was celebrated Sept. 16, Fr. Spalding, S. J., officiating, assisted by Fr. Doyle, S. J., deacon, and Mr. Horine, S. J., sub-deacon. A very interesting and absorbing sermon was preached by Rev. Augustine Effinger, S. J. The rest of the forenoon was occupied with the reading of the rules, after which the first half-holiday of the year was enjoyed.

The Chemistry Laboratory has undergone several changes and improvements during the summer months. We return to find equipments of every kind copiously enlarged and replenished. Several new apparati have been installed, and besides the more general changes, the individual allotments of chemical paraphernalia have been greatly increased. Mr. Muehlman, S. J., has also arranged the Lecture Room suitably for an interesting course in Geology which he is contemplating for the Seniors.

A system that will dispel the disagreeable odors in the laboratory, and render the atmosphere clear, is near completion, so that the small boys may cease wondering whether the gas mains or the sewage pipes are leaking when the chemists are busying themselves with the various substances.

The Chemistry Mr. Muehlman teaches this year consists of a course in Elementary Chemistry for the Freshmen and one in Qualitative Analysis for the Seniors. The course this year is as com-

plete as that given in universities which is all in keeping with the incorporation of the College under Loyola University.

Fr. Breen announces that the Christmas play will be postponed a month or two this year. In past years, the students will remember, the rehearsing and the practice for football on the part of such unfortunates as aspired for honors in both, conflicted, each suffering as a consequence. This year, however, we may hope, without much fear of disappointment that the friends of the College will be rewarded with a dramatic entertainment, improved, if delayed; and football contests showing the fruit of undivided effort.

The progress in Modern Languages is taking a more earnest form than it has for years before. The classes have opened with a large enrollment and already reports from the first competition go to show that the time is not being wasted. The Ypsilanti Circle which began not long ago with a very modest membership, rivals the Chrysostomian in numbers. The purpose of the Circle is, that students possessing any facility in the Polish tongue will, through practice and speech encouraged in the Society, gain a fluency and ease in that language. This year Mr. Thaddeus Zamiera is president.

The Holy Family bazaar which has been attracting crowds to the church grounds for the last few weeks, has occupied the College gymnasium, thus retarding a little the inside athletic work. Fortunately, however, the time was so well chosen and the weather so admirably suited to out-door athletics, that the campus has afforded ample field for sports of every kind.

The efforts of the Knights of Columbus to make the 12th of October a legal holiday were brought to a successful culmination in the State Legislature last spring. The anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus was enthusiastically celebrated at the College by a holiday.

A long threatened exam. in Logic was held on October 18 in Fr. Rector's office. One by one the Seniors entered to display their knowledge—or lack of it. Throughout the whole morning the students filed in and out until Mr. Zelizinski ended the alphabetical list. There were very few failures. The COLLEGIAN would like to satisfy your curiosity as to who they were, but we have received unanonymously communications and have deemed it unsafe to make disclosures. The board of examiners was composed of Fr. A. Burrows, President of the College, Fr. Gleeson, Professor of Philosophy, and Fr. Coppens, Professor of Literature.

The Rev. Ignatius B. Kircher was called away to the death-bed of his mother in St. Louis on October 12. The COLLEGIAN wishes to extend condolence to one who holds so high a place in our esteem and who has sustained so severe a shock, as the loss of his mother must have occasioned Fr. Kircher.

The morning papers of Oct. 20 brought the sad news of the death of one who has been prominent in church work, here and in St. Louis, for over sixty years. Fr. Van Hulst met death accidentally from asphyxiation. S. J.,
 DEATH OF S. J.,
 FR. VAN HULST The priest arose in the night-time to take medicine prescribed for him. As he arose in his enfeebled condition, it is supposed that he lit a match and turned on the gas, when an attack of paralysis seized him and prevented his igniting the jet. He was found in the morning in a heap upon the floor, the end of a burnt match in his fingers. Fr. Peter Van Hulst was 92 years of age. A Hollander by birth, he entered the Jesuit Order at an early age. His labors have been especially successful in settlement and parish work. Up till recently he had spiritual charge of the House of the Good Shepherd here in the city, which position he had held for thirty years.

The funeral was one of the most imposing held at the Holy Family Church for some time. Friends and Catholics throughout the city who have been attracted by the earnest endeavors of the deceased, flocked to his burial. Mass was said in the church and a sermon delivered recounting the events and lessons made impressive by the long life just spent.

Interment was at Calvary.

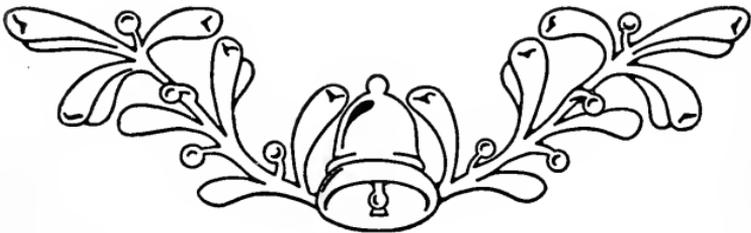
In the *New World* for October 24th, under the heading "Growth of Catholic Colleges," was a discussion of the question, "Why are not our colleges gaining faster?" The original question asked at the St. Louis World's Fair convention of the Catholic Educational Association was, "Why are our Catholic Colleges losing?" Many present at the convention objected, and rightly so, to the wording of the question, and suggested the one given above. In the *New World* article the writer quoted statistics in the shape of attendance records on Oct. 1st, 1909, at four of the largest Jesuit institutions in the West—St. Louis, Marquette, Creighton and Loyola Universities. "St. Louis University was the first Catholic institution of higher learning in the United States to reach the thousand mark and it still leads all other colleges in numbers." Loyola University (Chicago), is the newest university on the list, but St. Ignatius College, its department of Arts and Sciences has

for several years had by far the largest number of students of any Jesuit College in the Missouri Province. The attendance statistics are as follows:

University	Arts-Sciences	Theology	Philosophy	Law	Medicine	Dentistry	Pharmacy	Engineering	Total
St. Louis	464	82	66	167	246	144	1169
Marquette	342	150	209	107	52	..	921
Creighton	377	82	196	70	75	61	880
Loyola	630	50	83	763

Loyola University, the newest of the four, has, in these statistics, only three of the departments possessed by the other institutions, but those which it lacks are to be opened in the very near future, especially engineering, and when they are opened, the Loyola total at the next census will be very much larger.

AUG. J. BOWE.





The title "Music and Song" is rendered in a highly decorative, calligraphic font. The word "Music" is in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "M" being particularly prominent. The word "and" is smaller and positioned between "Music" and "Song". The word "Song" is also in a large, bold, serif typeface, with the letter "S" being particularly prominent. The entire title is surrounded by intricate illustrations of musical instruments, including a flute, a violin, and a lyre, as well as various types of foliage and leaves. The background of the title is filled with fine, cross-hatched lines, creating a textured effect. In the bottom right corner of the title, the initials "A. M. D. G." are printed in a small, simple font.

A. M. D. G.

Though new students may have experienced some difficulty in finding their classes the first days of school, they needed no guiding hand to direct them to the music room. The flute-like high C's of the sopranos, the rolling thunderous tones of the basses, the plaintive measures of the violin, and the martial blare of trumpets, re-echoing through the halls and corridors, were all too plain an indication of its whereabouts. In fact, the trying of the students' voices and the examining of those who wish to join the orchestra always make the music department a scene of much activity during the opening weeks of school. It was more so this fall than ever, due to the resignation of Mr. Clemens A. Hutter, as vocal instructor. Under his direction the Glee Club and Academic and Select Choirs had reached a point of perfection and popularity at least equal to that attained by the other college musical societies in this city. Therefore it was not without a feeling of regret that the students, who had received the benefit of his instruction, heard of his departure,

Mr. Hutter is succeeded by Mr. Ernest Sumner, an instructor of wide reputation in both eastern and western musical circles. Mr. Sumner has made a thorough study of the voice in European and American conservatories and will undoubtedly experience no difficulty in maintaining the high standard of the Glee Club and Academic Choir. Mr. Sumner has further been the director of two of the best known boys' choirs of Chicago for a number of years. In the domain of Pan, Mr. Joseph F. Pribyl retains his position as director of the orchestra, which is equivalent to saying that that highly popular musical organization will continue to receive the commendation which its efficiency merits. Mr. Pribyl will likewise be instructor of violin and viola at the college.

With its ranks considerably augmented, the Glee Club is once more rehearsing, determined to maintain its popularity and win the applause of the audience at every public appearance. There will be no radical change in the tone of the Glee Club's programmes for the coming season, serious and humorous selections being mingled as

THE GLEE
CLUB.

before. The sedate vocalists are at present working on a rollicking, convulsing humoresque, and are also brushing up on last year's repertoire.

With seventy-five aspirants for the Select Choir, each one striving to make his voice ring clearly and in silvery tones above the rest, the Academic Choir promises to surpass, if possible, its record of former years. Mr. Sumner is much pleased with the material at hand, and promises wonderful technique and surpassing tone quality in all the chorus work.

On the 20th of September the orchestra gathered in the music room for the first rehearsal of the year. Many of the students who had been associated with the organization for several years, and among them the soloists, were missing, and Mr. Pribyl faced the difficult task of finding new members to replace them. He has succeeded to some extent in filling the vacancies and by the end of November expects to have his roster completed and concert work well begun. The musicians selected so far, have already set to work to study the music, classical and popular, selected by their director for the first public appearance which will probably be in the first part of December.

At the election of officers for the ensuing year, Mr. Frederick L. Schmidt, '11, was chosen president and Mr. T. Elmer Dunne, '11, elected secretary.

The College Band is still in its infancy and even threatened with entire extinction. There seems to be a sad lack of students who play wind instruments and an even greater lack of ambition to belong to an organization which should be one of the distinctive features of our athletic contests. The idea of a college band has been agitated before and last year the band took definite shape. This year the students have not taken the interest necessary to make it a worthy representative of the institution, but we trust that on Thanksgiving Day there *will* be a band on the field to cheer the Maroon and Gold on to victory.

L. FREDERICK HAPPEL, '11.



Before entering upon this chronicle of happenings among the alumni, it is our desire to address a brief paragraph to the old students of St. Ignatius. The editor who has had charge of this column since its inception, was transferred this fall to Cincinnati. We, his successor, possess scarcely any of his wide acquaintance among the alumni and consequently, since the alumni register of this institution is extremely large, much that is of interest will unfortunately and inadvertently escape recognition in this column. We would regret exceedingly to have anything of this nature occur, since it is our desire to make this department of THE COLLEGIAN as interesting to the alumni as possible. Therefore we presume to ask it as a favor of the old students, that they send in to the COLLEGIAN, if convenient, items relating to alumni of St. Ignatius College; for such are of interest not only to collegians of the past, but are enjoyed even by the students of the present.

The members of last year's graduating class are widely separated, and are distributing their efforts through numerous and varied channels. James Quinn and Ignatius Doyle are studying law at the Lincoln College of Law. Charles Klitsche is taking up a course in pharmacy at Northwestern University. Edward Del Beccaro and James Foley are studying medicine, the former at Northwestern and the latter at St. Louis University. Sylvester McGeever is in the employment of Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co., and Joseph Rylands is city salesman for the McCarthy Fire Brick & Clay Co. Three members of the class have positions as instructors: William A. Carroll at St. Stanislaus College, Chicago; Thomas Reedy at Creighton University, Omaha, and Edmund Curda at the Loyola Academy. Alfred Lambeau has gone on an extended pleasure trip to California. William H. Brown, Harry Fuellgraff, Peter Priestly and Ernest Schniedwind are engaged in commercial pursuits here in the city. Thomas Kevin is in the lumber business, and James Emmett Royce is on the reportorial staff of the Tacoma Tribune. Ambrose Murray and Thomas Nolan are at the American

College in Rome. Daniel Lord and Francis Quinn have entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant.

John Sbarbaro and Robert Berghoff of last year's freshman class, are studying medicine at the St. Louis University; Raymond Koch is taking a course in civil engineering at Armour Institute; and Edward Scott, John Foley, Vincent Kelly, Richard Brown, Jos. Donohue and George Kelly have entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant.

George Flannigan, '99-'03, visited the college recently. He is in the chair business with his father, having charge of a branch office in Muskegon, Michigan.

Dr. Timothy C. Quigley, '97-'04, is a practicing physician here in the city.

The Rev. Charles F. McClellan returned from Rome in September after his ordination, and is now stationed at All Saints Church. Fr. McClellan entered St. Ignatius in '97, graduating in '03.

Rev. Timothy O'Shea, '85-'94, and Rev. Bernard C. Heeney, '86-'88, are assistant pastors at Holy Angels Church.

Henry Venn, '06, called recently to renew old acquaintances and re-visit old scenes.

Wm. F. Donohue, '03-'06, occupies a lucrative position in the Northern Trust Co.

Old-timers, in looking over the faculty list of St. Ignatius College for 1909-10, must have noticed with surprise and pleasure the name of Mr. Thomas F. Kelly, '79-'84, who has returned to his Alma Mater as a professor of Political Economy, Mathematics and Mechanical Drawing. When interviewed, Mr. Kelly was modestly disinclined to recall his biography for publication, but was finally prevailed upon to sketch his career since leaving St. Ignatius in '84. After leaving S. I. C., Mr. Kelly studied at Fordham, graduating from the classical department in '87, and after two years' professional study abroad, received an A. M. degree from the same institution. Upon his return from Europe, Mr. Kelly entered the Pennsylvania Military Academy and later took up law at Chicago Kent College of Law. After several years spent in business pursuits in this city, Mr. Kelly went to Arizona where he has spent the seven years previous to his return to Chicago this summer, and entering upon a professorship at St. Ignatius College.

W. J. BERGHOFF, '12.

Society Notes.

After the bustle and excitement attendant upon the fall opening of College had subsided and the new students had become accustomed to their surroundings, the various societies convened, elected officers, and are now well started upon their year's work.

The Chrysostomian, the Senior debating society, has entered upon its thirty-fifth year. All the old-time enthusiasm which formerly made the hall ring with the eloquent periods of impassioned oratory, has apparently been renewed and the members are taking a keen interest in every debate. Father Doyle, who had charge of this society some years ago, has been appointed to the Presidency and under his experienced guidance the members all anticipate a very successful season.

The first meeting was held on Wednesday, September 29, and devoted to the election of officers for the first term. The officers elected are: George V. O'Connell, '10, Vice-President; Thomas Q. Beesley, '10, Recording Secretary; Erwin J. Hasten, '10, Corresponding Secretary; Timothy P. Brosman, '11, Treasurer; Leo H. Sebastian, '10, First Censor; Frederick L. Happel, '11, Second Censor.

No set debate was assigned for the meeting on October 6th, and the entertainment consisted of essays by Messrs. Thomas Q. Beesley and Thaddeus C. Zamiara, together with a declamation ably rendered by Mr. Frederick L. Happel.

Everything was in order at the third meeting held on October 13th. The subject for discussion was: Resolved: That strikes are justifiable. Messrs. Leo H. Sebastian and Augustine J. Bowe endeavored to prove the affirmative, while the arguments for the negative were advanced by Messrs. George V. O'Connell and Frank B. Lusk. The decision of the judges favored the negative.

The Senior Sodality opened with Father Dinneen again at its head. This year the membership has been increased by admitting the class of the Third Year High School. In order to meet the demands of the society's increased membership, Father Dinneen has introduced a new and effective system regarding attendance and the manner of conducting meetings. He has, moreover, greatly improved the equipment of the society, having procured new regalia, among which are three beautiful badges for prefects.

At the first meeting, on Monday, September 28, a brief explanation of the new rules and requirements for the members was followed by the election of prefects. The candidates were Messrs. Gaughan, Beesley and Walsh.

The regular routine could not be resumed at the second meeting, October 4, owing to the fact that the preceding election had resulted in a tie, which necessitated another vote.

On the following Monday, however, the final results were announced, as follows: Lawrence J. Walsh, '10, Prefect; Thomas Q. Beesley, '10, First Assistant; James J. Gaughan, '10, Second Assistant; Francis A. Furlong, '10, Secretary; Thomas J. Hogan, '10, Treasurer.

The Sacristans are: Edward F. Mulhern, '11; Frederick L. Schmitt, '11; John B. Klein, '12; William F. Madden, '13.

The following were appointed consultants: Senior Year, Messrs. Bohumil Pechous and Joseph Elward; Junior Year, Philip Carlin and Edward Dankowski; Freshman Year, Windthorst Berghoff and Jerry Holly; Fourth Year High A, Edward Walsh and Albert Koch; Fourth Year High B, Louis Moorhead and James Fitzgerald; Third Year High A, Paul Chlefski and William Dooley; Third Year High B, Raymond Bellock and Ralph Byrnes; Third Commercial, Bernard Martin and John Morrissey.

From the faithful attendance and the sincere devotion shown thus far by the sodalists, it is evident that this is to be the banner year in every respect.

Still flushed with the victories achieved by last year's famous debating team, the Loyola Literary Society has commenced another very promising term. The society sustained a severe loss in the departure of Mr. Claude J. Pernin to Creighton University, but we are positive that through the well-known ability of Father Spalding, the new President will have no difficulty in maintaining the high standard to which the society was raised.

The election of officers which took place at the first meeting, on Wednesday, September 29, resulted as follows: James Fitzgerald, '13, Vice-President; Earl Healy, '13, Recording Secretary; Raymond Bellock, '14, Corresponding Secretary; Louis Moorhead, '14, Treasurer; Harry Tucker, '14, and Walter Summers, '14, Censors.

Despite the fact that the Society has lost two of its best debaters, Messrs. Reeve and Biggio, we are confident that last year's eminent success will be repeated and that there is much talent in the Society which needs but a little development.

The Junior Sodality has begun its session under the leadership of Father Trentmann. The following officers were chosen for the year '09-'10: Michael Ryan, Prefect; James Larkin, First Assistant; Arthur Reilly, Second Assistant; John Ward and Timothy Shugrue, Sacristans; Earl Coppinger and John Kehoe, Secretaries; Walter Groves, Arthur Schmitt, George Kiley, Leo McGivena, Morgan Cronin, Edward McHugh, John McNamara and T. E. Soldane, Consultors.

The admission of postulants into the Sodality will take place on December 7, the eve of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, and will be accompanied by impressive ceremonies held in the upper church.

Lastly, but certainly not least, must be mentioned the Polish Literary Circle. This society was organized at the beginning of the year 1908, in the interests of the large number of Polish students attending the various departments of the College. Its opening year was successful from a fraternal as well as a literary standpoint; and it is to be reasonably expected, since nearly all the old members have returned, that this session will surpass the previous one in the excellence of its exercises.

The object of this "Wyspianski Polish Literary Circle," as it is called, is to unite the Polish students, and to familiarize them with the glorious history and delightful literature of Poland!

At its last meeting, held on October 15, the following officers were elected for the year '09-'10: John Zelezinski, '10, President; Stanislaus Rudziewicz, Vice President; Alphonse Zamiara, '12, Secretary; Richard Zalewski, '13, Treasurer; Francis Misiak, Librarian; Thaddeus Zamiara, '11, Censor; Joseph Karabasz, '11, Thaddeus Zamiara, '11, Alphonse Zamiara, '12, Committee on Debates. We wish to acknowledge our indebtedness to the Secretary, Mr. Zamiara, for this information in regard to the Polish Literary Circle.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

Academy Notes.

Best wishes for the year!

No! There is no hazing!

Carrol:—"I eat at George's."—Adv.

Notice:—Roller skates must be checked at the gate with the porter!

Don't win all the ribbons the first quarter.

O, tempora! O, mores! Kelleher has taken up German!

"AT FOOTBALL PRACTICE."

A Two-act Tragedy.

Act I—The Eagles.

Coach Reeve:—"Here! How'd I show you that forward pass?"

Hartigan:—"Why the ends go out and the backs go back, and the center passes the ball and I make a touch-back."

Stage Directions:—(Loud groans by the mob.)

Act II.—The Inigoes.

Coach Biggio:—"Why weren't you out tonight?"

Pendergast:—"Oh, I couldn't play. I lost my fountain pen!"

Stage Directions:—(More groans and a riot.)

Quick curtain.

Our former class-mate, Alfred O'Gara, matriculated at Georgetown University this fall.

Isn't it queer how long it takes you to get to school when you want a chapel ticket?

McNulty is trying for quarter-back on the 'varsity. Yes, he prefers rosewood, and by the way—"Please omit flowers."

POPULAR FICTION REVISED. . .

"The Man of the Hour," or, The Study-keeper!

"The Inner Shrine," or, the "Sanctum."

"Great Expectations," or, When you send your first story.

"Hard Times," or, When it comes back.

"Shadows Lifted," or, After the first "Comps."

Haberdasher—a man that sells neckties.

Dip caramels—a metallic element not found in the free state.

The tumult on the campus the other day was caused by Devit asking Zalewski if the "Polish Circle" was on the square.

(Morning.)

Hunter:—"Let me take a nickle, Elliott."

Elliott:—"Can't! I'm broke."

(Afternoon.)

Hunter:—"Let me take a quarter."

Elliott:—"With the greatest of pleasure."

Conclusion:—"He cashed a bet on the Cubs.

George ought to give White Sox fans rates in the lunch room for the next two months! Five-cent luncheons are uncommonly popular since the Cubs scooped the series.

Have you noticed the prevalence of mourning apparel on certain rooters?

P. S.—I'm a Sox fan myself.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, It has been the iron-clad custom of former Academy Editors to dispense good advice to newcomers, and,

Whereas, The present incumbent is a great stickler for custom, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we adhere to the usual custom. Accordingly we subjoin the following rules:—

(To be continued.*)

*We point with pride to the fact that, we, we, WE, are the first Academy editor to violate precedent and defy tradition. Yes, we!

A Persian Tale.—Thus spoke the caterer:—"A certain student at a certain college in Bagdad one day lifted up his voice and chanted a dirge as followeth:

"I love to work and study;
I love to go to school;
I love to stay up half the night,
Learning a grammar rule;
I never scale the fence at noon;
No mischief will I brook;
I simply yearn—"

and then the upper classmen got him and he diræth no more! Three golden apples fell from Heaven. (N. B.—We are informed by reliable sources that this is the proper formula for concluding Persian stories. It means "send in a riot call.")

How many clubs of subscribers to the COLLEGIAN have you secured? It is the greatest business proposition of the age, the most unexampled, utterly unsurpassed, stupendous, money-making



JOSEPH DOLAN
CAPTAIN S. I. C. FOOTBALL TEAM

scheme of the century. It has exhibited before all the crowned heads of Europe and—(for the rest of this see the posters near the bulletin board)!

That awful night-mare—"Jug to-night."

BREEZES FROM THE NORTH SHORE.*

The academy opened with an enrollment of over 80 students. Splendid beginning that!

Half-days of school were the order for the first week or so. It was promising for the future, but alas! what a cruel shattering of fond hopes when the regular grind commenced.

The football squad is progressing rapidly under the able instructions of Coach Doyle. An ice regatta is planned for January on Lake Michigan, and calls for members for the crew next spring have already been issued. Track and water-polo announcements later!

More of this anon!

With the lake lapping lazily on the pebbly breakwater to leeward, poets need not complain of lack of inspiration for sonnets.

(*Editor's Note:—The opening of the new Loyola Academy on the north shore has prompted us to insert in this department, a weekly account of the happenings in that distant community. The Loyola column will hereafter be found under the caption—"Breezes from the North Shore." Subscription, 50 cents a year in advance! Contributions always and extremely welcome!)

Did you notice that we haven't written a single "Answers to Correspondents." But just wait.

Horrors! We almost forgot. The famous "Jawn" Sackley of old, and the equally famous "Tom" Dowdle, are perpetuated to posterity. Their younger brothers are now attending S. I. C. We would never have forgiven ourselves if this item had been forgotten!

The day after these jokes (?) come out:

"Notice:—\$100 reward for the editor, dead or alive; preferably dead!"

(Signed) The Vigilance Committee.

EDWARD J. BARRY, '13.



Though baseball may hold the stage from April till October, though all else may be fused into the white heat of post-season series, though your best friend becomes your worst enemy from discussing the relative merits of your favorite teams—the moment the baseball season is over, the moment the last inning has been played which settles the city championship, that moment, as surely as the north-seeking pole of the magnetic needle turns toward the north, college fandom, enemies and friends, forget their baseball quarrels and do homage to the newly risen king—Football! Not, however, until the world's and other series have been fought to a bitter finish. Then, after the fans have had a chance to recoup as well as recuperate, collegiate interest in athletics centers intensely on football. At St. Ignatius this year, the prospects for another successful football season look good. For the last six years the question of weight, or rather the lack of it, has been the most serious obstacle the coaches have had to confront. With a schedule calling for games with teams whose average weight two chances to one will be five to ten pounds heavier than your own, it is not a promising or encouraging outlook to say the least. Despite this heavy handicap, our 'varsities for the last two seasons have been nothing if not creditable to their Alma Mater, their coaches and themselves. It requires grit and more than ordinary courage to stand the battering for seventy minutes of a man who can give you pounds in weight. If you're inclined to doubt this just ask the "scrubs" of any varsity squad. They'll know! Besides it makes you exult with a fierce joy when you *do* win against such odds, and hence we repeat the assertion that our 'varsities for the past two seasons have been teams to be proud of, and we confidently predict that the team of 1909 will enjoy equally as successful a season as those of '07 and '08, and continue to be an honor to old maroon and gold.

When the squad first reported for practice this September, it was quite evident to those on the side lines that numerous changes

had occurred since last season. Mr. Daniel Dougherty, who made such a favorable impression last year as football coach, was missing, and of the '08 regulars only three remained or had reported for practice, viz: Capt. Dolan, Wm. Caverley and Jim Gaughan. Mr. Dougherty received a tempting offer from Grinnell College, Iowa, to coach the entire year, football, basketball, track and baseball, and as his business interests would not be impaired by the change, Mr. Dougherty accepted the offer and now is head coach at Grinnell. We extend to Mr. Dougherty the best wishes of the student body and squad of '09, and their hope that the Grinnell season will be most successful. Mr. Joseph A. Graber, an alumnus of S. I. C., and who has been athletic coach for the three years previous to last season, was again secured as instructor this fall, and has been hard at work since September, whipping the team into line. Mr. Graber's work has always been successful both in football and baseball, and in the latter sport his S. I. C. 'varsities have been continually championship teams. Consequently Mr. Graber needs no introduction to the student body, since it is thoroughly familiar with his work, and the students extend to Mr. Graber their assurance that under his able direction the squad of '09 will experience a most successful season.

The main difficulty Mr. Graber will have to contend with this fall is the number of new men, new that is to 'varsity work, though most have had some previous football experience. Only three veterans remain of the team of '08, and those three are linemen, or were last year. The entire backfield, Doyle, Higgins, Rylands, the two Kevins, and McGeever, as well as an end, Curda, were lost by graduation. Ludwig, center, did not return to school, while McCue, Sbarbaro and Kelly, an end and two guards, took up their studies at other colleges. O'Brien, tackle, could not come out. This left Capt. Dolan, tackle; Jim Gaughan, left guard, and Wm. Caverley, right guard, as a nucleus around which to build an eleven. Surely a pleasant prospect for a coach to face. However, the opening of the university gave the medical and law schools to draw on, and in addition to S. I. C., there was last year's speedy second team to furnish experienced material. Thus the outlook after the first week became much more cheerful. After such rudimentary preliminaries as falling on the ball, tackling the dummy till every bone is protesting achingly, and "marathoning" around the track for what seems (to those doing it) a million years—the squad was cut down and weeded out until the line-up, which will probably represent maroon and gold this fall on the gridiron, was shaped somewhat as follows:

Fullback—Reilly.
 Right Half—Rylands.
 Left Half—Caverley.
 Quarterback—Dunn, McNulty.
 Center—Long.
 Right Guard—Schenkes.
 Left Guard—Gaughan, Wittine.
 Right Tackle—McDermott.
 Left Tackle—Capt. Dolan.
 Right End—Amberg.
 Left End—Ludwig, Herman.

For substitutes there are at present: Thornton, Walsh, O'Donnell, Leonard and Toomey. Thornton, a guard, has not been out regularly until October, but is a man of experience, heavy and well-built. Walsh is a likely candidate for one of the guard or tackle positions, is heavy, strong and powerfully built, and lacks only a little experience to make him a valuable man. O'Donnell is rather light, but a possibility at one of the half-back positions. Leonard and Toomey are two good fast men, but their light weight is a handicap which is morally certain to prevent them from winning regular positions on the eleven, though Leonard is a possibility for end, and Toomey at center.

Of the men who, at the present writing, look most promising as candidates for the 'varsity, we will give a brief consideration in this issue, as it is impossible to obtain an adequate idea of their work until the season is ended, Thanksgiving Day. As stated above, the team will most probably line up as follows:

Edward Reilly, full-back.—A large, rangy man, of splendid build for a back. Has a powerful drive in punting and will most likely do the kicking.

Thomas Rylands, right half.—A brother of the famous Joe, captain of last year's squad. Is also filling Joe's old position. Plays the game hard and gets into every play.

William Caverly, left half.—"Bill" played the backfield on several occasions last year and this year was installed there as a regular. Is a fast, powerful man, and hits the line with a vengeance.

McNulty, quarter.—A brother of the illustrious Joe, of Georgetown U. The most prominent candidate at present for quarter. Rather light, but a comer.

Elmer Dunn, quarter.—His first time out for the 'varsity. Looks promising for the backfield position, but has not yet been tried under fire.

John Long, center.—Long was center on the second team last year, and his experience won him that position on the 'varsity this fall. Is very heavy and passes the ball well.

Schenkes, right guard.—A “medic” who looms up as a fixture in the guard position. An experienced man and in the game all the time.

Jim Gaughan, left guard.—Gaughan is one of the three remaining last year regulars. Powerfully built and plays a good game on offense.

Alexander Wittine, left guard.—Another good man from the '08 second team. Tall and well-built, and a fighter especially on defense.

McDermott, right tackle.—Another “medic,” with much football experience. Has a good knowledge of the game and fills admirably the place left vacant by Tom O'Brien.

Joseph “Rube” Dolan, captain.—“Rube” was the logical candidate both for captain and for left tackle this fall, and fills both positions quite effectively. Dolan has been an “I” man for two years, and apparently has a mortgage on the tackle position. We will devote more space to his exploits in the Christmas issue.

Paul Amberg, right end.—Paul, to use a vulgarism, has a “cinch” on the right end “job.” He possesses a splendid build for an end, knows the game thoroughly and is an expert with the forward pass.

Herman Ludwig, left end.—Ludwig holds down the left end of the line in a manner not open to criticism. He is another of the '08 second team men, and has made a splendid showing.

Ladislaus Herman, left end.—A “law school” man. Herman was a member of the famous '07 squad and is now attending Lincoln Law. A great possibility as an end.

Joseph Dolan, '10, is captain of the 'varsity, and Paul Amberg, '11, was appointed manager. Owing to the fact that the weight of the team was not settled early in the season, Mr. Amberg has been unable to complete his schedule before our date of going to press. The Thanksgiving Day game will be with St. Viateur's College, however, and the eleven is working hard in order to avenge the defeat administered by the down-staters to S. I. C. last year. Two games have been played so far, one with the “All-Collegians,” a team composed of St. Ignatius Alumni, and former college gridiron stars; the other, with Chicago Latin School. The former resulted in a tie, while the latter was a victory. Other good games are in prospect and the rooters will have plenty of opportunity to watch their favorites in action before the big game, November 25th.

S. I. C. vs. ALL-COLLEGIANS.

With merciful kindness the manager staged a game right in the midst of the nerve-racking post-season series. He thereby became a public benefactor, for it served to draw the minds of frenzied fans, temporarily at least, from the harrowing possibility of

Walsh fanning twenty-seven Cubs in a row, or of Wagner striking out with the bases full. As it was, they broke for the nearest scoreboard the minute the referee called "time." The contest was played on the college grounds Saturday, October 9th, and resulted in a fiercely contested tie, neither side scoring. Such famous local celebrities as Higgins, Dalton, Geraghty, O'Connor, Kevin and McGovern were lined up for the All-Collegians, and they kept the 'varsity busy at all stages. The day was almost too warm for football, and the halves were curtailed to 25 and 20 minutes. It was the rooters' first opportunity to see S. I. C. in action. The All-Collegians would have been defeated if the inevitable "first game" nervousness had not attacked the 'varsity while executing several pretty plays that would have given maroon and gold a score. One feature of play that the "I" men had developed well and which they used effectively was the forward pass, Amberg and Ludwig registering long gains of twenty and thirty yards with this play. For the "All-Collegians," Higgins and Dalton played a game of football that more than once brought the rooters to their feet cheering. Neither side could succeed in making a touch-down however, and the game ended with the score:

S. I. C.—o.

ALL-COLLEGIANS—o

Amberg	R.E.	McGovern
McDermott	R.T.	O'Connor (Capt.)
Schenkes	R.G.	Walsh
Long	C.	Dunn
Wittine	L.G.	Toomey
Dolan (Capt.)	L.T.	J. Kilgallon
Ludwig	L.E.	Dalton
McNulty	O.B.	J. Kevin
O'Donnell	R.H.B.	Martin
Caverley	L.H.B.	Geraghty
Reilly	F.B.	Higgins

Referee—T. Kevin. Umpire—Phee. Head Linesman—Brundage. Timekeeper—Summers. Time of Halves 25 and 20 minutes.

S. I. C. vs. CHICAGO LATIN.

The next game scheduled was Chicago Latin School at Lincoln Park, on Thursday, October 21. The Latin School, like University High, puts teams into the field that are of college caliber, as far as weight is concerned, and the name is apt to be misleading. The rooters expected a fairly hard game and they were not disappointed. The north side team was heavy and put up a warm argument throughout. S. I. C. lost two good, almost certain chances, to score, due to momentary forgetfulness in handling punts. Amberg achieved the feat of the day with a pretty twenty-

eight yard drop-kick from a very difficult angle on the right side of the field. This drop-kick scored the only points of the game. Shortly after, the referee's whistle stopped play with the count three to nothing in favor of S. I. C., a count which deservedly should have been fifteen to nothing. Amberg's kick was one of the prettiest pieces of toe-work we have seen in the college games for several years. The angle was very difficult and the result extremely doubtful, but the ball went true, sailing directly over the center of the cross-bar. The score:

S. I. C.—3

CHICAGO LATIN—0

Amberg	R.E.	G. Fiske
McDermott	R.T.	Kierman
Schenkes	R.G.	Andrews
Long	C.	Reid
Wittine	L.G.	Gately
Dolan (Capt.)	L.T.	Gallauer
Ludwig, Herman	L.E.	Detchon
McNulty	Q.B.	Geraghty
Rylands	R.H.B.	Weil
Caverley	L.H.B.	Smith
Reilly	F.B.	L. Fiske

Referee—Rylands. Umpire—Walters. Head Linesman—Dar-row. Timekeeper—Phee. Time of Halves, 30 and 25 minutes.

The playing field at noon represents a scene of feverish activity with five red-hot indoor pennant battles transpiring simultaneously. The race for the championship bunting is close and extremely interesting to all concerned. The games are played with skill and considerable spirit. Another fact which is a source of much gratification to the officers of the league, is the manner in which the various classes turn out 'en masse' to cheer on their teams. In fact, the rooting is a notable feature of each contest. Ten teams are in the Junior League and each plays every day, so that the fans have a choice of five games. From the present standing, the nines representing 2nd Year High B and 1st Years A and F promise to be the strongest contenders for the pennant. The other teams are as yet by no means out of the race and are apt to upset calculations sadly before the season is over.

Football in the High School Department is booming like a newly discovered gold field. Elevens were organized the first week of school and practice, hard, stiff practice, practice such as the varsity enjoys, has been the nightly order since three teams are in active operation. The mighty Eagles, the doughty little third team

JUNIOR
FOOTBALL.

of last year, is the first of the three elevens. This team is coached by Fred Reeve. The second is the Inigoes, coached by Lawrence Biggio. The third is the Elites, the last of the triumvirate to get into the field. The Eagles with the advantage of their 1908 experience, and with a line-up practically intact from last season, justly anticipate an unbroken string of victories. The Elites and Inigoes have shown rare form for their first year, display plenty of fighting spirit and are improving steadily with every practice. A keen, lively, interest is being shown in all the games in the Junior Football League so far, both by the players themselves and the spectators who are undividedly their friends. The use of shift formulations, forward pass, trick plays and onside kicks by these Junior teams, and their knowledge of inside football, is surprising, and has won the most favorable comments from those who have watched their play. Among the men who have attracted favorable comment from their more experienced elders, and who promise in the future to recruit the 'varsity when they enter the college department, are Purcell, Pelletierre, Burns, Dever, Baschnagel, Gardiner, Reilly, Devitt of the Eagles; Malloy, Bannon, Donigan and Graham of the Elites; Kiely, Joe Sullivan, Quinlan, Mitchell, and Quinn of the Inigoes; all deserve favorable mention. The Eagles have played one game of their regular schedule with outside teams and that game was a slaughter—of St. Jarlath's School. These hereditary enemies of the Eagles become less ferocious on each succeeding meeting of the two teams and this year were simply swamped by the Eagles' superior team play. The epitaph on the St. Jarlath headstone now reads in addition to the other defeats—Oct. 16, Eagles—62, St. Jarlath—0. The season for the Eagles has certainly begun most auspiciously.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.





It was Robert Burns, who said:

“Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels’ as ithers see us!”

It is the purpose of the exchange column to serve as a mirror—a literary mirror as it were in which to reflect both the good and the bad. It is our desire that nothing deserving of mention shall escape commendation and that nothing deserving of censure shall go without criticism. The mirror finds itself busy these days because so much is reflected in it which is worthy of consideration. And yet each exchange shows no want of those old and shop-worn subjects which we consider it would be a blessing to leave enjoy their old age in peace.

Lying on the table before us, is the very newest of the newcomers to college journalism—the *Creighton Chronicle*. Its advent is most welcome. With its handsome and artistically designed buff cover, its splendid engravings of the university's founders, its excellent presswork, and elevated literary tone, this latest contribution to university literature deserves first mention among our exchanges. It is a monthly magazine published at Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska. This first, the October issue, contains forty-five pages of interesting and very readable matter, much of which is faculty work. We hope that the next issue will feature some student contributions so as to afford an opportunity of judging more accurately the paper's real literary value as a student organ. The opening article on the "Spirit of the University," by its President, Rev. Eugene Mageveny, S. J., gives a very clear insight into the policy of the institution, and the motives of its founders, E. and J. A. Creighton. "The North Pole," by Rev. Wm. F. Rigge, S. J., is a scientific discussion of the poles which is interesting and very readable in spite of its formidable title and aspect at first view. Another article which deserves notice is by Paul L. Martin, on the "Training of a Lawyer," a review of the training a lawyer receives

and of the development of legal education which would convince even the most skeptical that the profession of law is still honorable and not given over to trickery, a very timely article in the present day. We hope that the *Creighton Chronicle* will continue to maintain the high standard of journalism it has set for itself by this first issue and shall look forward with pleasure to succeeding numbers.

The *Fordham Monthly*, for June, easily maintains its usual high standard. The verse, "At An Outdoor Shrine," is a gem of poetical composition, "September," struck a note of sympathy in our hearts with its almost pastoral sentiment. By far, the best article we have noticed in a college magazine this quarter, is the essay, "Some Catholic Poets of the Past Century." The author expresses himself clearly and handles the topic admirably. "The Church in Japan," is solid, serious reading, and we concur with the author in his belief as to the ultimate success of the church in that land. The commencement papers and orations are excellent and in good taste.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE JOURNAL.

The *Georgetown College Journal* is an artistic and enjoyable as ever. The Journal now departs from custom printing its editorials on the first pages. "The Life of Columbus in Panels," is an excellent article and easily merits first place. In our opinion, many articles that were raised to the dignity of the literary department, would have been better placed if relegated to the editorial section. Poetry is conspicuously absent, and the few verses that are printed fall much below the journal's usual standard.

The *Notre Dame Scholastic* finds favor with us because of its "up-to-date" tone in every department. The articles entitled, "Practical South America," is an excellent review of the situation in that continent of revolutions. The author is a trifle too optimistic in regard to its future, but the trend of South American affairs confirms, to a certain extent, his opinions. In the essay "William Butler Yeats," we find nothing of that triteness and false sentiment so often in evidence in similar articles, and its faultless diction renders it all the more enjoyable.

BOOK REVIEW

We here think the opportunity not amiss to call to notice a new work by Rev. Charles Coppens, S. J., entitled, "A Brief History of Philosophy." (Schwartz, Kerwin and Fauss, New York, Publishers, \$1.00) Hitherto there have been only two English author-

itive works on this subject, and those were hardly available for classroom use. The present scholarly work, by the eminent author of numerous text books on logic, metaphysics, philosophy and English, meets a long-felt want. This little book aside from its value as an historical work, gives an excellent outline of the courses of philosophy as taught in our non-sectarian universities.

The purpose of the author was to place before the public a work that would simplify the teaching of the history of philosophy, to render it clear enough to be understood and enjoyed by undergraduates as well as educated men; and to meet the demands for a modern English text for class-room use. We feel that the author has attained his purpose and that the book will receive the appreciation it deserves.

JOHN T. BENZ, '10.



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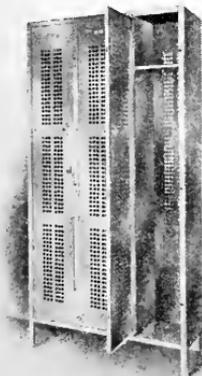
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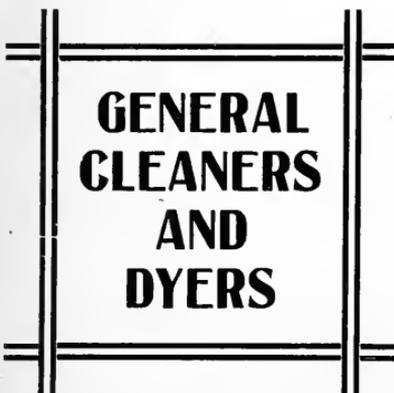
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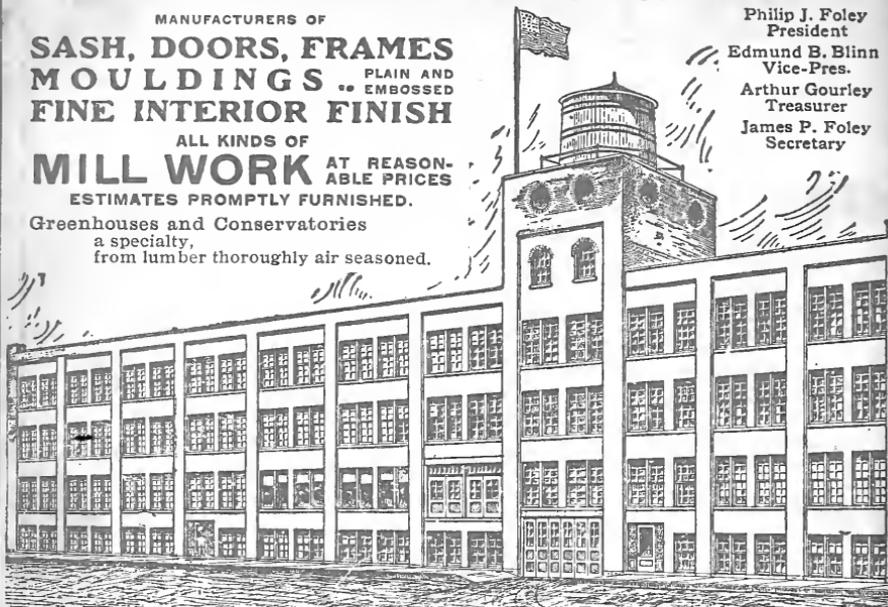
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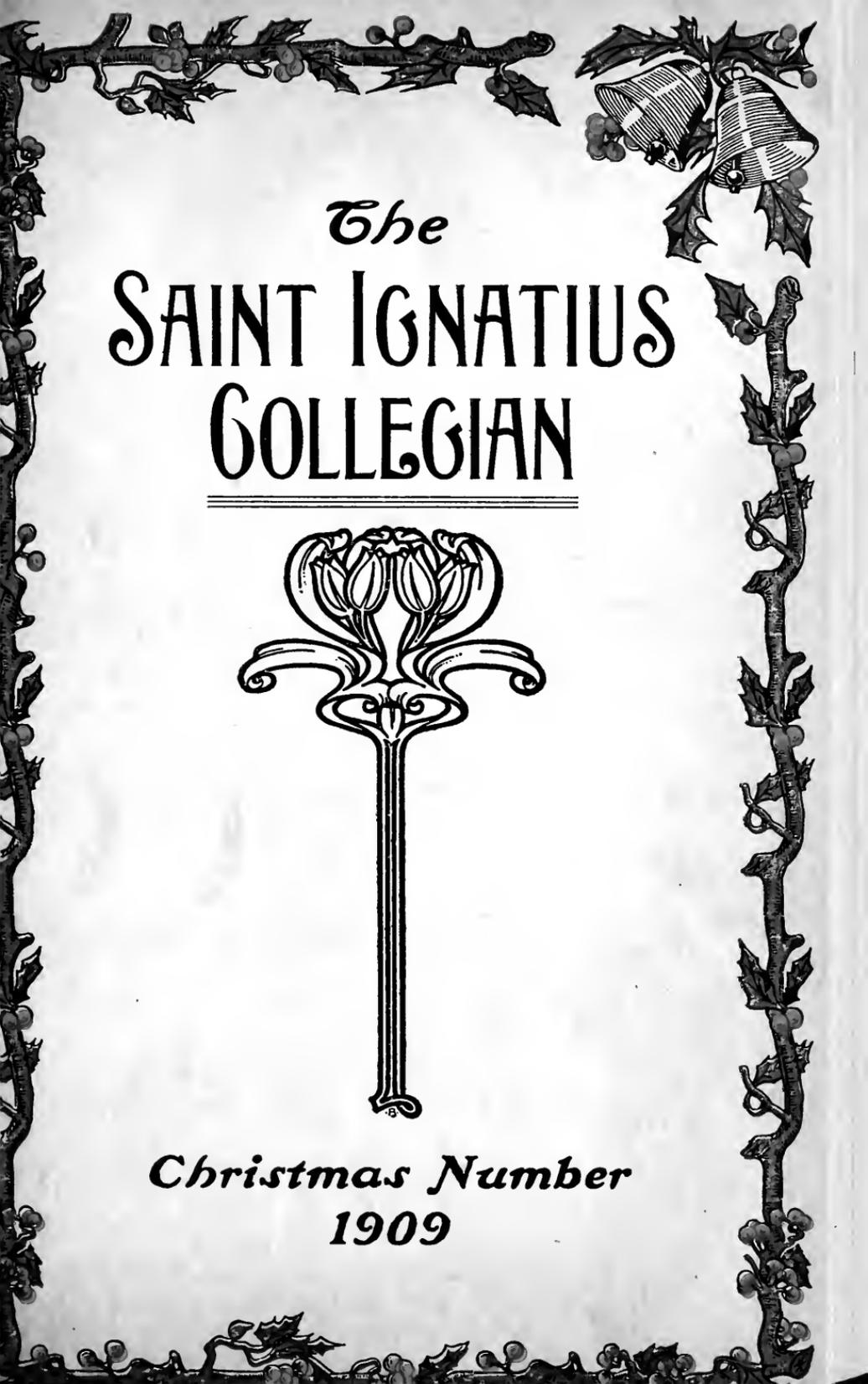
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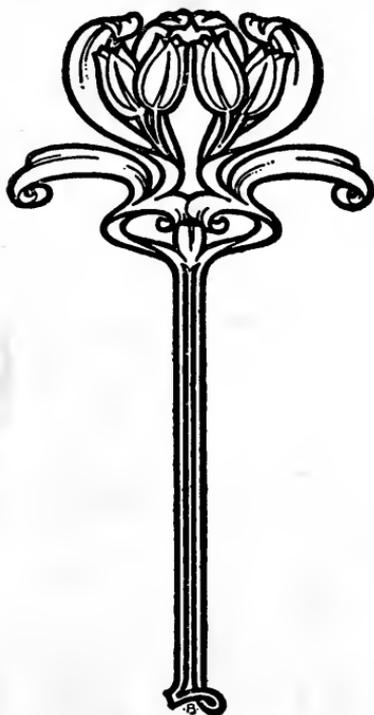
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(NEW YORK STANDARD)

Cash Capital	-	-	-	-	-	\$200,000.00
Cash Surplus	-	-	-	-	-	32,325.26
Total Assets	-	-	-	-	-	386,275.04

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As made to the Auditor of Public Accounts, State of Illinois
pursuant to law.

Commencement of Business September 2nd, 1909

RESOURCES

Loans and Discounts	\$1,753,686.14
Overdrafts	27.94
Banking House	38,000.00
Bonds and Stocks	1,050.00
Cash and due from Banks	413,594.89
	<hr/>
	\$2,206,358.97

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus (earned)	25,000.00
Undivided Profits	39,802.83
Reserved for Taxes and Interest	5,911.13
Deposits	1,935,645.01
	<hr/>
	\$2,206,358.97
Deposits, June 23, 1909	\$1,770,088.86
Deposits, September 1, 1909	1,935,645.01

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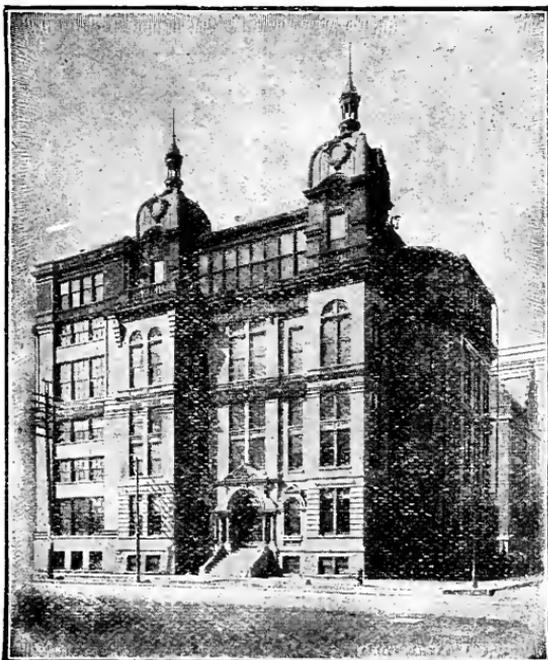
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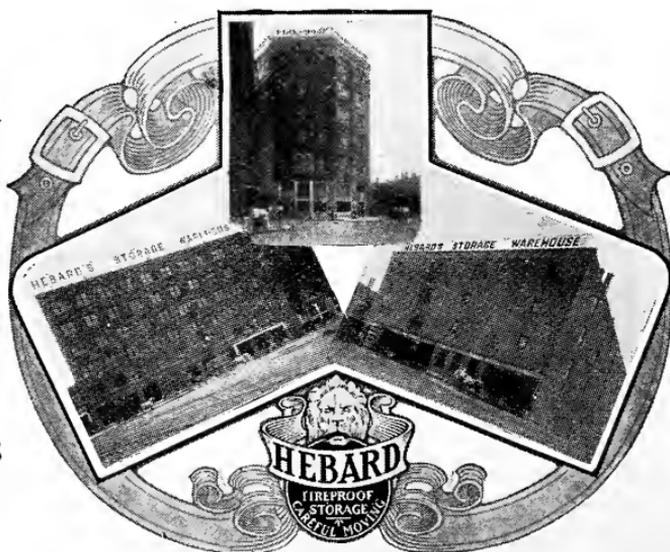
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Gloria in Excelsis Deo.

I

ISIAS

Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above
 And let the clouds rain the just;
 Let the earth be opened
 And bud forth a Saviour.

LUKE

And the Angel being came in, said to her
 full of grace; the Lord is with thee;
 blessed art thou among women.

II

JEREMIAS

O expectation of Israel
 The Saviour thereof in time of trouble
 Why wilt Thou be a stranger in the land—?

LUKE

And she brought forth her First-Born Son
 And wrapped Him in swaddling clothes
 And laid Him in a manger.

III

LUKE

And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude
 of the heavenly host praising God and saying:
 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth
 peace to men of good-will.

JOHN

Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and
 he will dwell with them, and God Himself
 shall be with them, and be their God.

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Three Christmas Eves.

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY.



FROM the forests, dark and forbidding, was wafted the fragrance of pine and of cedar and of mistletoe. Silent, sombre, clad in pure fresh ermine, canopied over by the glorious winter sky, the trees were perfect symphonies of natural harmony. It was a scene of grandeur, solitude and peace, infinite peace. A holy hush seemed to pervade the air—even the mountain brooks were stilled by their coverlet of ice. Grim and towering, the mighty mountains stood as barriers to shut out the sound of the heedless, desecrating, outside world. It was solitude—deep, peaceful, holy solitude. It was silence, throbbing with the music of the spheres, pulsating with heavenly harmonies; it was the silence of anticipation. A holy hush, unbroken, silently expressive, filled the spirit of the place. Nature was awaiting the advent of the King. It was Christmas eve. Three Christmases was the Spirit to show me before dawn broke.

* * *

Before that night had gone, before the stars had paled to day, the glorious event was accomplished—Christ the King was born. Far over the seas, in Bethlehem of Judea, with no room for Him in the inn, denied by those who should have fallen down to worship Him, Christ the King was born. Wafted thither by the spirit of Christmas, taken up for the moment from the sordid things of earth, the whole, beautiful, old yet ever new, story of the Christ child came back to us as it never came before. How significant now seemed the words, "And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be least among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from old, from everlasting. Aye, least among the thousands of Judah, but exalted among all the cities of the earth, placed above the mighty places and the proud, the birthplace of Christ"; Oh, when was such honor e'er given to a place of earth before? And then the Spirit whispered to me, "Read further in thy book! Read on with the story!" Oh, was ever such a story writ

before? Told in words so simple and so plain that the personality of the writer was sunken in them and lost, and the marvelous tale they told so simply yet so beautifully. "And it came to pass in those days that Joseph went up from Galilee, with Mary, his espoused wife, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. And so it was, that while they were there the days were accomplished that she should be delivered. And she brought forth her first born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn."

* * *

Down in the slums of London, where poverty was grinding the people in an iron, inexorable grasp, where poor human beings were dragging out existence in a wretchedness that defies description, down where no ray of sunshine could penetrate to bring happiness and light, there did the Spirit of Christmas bring me, to show me the Christmas of the poor, the second of my three Christmas eves. Past rows of shaky, rickety, squalid, crazy tenements where filth and disease held sway, past hovels, past shabby houses where the grim specter of Poverty was crushing out all semblance of humanity and naturalness, past streets where the despair of the people was written in the awful grimness and hardness of their peaked faces, did the Spirit lead me, stopping not nor pausing, straight to a sombre, dark, frowning, outwardly cheerless building he led me, and bade me come within. In the large assembly hall preparations for the morrow were going on apace. Piled high upon the floor, arranged in groups, were baskets, big, cheery-looking baskets, from which pleasant odors occasionally escaped. Toiling feverishly to complete arrangements, decorating and making the grim room cheerful, were a band of men and women, a charitable organization, whose life was given to the poor. Their labor was voluntary. It was the labor of love. Many of them were wealthy, but with the charity of God in their hearts they were feeding His people, watching over His flocks. Late they toiled and long they labored to make the room pleasant and cheerful, to fill it with the spirit of Christmas, to delight those pinched, narrowed, cramped, crushed hearts on the morrow. And then the Spirit said, "Watch." Out of the gloom and darkness of the cold winter morning came a throng of people. The motley make-up of the ragged crowd would be impossible to describe. Everywhere was wretchedness and misery and hunger and hopelessness! The dull, heavy eyes told all too plainly of a vain struggle to keep their heads above the heartless maelstrom that would drag them down. Then the doors of the great, dark building opened, and they crowded into the hall. The sweetness

and Christmas spirit that pervaded the room made itself felt on those poor human wretches, and in dull eyes flickered an awakened light. It brought them back to happier hours—and then the tears would come, despite all efforts to dash them aside. The superintendent spoke a few words of cheer and welcome, and then, with his assistants, led in song, a Christmas carol in which the multitude endeavored to join. Oh, it was pitiful, the harsh, cracked, hoarse, piercing voices vainly attempting to render a carol, the spirit of which they were groping to enjoy. It was over at last; the last faltering voice quavered to the end and a silence fell. The silence was one of expectation. What would those generous hampers contain for them, whose distribution they had been promised so long? Curiosity was rampant till the superintendent spoke—"Food." A mighty shout went up from that hunger-driven, half-starved, wretched throng. Such charity as this they never had expected. It stunned them. All the worries and fears, all the disappointments and rebuffs, all the pinch of poverty were forgotten. They were happy. As one by one they filed past to receive their baskets, husky words of gratitude were muttered, heavy footsteps took on a sudden softness, heavy hearts grew lighter, for a ray of cheer had flashed across the Christmas gloom!

The last of the hampers were distributed, the last applicant had shuffled from the room, the last of the toilers was done, when the superintendent turned to his assistants with wet eyes, looked into theirs, saw in them the same feelings that were agitating him, nodded slowly in a comprehensive nod, endeavored to speak, failed, turned and left the building. One by one the workers silently followed, one by one they wended their way out into the Christmas morning, one by one they departed, each filled with thoughts and reflections on love and charity and sympathy for one's neighbor, for truly such are the thoughts that the Christmastide should prompt, each looking forward to their own Christmas, now that they had made Christmas full of real meaning for the people to whom the true light of Christmas seldom ever came!

* * *

Long the silence remained unbroken. I had learned the lesson of charity, of love, of sacrifice, of the ways of the grace of God, and I was abashed! The spirit of Christmas had transported me to an imposing, towering Gothic cathedral, in a city on the shores of America, a city where four million souls were celebrating Christmas, or at least were participating in the joys of the happy time. Into the dim cathedral aisles we passed, unperceived, unnoticed. From the chancel a burst of melody in boyish voices floated down, sweet as a whispered prayer from a soul in close communion with

its God. They were singing the "Adeste Fideles" with a depth of feeling and interpretation that rendered the glorious hymn exquisitely beautiful. The voices rose and fell in perfect harmony:

O come, all ye faithful, joyful and triumphant,
O come ye, O come ye, to Bethlehem!
Come and behold Him, born the King of Angels!
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord! Amen.

The echoes died away, the harmony melted into the recession, and I heard the voice of the spirit of Christmas saying, "Come with me." Down into the choir rooms he led me, where the sweet-faced little choristers were already gathered about a huge, resplendent Christmas tree. Laden with gifts, aglow with electric bulbs and fairly resplendent with tinsel and with gold trimmings, the huge tree was being admired with wide-eyed admiration. The room was buzzing with the excitement of childish voices and thrilling with the electric presence of the spirit of Christmas. Aye, it was a happy, happy scene! The aged rector of the cathedral, tall, stately in his dignity, with snow-white hair giving him a venerable appearance and presence that was good to look upon, stepped up beside the tree, held up his hand for silence, and was greeted with a burst of prolonged applause from the happy little men at his feet. His kindly face flushed with pleasure and a smile rippled on his lips. Oh, the Spirit of Peace, of Happiness, of Christmas was surely here, too. When he began to speak his deep, mellow tones thrilled and stirred and the children lost themselves in his simple story of the Babe of Bethlehem. He told them that this tree of gifts was but symbolic of the gifts which the Christ Child brought to men on earth, of good will, to hearts in which love and charity and peace were found towards other men. He told them of love and its all-transforming power, of charity which lightens the heavy burdens of others, of peace which gives the heart contentment—aye, it was thrillingly simple and beautiful. Those little hearts responded, too. The world looked very fair and sweet and good just then; all was smooth and joyous and happy; trouble and care were unknown. The good Bishop sighed as he concluded and thought of how soon those little ones would come to know all the—but he turned to the distribution of gifts. The scene that followed stirred even the placid Spirit of Christmas at my side, who had looked on all of it before. The gratitude, delight, surprise, pleasure, admiration, joy, happiness, excitement of those choristers brought tears to the eyes of the soberer men of the audience. The good Bishop himself had a queer feeling in his heart at the joy which Christmas brought to those young and innocent children. He saw in them the image of the

Christ Child. He saw in them the presence of the Christ Child and took unto himself the lesson, "Unless ye become as little children." Oh, it was beautiful, the symbolism of it! The gifts of God in those little hearts! It was the true Christmas happiness, the true Christmas joy, the true Christmas love for one's neighbor, love of God and charity for men, that this third Christmas Eve taught, and as the swelling anthem from the children's voices rose upon the air we seemed once more to hear the multitude of the heavenly host praising God and singing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"

A Christmas Villanelle.

Within a hut the angels sing
 In Juda's town this solemn night
 To Jesus, Lord and King.

To God above their voices ring
 And praise His boundless love and might;
 Within the hut the angels sing.

O'er lands celestial spirits wing,
 Proclaiming sin-born sorrow's flight
 Through Jesus, Lord and King.

And Mary's fond affections cling
 About the manger's burden bright;
 Within the hut the angels sing.

Their lowly gifts the shepherds bring,
 Their simple faith, their soul's delight,
 To Jesus, Lord and King.

Thus every man his offering
 To Jesus makes, with heart contrite;
 Within the hut the angels sing
 To Jesus, Lord and King.

ALPHONSE ZAMIARA, '11.

Let There Be Peace.

A. BOWE, '10.

Ye passing of Druid as it is written in the text of Ingomar, a monk in ye monasterie of Armaugh, Ireland.

PART THE FIRST.

Five bearded priests, crowned with circlets of brass, looked into each other's eyes over the table. One might read in their gaze the earnest resolve of faith or the stubbornness of fanaticism. Wizen, piercing features bespoke lives of prayer, dissipation, or perhaps of both. Fingers, greedy and knotted, clutched at five golden counters that sparkled on the black surface. A smutty pine flame lighted the rude Cave of Core-Clave fitfully.

Slowly one of the five raised his head straight into the merciless flame-glare above until every cord in his throat stood out beneath the heavy beard. Slowly he mouthed a low incantation, during which, at the word "All-Heal," the counters were flung high into the air, and as they lighted, ringing against the table, four of those who stood about turned swiftly away. Only one remained as before—he who had raised his face into the flame—Hassuck Arch-Druid. When he had read, from the position of the counters and from consulting the heavens through the mouth of the cave, whom the gods wished sacrificed on the morrow, he called the others and they, turning, read on the black surface before them

DUNWALDO: SON OF IONIA.

Silently, but with strange meaning glances, they removed their circlets, silently extended their arms and gazed for a moment into the pine flame. Then, Hassuck proceeding first, they marched, wailing and chanting, into the outer darkness of the Yule-night.

After their cries and moans had died down the valley, a wild-eyed thing, Ionia they called her, glided from the depths of the cave and to the table, whereon she read the fate of her child. She had thought it. The curses of Hassuck, the dire predictions and awful prophecies he had uttered of her, could end only this way. As she read, she felt not, but when she turned and saw the babe toddling after her, sorrow welled up within her like a bursting fountain. A wild, pulsing heart-throb broke on the night; not the deep-toned notes of ritual or worship, but the diviner touch of stricken love. The pine torch-flame flickered unsteadily, shaken,

it would seem, by the torrent of her grief. Moaning she lay in the shrouding darkness. As the last flame sputtered out of the torch she gathered her child to her and crossed to the mouth of the cave. She rested a moment, a strange figure in the mild light of the midnight. As her eye swept the constellations she noted something strange in the eastern heavens. Practiced as the Druids were in the ways of the stars, she was quick to fix her eye on a strangely brilliant eastern star. It was coming, coming, perhaps to free her child—and she stretched her hands forth as if to receive it. But, alack! it would not come, and she moved slowly along out into the night.

From the prisons of Warwick there broke forth that night, as Ionia sought her courtyard, a voice like a trumpet. What it said none could fathom or comprehend.

“Messiah! Messiah!
 Thou art come to my people.
 Thou hast let me watch thy coming.
 Mighty Jehovah, smite Taranis.”

Thus was the night of the Christ-coming in Britain.

PART THE SECOND.

The sun hath risen over sleepful Warwickshire. Over the half-barren meadows, over the hardy winter-earth of England; to the music of side-streams that drip almost silently into the Avon, the sun of morning streams through a delicate blue mist.

As the hot southern skies were beginning to melt these fragrant mists of the morning a warrior stood forth, clear of skin, blue-eyed, fiercely straight, but withal of comely stature. Thongs of oxhide strapped furs of every hue and richness over his huge limbs. In his long, tawny hair perched a sprig of the sacred mistletoe. At his belt hung a sword, a great, fiendish thing that the Druid god had blest from the time when the oak groves were young. He held a long slender tuba in his mailed fist, one that his ancestor had snatched from Caesar's own trumpeter in the first invasion. The Dragon of the Great Pendragon which his fathers had worn since the days of the conquest was engraven on his bronze breast plate. Legend gives him the name of Caradoc, King of Britons.

Now, among the villagers was this Ionia, lately widowed by the brave Anguineum. Caradoc had sued her hand when he was yet a prince but the stout warrior, late slain, had prevailed over him. Now that death had removed his rival he courted again the fair Ionia.

There were, however, of Hassuck, many daughters, one of whom her father wished married to the young King Caradoc. Already the bearded one was absolute in the power of life and death. Already his stones marked the fairest fields of England, his courtyard boasted the finest oxen, his harvests were the richest, his feasts the most bountiful, and his guests the noblest in the land. Yet the thirst was in him. He would be father to the King. The King should counsel and obey him.

But young love is checked not with curses nor with the bid-
dings of the old. Hassuck abjured, and the King disdained. Hassuck advised, and the King was deaf. Hassuck implored, and the King spat upon him. With his own hand, Caradoc wrote his betrothal on the great white stone that stood by the ford on the Avon, in letters of wolf-blood. Mistletoe had sprung up in a night 'round the boulder, and a milk-white doe was struck by lightning at its foot. Whereat Hassuck cursed and prophesied ill the more. Wherefore his hate of Ionia.

As our warrior stood shining and glistening in the morning sheen Ionia pervaded all his thoughts and occupied his whole mind. Steadily he sounded the tuba; once, twice, thrice, and again, bidding the people to the foundations of the new fortress of Warwick. High columns of masonry peered down on every side onto the altar-stone of Taranis. Faggots of pine-wood, grimly suggestive, were piled high about.

Heading the procession out of the town the priests arrived and seated themselves in the five chairs of state. They bowed before the King who had kindness for them all but the bearded Hassuck. After them crowded the townspeople—knaves, warriors, tradesmen, frolicsome youths and fathers fearing for their children, lest they be sacrificed.

Lastly there came an aged man, more hoary even than Hassuck, and of a kindly, childlike expression. For him the faggots held no uncertain meaning. He ravished the fair Britain with the first Caesar, when this same Castle of Warwick stood staunch and sturdy in the days of Cymbeline, and it was fit that with her resurrection he should expire. He was chained heavily, the Britons taunted him by thrusting the flesh of wild-boar before him, which he was wont to spurn for some reason—they knew not what. One of the more learned among them reasoned that he must be a Jew.

He had been wakeful during the night, calling the attention of the sentinel to a strange new eastern star and wailing mournfully that such an hour should find him so far from Judea. He had cried out at intervals to one he called "Jehovah," and again to a "Messiah." The words sounded strange among those hills where the hearts of the people were full of bloodshed and their altars

flaming with the unholy fires of holocaust. Him it was that Ionia had heard utter prophecy and in some strange way she relied on him, more so than on the King, for safety.

When they were all stationed as ritual commanded the bearded Hassuck arose, fearful of the King, though he feigned as to overmaster him. With his bony forefinger outstretched toward Dunwaldo he broke the suspense that all were under. Then, quickly, lest the King might check him, he ordered the child placed beside the other prisoner. Ionia watched without sign, watched the people, the priests, and the tense features of the King. The eyes of the two met, with a challenge from the woman and a surrender from the King.

"Hold!" shouted Caradoc. "Pendragon bids thee hold!"

But there was discontentment among the people and they murmured lest the rites of Taranis should be disturbed.

There were, however, of Hassuck, many daughters, one of whom
 "Hold!" shrieked Ionia, but the rabblement jostled her so that her words were lost in the deep incantations of the warriors.

At the feet of the gaunt prisoner in chains the angry crowd flung her, and when the King would seek her they stood in the way. The priests seized Dunwaldo. Gently the aged man raised the grief-stricken form of the mother, and as gently whispered:

"Fear thee not, woman. There is another such as thee this day in Judea. And she shall sorrow as thee, but her kinspeople shall know her not."

His words died down and only the fierce light in his eye told that he regarded at all those about him.

For his words of consolation, Hassuck commanded he be taunted with pork. Whereat, thrusting aside those before him, he bearded the Arch-Druid himself.

"Jehovah!" he moaned wildly, "thou art angry with this world; that we are thus blood-ridden. Priest of crafts unholy, fly, lest thine own blood-lust work thy undoing. Aye, thou art doomed; methinks the morning saith, 'Peace; let there be peace; peace!' Methinks Jehovah crieth out again, 'Let there be light!' Messiah—Messiah—Messiah"—and he broke into rambling wailings.

Even as he spoke, Hassuck would have him seized, but that the King guarded with sword drawn. The warriors stood mute and unintelligent, fearful of the gods, yet honoring their King.

"Oh, woe, Britain, that thou hast borne such a King! Unholy Caradoc, put by thy sword, lest faggots atone this blasphemy. Aside, creature! Not I, but Taranis through me, saith this!"

"Gods that speak through such foul, jealous mouths as thine, Hassuck, are not my gods nor my people's. I have heard well this anthem, 'Peace,' and I will have it, if need be, at the sword's

point. Put away thy fire, else thou alone shall perish by it!"

"Not so easily, King Caradoc, do Britons renounce the gods of their fathers. Ho, warriors, ho! The Serpent's Egg"—elevating before him the great thing of beated-gold—"Disobey if ye dare. Seize the child, burn him, while we pray."

The warriors faltered.

"The Egg——"

With a mighty whirl of his sword-arm, Caradoc smote the token off fairly, and as it fell wrenched it from the hands of Hassuck that were clawing to recover it.

Crying out his vengeance, the dishonored priest seized the child and made to fling him in the flames. Caradoc's outstretched sword anticipated his action. Then, when 'twas seen that the high priest would have the child slain, ceremony or no, the nobles rose in their wrath to smite him, but the erstwhile prisoner interposed. Willing swords had hacked off the chains that bound him and he stood forth among them.

"Peace; let there be peace!" he cried aloud, and standing before the fearful Hassuck protected him.

And when the nobles saw his interference sternly they demanded of him: "Man, who art thou?"

"He who hath brought the story of the Messiah hither; he who hath gone before. Tell thy children of me, and when they hear the tale, the story of Christ—Him whom His people knew not—they shall remember me. It is the story of peace, peace——"

The glowing words died upon his lips. A stone hurled at Hassuck struck the strange prophet full upon the temple and silently his spirit was wafted to the Father's bosom.



The Skat Club.

IN WHICH ONE OF THE MINOR CHARACTERS IS PROVEN INSANE.

EDW. J. BARRY, '13.



IN the early '40s, when the westward rush of the gold-seekers was at its height, there landed upon our shores a strange colony. It was a colony of German immigrants, who, with minds filled with tales of the remarkable wealth of the New World, had left their native land and had journeyed hither to become the partakers of our prosperity. Westward they traveled, seeking a fertile land, a quiet location for the city which they intended to build, and in this Arcadian region they founded the city of Breslau.

They left their native country behind in name only, for this quiet German community retained all their ancient customs, among these the game of skat. They were a thrifty, industrious people, and after a day's hard work in the fields were fond of a little relaxation in the evening, so the Skat Club was organized, and Heinrich Dusseldorf, a wealthy old man, was elected president, and this marks the first epoch of all that was to follow.

Heinrich Dusseldorf was a far-sighted man. He saw that the rich fields of this little valley would soon convert it into a farming center. He also saw that his son, though shrewd, was not as well liked as he himself was. So he arranged that the presidency of the Skat Club would descend to him and his heirs forever, and he had it enrolled upon the books of Breslau that a tax of one per cent. be levied upon all real estate for the support of the Skat Club. This law could not be repealed, but a clause was inserted which stated that, should the membership of the Skat Club dwindle to less than ten active members, it could be dissolved by the vote of the inhabitants. Shortly after these preparations had been made the old man died, and his son, Henry, became president of the Skat Club.

It had been the original intention of the founders of the city to allow only men of their own nationality to purchase property in the city, but the valley was rich and property was soon secured on the outskirts of the city by a colony of Scandinavians. With the expansion of the city this colony was included in the new boundaries, and thus the first foothold was gained in the town of Breslau. This was but the opening wedge of a host of Swedish and Norwegian immigrants, whose numbers swelled the city, until at last

there were more Scandinavians than Germans in the city. Most of the original inhabitants of the city moved west with the inrush of the Scandinavians, so that there were very few of the original members of the Skat Club still living in the town. But still the Skat Club thrived, for all the inhabitants contributed to its welfare, until at last it became a monopoly. It bought the street car system, the telephone service, and constructed a magnificent hall, which was used for skat tournaments in the winter and was let to theatrical companies in the summer. Its expenses did not exceed fifteen hundred dollars a year, and its income was about one hundred thousand dollars, so it was but natural that those who were not members were dissatisfied with the tax.

About this time two strangers—or three, I should say—came to Breslau. They were Henry O'Rourke, Thomas Regan and Regan's half-witted son, James. They came with the intention of entering politics, and for this reason they established the law office of Regan & O'Rourke. But before they could decide with which side they should cast their fortunes, Henry Dusseldorf, knowing the danger of an active enemy, visited them, offered them a membership in the Skat Club, and for a time, at least, lived in peace. The reason for his alarm was this: There were now just eight members in the Skat Club, which fact he had kept hidden from the other inhabitants of the town. He knew that two men like Regan and O'Rourke would soon discover the state of affairs, so, as a measure of precaution, he took them into his confidence, and by admitting them into the organization increased its membership to the legal number.

Though they espoused the same cause, the law firm of Regan & O'Rourke was the most ardent political foe of Henry Dusseldorf. They bought a newspaper, and when the election for mayor came around Thomas Regan was nominated as candidate for the people, with Henry Dusseldorf as his opponent.

The day of the election drew near, and Regan followed the usual order of campaigning. In his newspaper he promised that, were he elected, the name of the town would be changed. He promised that the system of government then in force, for the town had been governed by Dusseldorf and his son since its founding, would be radically changed. And the day before election, forgetting all the promises he had made to Dusseldorf, he promised that the bane of the city, the Skat Club, would be dissolved.

True to his word, that very evening Regan resigned from the Skat Club and O'Rourke followed his example. Then, leaving detectives to watch the books, the law firm of Regan & O'Rourke retired to enjoy a good night's rest, satisfied with what the day had brought them, confident of what the following day had in store for them.

But in all his plottings Thomas Regan never took into consideration this all-important fact: In Henry Dusseldorf he had a foe worthy of his steel. Days before Henry Dusseldorf had grasped this phase of the situation. He knew Regan's character too well to think that he would allow an opportunity like that to pass by. The very day that Regan and O'Rourke withdrew from the Skat Club the solution occurred to him in the shape of a baby boy. Dusseldorf during a drive met Regan's half-witted son, James. With astonishing cordiality he invited James to ride with him, and told him stories that filled James Regan's child-like mind with delight and awe. When the journey was finished James Regan was a sworn member of the Skat Club, and Henry Dusseldorf's heart was light and gay. The polls were to open at six, and at four-thirty Regan and O'Rourke were already busy. At five-thirty Henry Dusseldorf awoke, dressed and enrolled in the society Henry Dusseldorf, Jr., and James Regan. Then he returned home to await the election returns.

Five minutes later Regan heard of this action, and immediately ordered that the town clock be stopped. The town clock, however, was guarded by four burly constables, and so, outwitted and out-guessed, Thomas Regan gave up all hope of disbanding the Skat Club for another four years.

In the election the Skat Club and Henry Dusseldorf each received eight votes, but, though Regan was elected, the Skat Club still continued to exist, for at the time of the election it had ten members. Regan was desperate, O'Rourke was consoling, but the fact remained the same. Not till the next election of Mayor could the Skat Club be dissolved.

"There is only one thing to be done," remarked O'Rourke, sadly, "and that is, kill yourself and Jimmy and let me run for Mayor."

But that eminently practical plan did not appeal to Regan, and O'Rourke withdrew to think up a more feasible plan. One morning he rushed into Regan's office, and, seizing that gentleman by the shoulders, exclaimed: "I have it, Regan! I have it! The Skat Club is not."

"Not what?" demanded Regan, angrily.

"Not any more," cheerfully answered O'Rourke. Then, in a more serious tone, he added: "Regan, can you make a sacrifice?"

"Name it."

"Your son, Jimmy, is not a member of the Skat Club. He is insane."

"You lie!" shouted Regan, his face working in frightful convulsions. But O'Rourke continued:

"Think of it, Tom. It means the attainment of what we have been striving for, and will you allow a petty prejudice to bias your judgment?"

"Henry," answered Regan, "the Skat Club is no more."

So James Regan was declared insane by the court, and this decision was the death sentence of the Skat Club as a political factor. After three months James was set free, but the mischief was done. That mighty octopus, originated by a German, supported by the Scandinavians and brought to an end by an Irishman, was but a memory of the past, its only remembrance the magnificent town hall of Emmet, Minnesota, which was once the assembly hall of the Skat Club.

EDW. J. BARRY, '13.

Holly Berries.

Holly berries, scarlet gleaming,
Brilliant 'mid the sparkling snow,
Flame points 'gainst a cloudbank seeming;
Holly berries, scarlet gleaming,
Are as tiny beacons streaming
With a ruddy, cheerful glow;
Holly berries, scarlet gleaming,
Brilliant 'mid the sparkling snow.

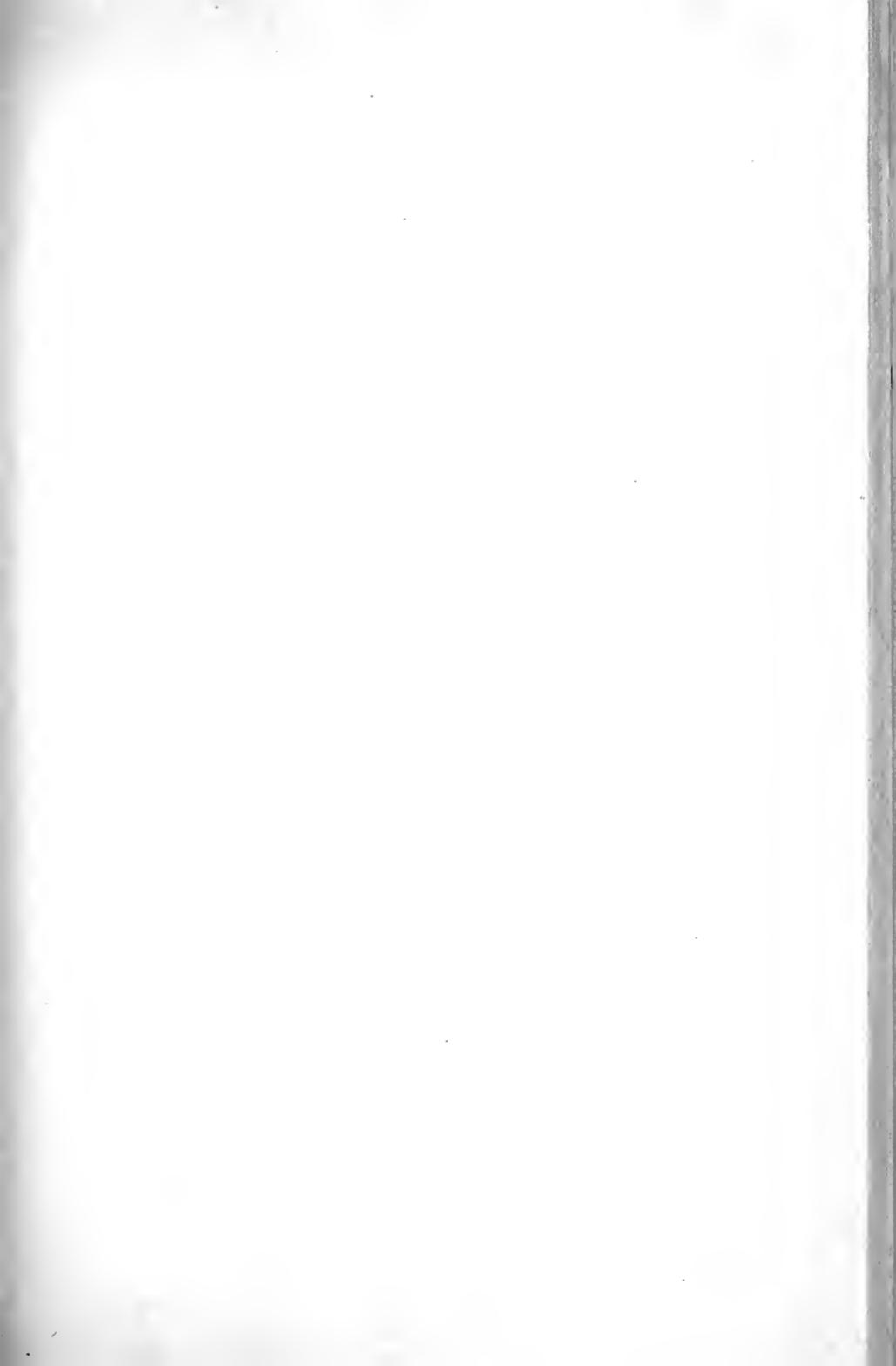
THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

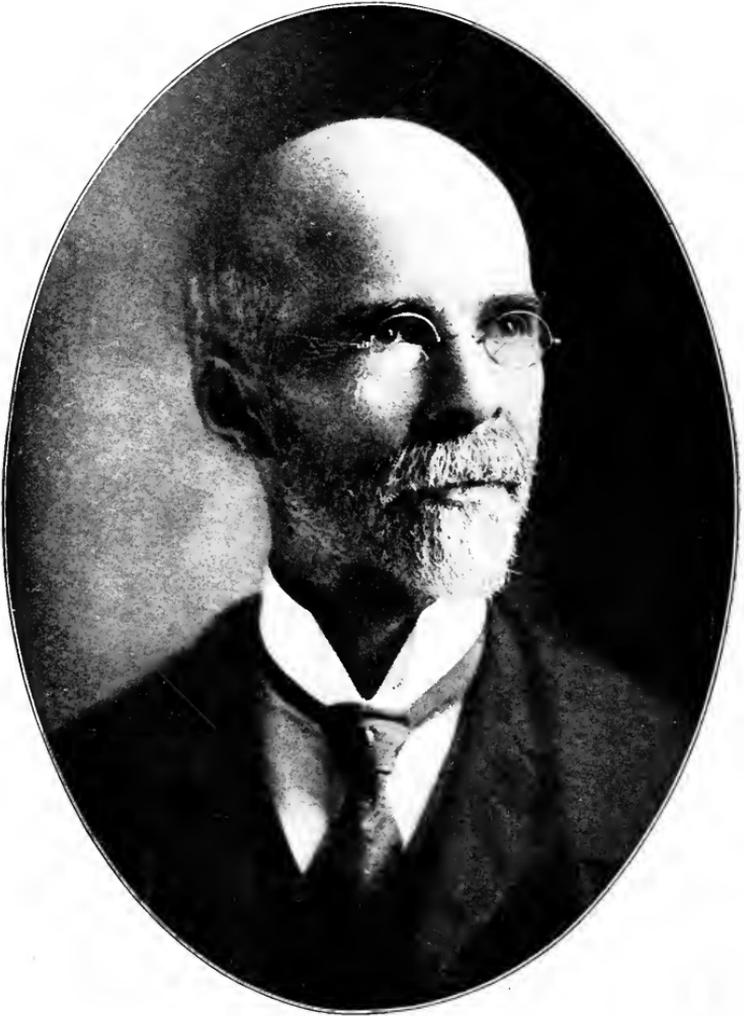


Song of the Angels.

Gloria in excelsis!
Sounds the note from heaven.
In excelsis Deo!
Is the echo given.
Gloria in excelsis!
Thrills the angel's voice;
In excelsis Deo!
Let all the world rejoice.
Gloria in excelsis!
O'er every land and sea;
In excelsis Deo!
Let this your anthem be.
Gloria in excelsis!
These glorious accents raise;
In excelsis Deo!
For your Redeemer's praise.
Gloria in excelsis!
Both heaven and earth unite,
In excelsis Deo!
For joy is at its height.
Gloria in excelsis!
We'll make the welkin ring,
In excelsis Deo!
For Him, our new-born King.
Gloria in excelsis!
This chant shall never cease,
In excelsis Deo!
For Christ has brought you peace,
Gloria in excelsis!
Ascends the joyful strain;
In excelsis Deo!
Resounds the glad refrain.

WILLIAM J. HIGGINS, '12.





DR. WILLIAM RITTENHOUSE
Dean of the Medical Department Loyola University.

The Faculty Banquet.



ON November 22, 1909, the professors of the various departments of the new Loyola University met at the Great Northern Hotel for the first faculty banquet. The success of the meeting of all the professors is ample warranty of its propriety as an annual recurrence. How far-reaching the effects of such social gatherings will be, let the future harmony, union and organic strength of the professors of Loyola University attest and prove. The thorough organization of even only a part of the professional element of this large community is in itself a large gain. The wider knowledge that is thereunto to accrue to doctor, scholar, lawyer, jurist and priest cannot but help result in the solidarity of scholarship, medical and legal, against ignorance, affliction and crime.

Conscious as the Jesuit order is of the immense burden it has taken upon its shoulders, the words of D. F. Zapffe, secretary of Medical Association, were not without stimulus and encouragement. For in a speech delivered on that occasion he attested his high regard for other schools of Jesuit organization. Called upon in his official capacity to examine into the standing of all the great medical schools of the country, his words mean much. He bade his hearers go forth on this new work with great confidence, for a record so enviable elsewhere, as in Fordham University, New York; Georgetown; St. Louis; Creighton and Marquette, would surely, in his estimation, be duplicated here in Chicago.

Among the other speakers were President Burrowes, Dr. Seth Bishop (whose scholarly address, together with the speech of President Burrowes, is herein appended), Hon. William Dillon, dean of the Law School; Hon. Patrick O'Donnell, who acted as toast-master, and Dr. Burkholder, president of Illinois Medical School.

THE SPEECH OF PRESIDENT BURROWES.

Mr. Chairman and Members of the Faculties of Loyola University:—In this, the first meeting of our new university, it is fitting that I, as president, should lay before you the aspirations and the policy of this new educational institution. It is scarcely proper to call it a new institution, for it is but the development or expansion of an old institution with many years of a successful career behind it. It carries with it the prestige of forty years, of a school that

has been tried and tested. Loyola University is but the culmination of a project that has been kept in mind for years. It was necessarily slow in coming, for there are no millionaires behind it. For the same reason we do not expect that Loyola University will stand before the public complete in all its departments in a few years' time. It is laying a strong foundation, and we trust that its usefulness and power will go on increasing with its years.

There is much in beginning well, and I make bold to say that we have done so. The form of a university depends upon the fidelity with which it adheres to a recognized high standard of studies and upon the ability of its corps of teachers to impart learning. In both law and medicine it is our intention to carry out exactly what the State laws require, both for admission and for graduation. Moreover, in medicine we shall endeavor to meet all the requirements of the American Medical Association of Colleges. As to the ability of the professors, judging from the high esteem in which members of both faculties are held by the students, and from results already obtained, I am justified in asserting that Loyola University already possesses an able corps of teachers. And allow me to remark here that it is not always the most richly endowed college or university that turns out the best products. Most of our ablest men have come from the small colleges. Whenever the number of students is so great as to be out of proportion to the number of professors, the results cannot be satisfactory. We shall endeavor, both in law and medicine, to keep our classes of such size that they may be handled by one professor.

It is needless to say that Loyola University will open its doors to all students, irrespective of religious belief. We are teaching in colleges in all parts of the world pagan and Christian, and while we aim to lead all to the highest ideals of Christianity, we force religion on no one. We shall aim to have a university to which parents can safely confide their sons, a university that will not inculcate, directly or indirectly, anything that savors of atheism or irreligion.

In our universities in Georgetown, Milwaukee and St. Louis, Catholic and non-Catholic professors are teaching side by side, and I have yet to hear of any complaint of invidious distinctions. In fact, there is generally a spirit of union among our different faculties that is not found elsewhere. And let me say that it is just such occasions as this that will go far towards cementing its bonds of friendship, for they bring the members of the different departments in close contact with each other and lead to an interchange of ideas. Let us hope that this banquet may be the beginning of many such reunions.

It may be asked, what guarantee have we for the perpetuity of this new university? If Loyola University stood as an isolated institution, if it did not derive some strength and prestige from its connection with other Jesuit colleges and universities throughout the world, it might, indeed, be deemed rash to promise to build up another university here in Chicago, where already several exist, where, at best, two, by reason of their large endowments, appear to have pre-empted the field. But our promise is not rash, for we speak with the experience of the past and with a knowledge of what has been done under similar circumstances.

Chicago, with its three million inhabitants and with many thickly populated towns about it, will afford students for several universities; for no one university, no matter what its endowment, can expand profitably beyond a certain well-defined limit. The fame of Chicago as an educational center will reach far beyond the State of Illinois, and students will flock here from different parts of the country to any university that will establish its right to their patronage by the value of its educational facilities. We confidently expect that Loyola University will be able to show that she stands ready and able to give a suitable return for value received. Though we have no endowment other than the lives of men devoted purely to education, Loyola University will grow. We are not seeking a pecuniary profit by our labors, and whatever comes in by way of tuition or donation beyond what is required for necessary expenses is put back into buildings and equipment. This is a real endowment and will produce its effect. The zeal and spirit that now animates the professors and students of our schools is another endowment that will build up any university.

TOAST: "ILLINOIS MEDICAL COLLEGE." RESPONSE
BY DR. SETH SCOTT BISHOP.

Mr. Toastmaster and Gentlemen:—It is with much diffidence that I speak as the representative of Illinois Medical College to such a distinguished company of educators, but the school has been dear to my heart from the time when it existed only in the hopes and visions of its founders. It was born of high ideals. It was designed to fill a special place in the medical college world—to bring the possibilities of a medical training to the great body of school teachers who can devote only certain parts of the year to attendance at a medical school. Later the courses were extended throughout the year, and I hope I may be pardoned for mentioning the fact that I had the pleasure of proposing the accepted change of purpose and of name from the Chicago Summer School of Medicine to

the Illinois Medical College. Indeed, I urged more than this—that it should be the aim of the school to become a veritable medical university, embracing all of the cognate branches of medical science and art and a high-class hospital. I hope yet to see my cherished dreams materialize under the brilliant management of Loyola University.

It seems fitting on this occasion to pay a tribute to the lofty devotion of the teachers who have contributed their time and strength and financial support to the College during the past sixteen years. Some of them have been called to the final reward of good and faithful servants of the Master, and their examples should not be forgotten in the onward march of progress.

Our 500 graduates, scattered like the pollen of the flowering plants, have become prosperous and useful members of society. In a degree commensurate with the age of the College, they are taking their places as progressive, influential physicians in all parts of our broad land.

This first assembly of the faculties of Loyola University, in my humble judgment, presages a golden future, not only for Illinois Medical College, but for all of the schools that are to be amalgamated under the one administration. Just as the union of our States under one federal government is conducive to the greatness of every State therein, so each school will be the stronger and the greater power for good by reason of a union of interests and co-operation of forces. I believe the university should educate the boy, from his entrance to the preparatory school to his graduation from the medical college. By this graded system of instruction much time and misdirected energy would be saved, and the beginning of his professional career would be correspondingly advanced.

To some of my learned hearers it may appear superfluous to urge the inestimable advantages—and, indeed, the necessity—of a college training for the average young man who essays the study of medicine; but the fact remains that a very considerable proportion of physicians heretofore have lacked that training which disciplines the mind, teaches accuracy and logical reasoning and develops effective and economical methods of mental labor. The nomenclature of medicine lies largely in the dead languages. Hence a working knowledge of Latin and Greek greatly facilitates the student's understanding and mastery of his studies. It is evident from these facts that the academic department should prepare the student for the professional school of his choice, so classifying his studies as not to duplicate them and waste time, and it should give credits in the sciences which appertain to the professional

school. That is, the academic department should naturally be a feeder to the professional school, bearing a relation similar to that of the Sunday school to the church.

This similitude recalls a question which was put to me by a clergyman a few days ago. He asked if, in my opinion, most physicians were not irreligious. "That seems to be the common impression," he said. I replied that it was more common than proper. In my experience most doctors, although not Sunday school teachers, are God-fearing men, generous, self-sacrificing and the best aids to the clergy in the grand work of uplifting humanity. And I would that every physician could say honestly, as I can, that from my mother's childhood teachings to the present day I have had an abiding faith in the Christian religion and in the efficacy of prayer.

This line of thought suggests the beautiful appropriateness of the union of Illinois Medical College with a university whose destiny is confided to the wisdom of godly men—men who have a proud record of success in converting the precious youth of our land into splendid American citizens; and I will close these remarks by pledging our hearty and lasting loyalty to Loyola University.

Dr. Rittenhouse.

Dr. William Rittenhouse, dean of the Medical Department, was born in Ontario, Canada, in 1852. He was brought up on a farm, attending the district school in winter only. At the age of seventeen he obtained a license to teach, and spent the next fourteen years in the schoolroom, during the last three of which he held the position of principal of the public schools of the City of St. Catharines, Ontario. In 1883 he took up the study of medicine, graduating at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, in 1886, since which time he has been in active practice. When the Illinois Medical College was organized, in 1895, he assumed the chair of obstetrics, which he still holds. For a number of years he was vice-president of the College, and a year ago received the appointment to the office of dean.

The Departing Dear.

I.

Alas! how sad on her to gaze!
 How ghastly pale that palsied mien!
 And she was once the fairest queen,
 The subject of ecstatic praise,
 The pride of lauding poets' lays,
 The fairest creature ever seen.
 Alas! how sad on her to gaze!
 How ghastly pale that palsied mien!

So kind and gracious were her ways,
 No dame or damozel, I ween,
 So wholly perfect yet has been;
 A dream to think of her always.
 Alas! how sad on her to gaze!

II.

'Tis Death that's beckoning at her door,
 For he has come astride the gale.
 'Tis he that blanched her cheek so pale,
 And choked the laugh which never more
 Will echo with the rapids' roar,
 Nor join the brooklet's gay wassail.
 'Tis Death that's beckoning at her door,
 For he has come astride the gale.

Naught can that fleeting life restore;
 Her pleadings are of no avail;
 No ears have heard that feeble wail—
 'Twas smothered in the fiendish roar.
 'Tis Death that's beckoning at her door.

WINDTHORST J. BERGHOFF, '12.

In Memoriam.

REV. HENRY J. DUMBACH, S. J.

The death of Father Henry J. Dumbach, S. J., on the morning of December 3, came as a shock to professors and students of St. Ignatius College, to the parishioners of Holy Family Church and to his many friends, lay and clerical, in and about Chicago. For he had been president of St. Ignatius College during eight years—1900-1908. Since his presidency he has been actively connected as pastor with Holy Family Church, and during his tenure of office and in his ministerial duties he became widely known in and about Chicago. On the morning of December 2 the present writer remembers how cheerful was his morning greeting, how merry his laugh and how high his hope to get through a great deal of work during the forthcoming day. No one at that time would have imagined that his Master was to afflict him in the noonday of his labor and in the meridian of his life. Coming back from a parochial visitation, shortly after noon, he was struck during his walk through Sodality Hall with the affliction that carried him off early on December 3. Peace be to his priestly soul! He died in his chosen work of love and labor. No one can desire more. The faculty and fathers of St. Ignatius College only hope that the simple, grand ceremony of his funeral mass was some solace to the bereaved brother and sister in their affliction. His Grace, the Archbishop of Chicago, celebrated the simple mass, while Bishop Dunne, of Peoria, blessed the remains.

IN PIAM MEMORIAM, H. J. D.

CHRISTOPHER ROBERT STAPLETON.

Mid falling leaves and darkening days he went
 On a far mission that he knew not yet,
 Save that it led to light and dawn, and spring
 Unshadowed ever, where all angels haunt.
 Advent was young; the Church had scarce begun
 Her annual cycle of the impassioned year,
 But he with prophets thirsted to his Lord;
 And, ere we saw the sacramental Babe
 This year upon the cabined straw of Faith,
 He panted forward, and in love now sees
 His Lord desired with ancient Simeon's hope.

2140 Cleveland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Editorial.

Though it has been but just one month to Christmas from the close of the football season, it seems an age when turning back to review the latter. So much has transpired since its close that the gridiron battles, hopes, struggles, victories and defeats of 1909 seem only shadowy memories lurking in the background of athletic history. Without becoming romantic or dramatic or oratorical, several thoughts suggest themselves from the football season lately closed. They are these: That the rising of new football constellations can never be foretold; that when they do come they startle the athletic world by their brilliance, and that under the new rules a fairly representative team can be turned out where prospects are seemingly hopeless. The success of Notre Dame and Marquette here in the West, splendid and brilliant enough to startle even the newspaper critics from their hitherto impregnable "conference" shell, suggests the thought of the future of the new Loyola University in athletics. Shall it, in the near future, when it has attained to maturity, rank among the recognized athletic luminaries of the West? It is our hope and expectation to see Loyola take high rank in Western athletics. It is our hope to hear the crimson and gold spoken of as among the leaders on gridiron and track and diamond, just as they will be spoken of as being leaders in higher education. It is even our hope to see in the future championship laurels resting on the Loyola name, and the championship banner

hanging in the trophy case. This is the hope we venture to express and are confident will be fulfilled. The prospects for a university athletic future are encouraging, and we do not know what the future has in store. So that, since our concern is with the past, and not the future, we will stop peering into the mists and look back on what has been. The season lately closed affords sufficient topics for discussion. It has shown that it is possible, under the new game, to develop a fairly representative team when conditions are discouraging and hopeless; that fighting spirit, once aroused, will help tremendously to carry a team through the season—in short, that the '09 varsity, though it may have suffered defeats, may have had weak places, may have had to battle against odds and adverse conditions, still *was* possessed of fighting spirit and was anything but a discredit to the institution it had the honor to represent. The season was in a fair measure successful, with that old bugaboo, lack of weight, forcing itself painfully upon the notice of those who watched the games. The lightness of the squads, on the average, for the past few years, has recurred so regularly that the subject has become too threadbare and monotonous to discuss. Suffice it to say that it has been, in the past, and was this year, a tremendous handicap all through the season, and that sheer gameness and taking advantage of all the possibilities of the open game, alone have carried the team through the season successfully.

To Mr. Graber, for the labor, energy and efforts he exerted to develop a winning team, the greatest credit is due. To Captain Dolan unstinted praise is forthcoming for the services he rendered the varsity, and to Manager Furlong for his work in the managerial department, while by the team itself thanks are merited for the season's work. We cannot, in the space allotted to us, do more than commend the men who made up the squad, and it is out of the question to discuss their relative merits. To Captain Dolan, playing his last games for the crimson and gold, more than mere mention, however, is due, and the manner in which "Rube" toiled to promote the success of the team, is worthy of the heartiest commendation. His playing in every game was spirited and splendid, and the amount of work he accomplished on the field was startling. We are not intentionally passing over the individual merits of the squad, but the law of "space" is inexorable, and so to Captain Dolan we have given all the recognition, trusting that the accounts of the various games will draw attention to the merits of the different players.

T. O. B.

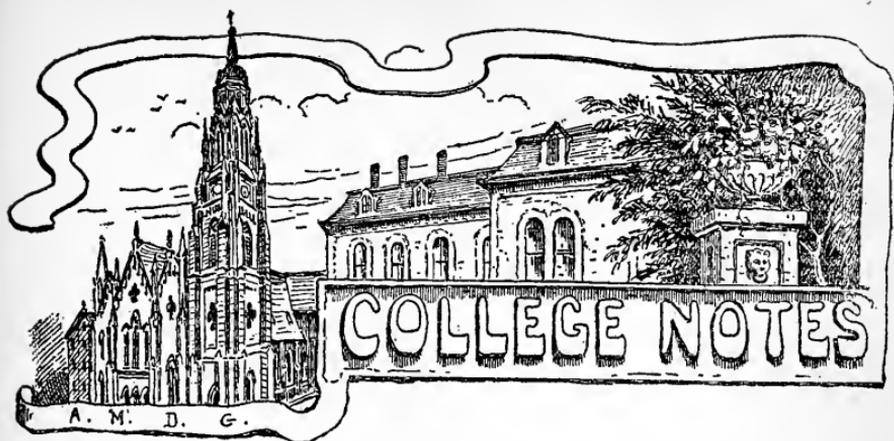
The following extract from the December Church Calendar, "The Announcement of Christ's Nativity," from the Roman Martyrology, we have taken the liberty to reprint, furnishing, as it does, good, wholesome Christmas thoughts. The firm faith of the martyrs of Nicomedia, their love of Christ which would not be betrayed and their ready sacrifice of life are Christmas thoughts worthy of deeper reflection than a mere reading. It is a lesson we can all take home. We are not sermonizing. The article appealed to us as well worth reprinting and it is our hope that our readers will accord with our views. It is as follows:

CHRISTMAS
THOUGHTS.

"In the year from the creation of the world, when in the beginning God created heaven and earth, five thousand one hundred and ninety-nine; from the flood of Noe, two thousand nine hundred and fifty-seven; from the nativity of Abraham, two thousand and fifteen; from Moses, and the coming forth of the people of Israel out of Egypt, one thousand five hundred and ten; from the anointing of David, king, one thousand and thirty-two; in the sixty-fifth week according to the prophecy of Daniel, in the one hundred and ninety-fourth Olympiad; in the year from the building of the City of Rome, seven hundred and fifty-two; in the two-and-fortieth year of the empire of Octavian Augustus, when the whole world was in peace, in the sixth age thereof, Jesus Christ, eternal God, and Son of the eternal Father, intending to sanctify the world with His most blessed Presence, having been conceived of the Holy Ghost, and nine months being past after his conception, is made man, born in Bethlehem, Judaea, of the Virgin Mary. The Nativity of our Lord Jesus Christ, according to the flesh.

"The same day . . . at Nicomedia, the passion of many thousand martyrs, and when upon the day of Our Lord's Nativity they were assembled together in the church to hear Mass, Dioclesian, the emperor, commanded the church doors to be shut, and a fire to be made around it, as also a vessel with incense to be placed before the doors and the common crier to proclaim with loud voice that such as would escape burning, should go forth and offer incense to Jupiter; and when they all with one voice answered that they would rather and more willingly die for Christ, the fire being kindled, they well all burned, and deserved to be born in heaven the same day that Christ vouchsafed to be born on earth for the salvation of the world."

T. Q. B.



By the happy gift of some charitably inclined Christmas sprite, new dignity has been pressed on the shoulders of the humble wielder of this pen. Last issue I addressed you simply as the historian of St. Ignatius College. Behold! the chronicler of Loyola University craves your kind attention.

On November 24th it was formally announced at the college that the State authorities had issued the University charter. In honor of that event (as well as the *anticipated* football victory over St. Viateurs), holiday was granted on the 26th.

A Sunday or two previous to this announcement several hundred of the priests and laity of the city gathered at Loyola Academy, on the North Shore, to participate in the dedication of the grounds by the Archbishop. After the services the guests assembled in the auditorium, a tastily decorated little hall on the third floor of the building.

The programme of the entertainment was there begun. The St. Ignatius Orchestra rendered several selections. Master Edward Amberg, of the Academy, read the students' address. Archbishop Quigley then addressed the audience on the importance of education, and the position the Church held as the greatest dispenser of knowledge in the world. His views were well and keenly expressed, and the audience seemed to receive them with a satisfaction and interest which they fully merited. In reply, Father Burrowes, President of the new University, reiterated what the Archbishop had said, and, besides reviewing the history of the Jesuit expansion in Chicago, enlightened the audience as to what were the plans for the institution's future.

On November 24 High Mass in Requiem for the deceased professors and students of St. Ignatius College was attended by the student body. Rev. A. Burrowes was celebrant; Rev. J. Weiand, deacon, and Mr. C. Ryan, S. J., sub-deacon. An eloquent sermon was preached by the Rev. P. J. Donaher, S. J., a missionary father.

Father Dineen, director of the Senior Sodality, has been active for the last month or so in the formation of an Eucharistic League, whose members are to pledge themselves to weekly communion. Similar societies have prospered in other Jesuit colleges throughout the country, and conditions point to a successful organization here. Already over two hundred and fifty students have signified their intention of becoming members.

It is pleasing to note that in this, the first year of the new University, there has sprung up such a cohesion among the various departments as already exists. On the football squad there has been a fair representation of medics, while Doyle, of the Law School, was seen frequently in the I backfield. In the bleachers, too, none has been more faithful, and the close of a moderately successful season finds their support as firm and loyal as at its beginning.

A pennant that has found much favor with the doctors represents a skull and crossbones on a field of gold, with the word "Loyola" in gold letters on a maroon field.

The Very Rev. Rudolph Meyer, S. J., head of the Missouri Province of Jesuits, spent several days at the College early in December. As soon as his presence was made known a committee of students waited upon him to inquire after his health, and incidentally to ask a holiday. Needless to say, the request was granted.

During his stay the students had the pleasure of hearing the Reverend Father speak at the reception of candidates into the sodalities, December 7.

To heighten the grade of scholarship throughout the first term, the faculty has determined to grade the student according to his standing at the Christmas competitions. This rule has operated at the Loyola Academy since it has been opened, and seems to offer the best test of the student's knowledge of his ante-Christmas matter.

On the same morning, Friday, December 3, the bulletin board of the College announced two deaths—Rev. Henry Dumbach, S. J., former rector of St. Ignatius College, and a student of the graduating commercial class, Daniel A. Shea.

TWO DEATHS. An account of Father Dumbach's death and burial will be found on another page of this issue.

Daniel Shea had attended St. Ignatius College for several terms and was a member of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He had been absent from school for a week or two, when news of his death arrived. The three prefects of the Sodality attended the funeral. The pall-bearers were members of his class. Services were held Sunday, December 6, at Holy Family Church.

The Indoor Baseball League, which has been carrying on its schedule through the brisk, windy weather, was not driven off the campus until the snow fell. Then, not content with resting a week or two, the members of the gym. association flung themselves immediately into the midst of a basketball season that the officers have arranged for them.

A serious problem in holiday ethics has bothered the Seniors for the last month or so. Thanksgiving happened (as it usually does) on Thursday, the 25th. The charter holiday was granted on Friday, the following, and St. Catherine, the patroness of the philosophers, happened at this period. Of course, the Seniors expected Saturday off; they are still expecting it.

As we mentioned in our last issue, the annual play has been postponed to the end of January. Father Breen and Mr. McGillen, the elocution instructor at the College, announce Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" as their choice. The cast is practically agreed upon, and the rehearsals, we suppose, will be well under way before the appearance of the COLLEGIAN.

Mr. McGillen has had much experience in dramatics, professional as well as amateur. For some time he was stage director at the College Theater, the pretty little North Side playhouse, and he has acted large parts in several noteworthy productions. It is confidently asserted that he will stage for the College, in January, a dramatic entertainment entirely worthy of the name she has earned in the past.



MUSIC and SONG

A. M. D. G.

The usual Thanksgiving concert of the Music Department of the College was postponed this year till Christmas, and will be held immediately before the holidays. The strains of orchestral selections and the snatches of solos and choruses which reach the ear of him who passes the sacred enclosures of Orpheus fill the heart with even greater anticipation than does a glimpse of that mysterious holly package hidden in a dark nook at home.

The music on that occasion, especially the vocal offerings, will be in tune and harmony with the season. Songs of traditional source and brimming over with cheer will abound. Glee Club and Academic Choir will unite in a grand chorus and render the beautiful and touching carols, "Silent Night," Noël and "Good King Wenceslaus." The sopranos, tenors and basses will sing a trio by Padré Martini. Regarding the numbers to be contributed by the orchestra, little could be learned, but the director wore a broad smile and said, "Just wait."

With these melodies ringing in our ears, and the sentiment of these lyrics impressed upon our mind, we must needs put the deepest and truest meaning in the greeting, "Merry Christmas!" with which we will temporarily part with our professors after the concert.

Our anticipation for the coming musical events of the year is made all the more keen by the assurance we have received that our musicians not only have great ability and talent, but that the professors and directors are capable of developing it to its fullest extent. After less than two months of rehearsals, the orchestra made the first public appearance of the season at the dedication of the new Loyola Academy building. Several selections of a difficult character were played and duly appreciated by His Grace, the Archbishop of Chi-

cago. A feature of special interest and worthy of general commendation was the bell solo by Edward Twomey.

The music which Mr. Pribyl has selected for the orchestra this year is of a far more difficult nature than before. It numbers many beautiful classical pieces, among them "Il Trovatore," Chopin's "Funeral March" and "Beau Brummel."

The Glee Club and Academic Choir have given us sufficient cause to believe that they are prepared rightfully to claim a great share of the honors and praise which the friends of the College yearly shower upon the Music Department. At the solemn services which attended the reception into the sodalities the college choirs, under Mr. Sommers' direction, sang several sacred hymns. The first was an "Adoro Te," made sweet by the clear boy voices of the Academic Choir. Sopranos and altos, tenors and basses then joined in the strains of a "Tantum Ergo." The hymn was a splendid example of the Gregorian chant. The voices were well blended and had a full and round tone. After the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament the "Hail Mary," put to music by Father Burrowes was rendered. This is the third evidence the students have received of Father Burrowes' musical ability, for the two favorite college songs, "Ignatius Boys" and "Ignatius' Name," have both come from the pen of the same composer.

L. FREDERICK HAPPEL.





Paul Reize called at the College recently. He has at present a very lucrative position in a prominent broker's office in the city.

Phil. J. Sharkey, Jr., is in the employment of the Chicago Railway Co.

Robert Hindall, '07, is in business with his father and according to every indication he is succeeding in the commercial world.

Reginald J. Quinn, '09, is one of the private secretaries to Senator Lorimer.

Oscar L. Lambeau is the secretary of a very prosperous taxicab company of Los Angeles.

We note with grief that James Doyle, father of Leo J. Doyle, an old St. Ignatius student, died last week at his residence after a prolonged illness.

H. F. La Voice is in the employment of Sears Roebuck Co.

Many of the alumni were present at a reception given by the Neerith Club on December 9. The old students were delighted at this unexpected meeting and a general spirit of good fellowship prevailed.

We are very happy to learn that Ambrose J. Murray is delighted with his new studies at Rome.

James P. Roche is living up to the record he made at St. Ignatius at his new alma mater—Yale.

M. Killgallon is at present in the employment of Merle & Heeney.

Seymour McCullough, a former member of the Junior Class, after two years with a surveying party in the forests of Washington, has returned to Chicago and is continuing his studies at Northwestern University.

Michael J. Angarola, formerly a member of the same class, student at Illinois University.

The football team, on its visit to Dubuque, were welcomed and entertained by James J. Duffin of last year's Freshman Class.

Philip Burns has charge of a department at Thomas Taylor Spice Co.

Walter S. Keefe is employed by the Cement Products Exhibition Co., which is in charge of the annual cement show.

WINDHORST BERGHOFF, '12.

Academy Notes.

Only a few days to catch up, boys. Get busy.

It has been many moons since an eye has been seen at the college that could compare in size, color and general appearance with one worn by Noonan during a period of three weeks. He was accidentally hit by a baseball bat.

Fenelon—"Did you go to the game Thanksgiving Day?"

Maxcini—"No! I had to go to another funeral."

We think it proper to record here an anonymous communication, which may be of interest to some of the students. It is entitled, "What Everybody Knows," and we tell you in strict confidence, and our judgment is backed by such authorities as Mulcahy and Herron, that this has a direct bearing upon the third team, the "Eagles":

WHAT EVERYBODY KNOWS.

You're gone, but not forgotten,
 You football boys of yore;
 You played a little football,
 But you talked a whole lot more.

Hennessey—"Do you remember the year they flooded the school yard?"

Moorhead—"Say, that was a smooth proposition!"

Ice skating is a great pastime, all right, but don't you remember, boys, how wet and cold your knees get?

NEWS ITEMS.

Adrian Hunter won a box of cigars from Jim Fitzgerald. Adrian was absent for the next few days.

George Deavitt took a young lady to the Neetriht dance. Why, George, how could you?

It was Latin hour and Somers was first on the waiting list. Recess drew near, and Walter, who is writing a Christmas story, was heard to mutter, "Ring out, glad bells!"

Tim Comans has the contract for illuminating Hamlin avenue. You know he is a golden skull.

Baschnagle tells us that at a certain military school which he visited in his travels the penalty for smoking is thirty-six hours of walking round the yard. No wonder Baschnagle has given up the weed.

In Father Breen's office the other day Colnon was looking over a breviary.

"How would you like to read that every day?" he was asked.

"Pretty hard," he answered. Then, turning to the back of the book, he said, "Where is the vocabulary?"

If the gentleman who sent the following will kindly send me his name, I will send him the name and address of the man that takes care of the wastebasket:

I sent you a letter by fast express;
It reached you quickly, I know;
You sent your answer by freight, I guess,
It comes so exceedingly slow.

SOME FICTION REVISED.

Black Beauty—Joe Maucini.

Quo Vadis—The prefect saw him scaling the fence.

The Little Minister—Doc Moorhead.

Forty Minutes Late—Bill McNulty.

The Man in the Corner—Dick Zalewski.

The Long Shadow—Oh, you chocolate drop!

Whispering Smith—His name is Elldridge.

The Lion's Share—En-rg-z-r.

A Mile a Minute—The Twelfth street car.

LOOK! WATCH! LISTEN!

Already they are calling for copy, and a lot of it; so, gentle readers, I shall have to depart from my usual custom. Prepare yourselves for the worst.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Dearest Editor:—In your "Answers to Correspondents" column please tell me what is Schuster's nationality.

(Signed) A FRIEND.

Please allow me to inform you, Mr. Friend, that you have signed the wrong name to your letter. No man can call himself a friend of mine that asks me a question like that, for if I say that Schuster is Irish, every Irishman in the yard will be after my scalp. With all due apologies to the Teutonic race, we beg to state that Schuster is for the most part German.

Dear Editor:—Can you tell me where I can get a book of Longfellow's poems like the one Hennessey has? He paid 75 cents for it.
(Signed) FRANCIS STREYSMANN.

My dear Mr. Streysmann, if you will look in the back of Hennessey's book I think you will find it marked 25 cents, which is just about 15 cents too much. But if you really want one, send me 75 cents and I'll get one for you most gladly.

mistre Editter, dew yew think thet i kud rite a storey fur the COLLEGIAN.
D. ADRIAN HUNTER, Elgin.

We don't generally answer foreign correspondence, Mr. Hunter, but we answer yours because we know that many good citizens of the United States have emigrated from Elgin. But, to return to your question, why don't you write for the Woman's Home Companion or the Farmer's Gazette?

BREEZES FROM THE NORTH SHORE.

It has not been blowing very hard lately, but upon the breeze has been wafted the news that their penal system is much the same as ours; namely, jug and Thursday sessions.

Cook's followers defeated the Pearyites in a snowball fight the other day.

There will be no reward offered for the apprehension of the Editor this time. Is it necessary?

EDW. J. BARRY.



Society Notes.

Every afternoon about 3:15, when the welcome sound of the dismissal bell dispels the weariness of study and sends over us that sweet anticipation of home and supper, an infinitely short period of time is required for our departure from the halls of learning. The aforesaid halls are not, however, entirely abandoned. Were we to linger there, and to stroll in the vicinity of the Chapel and Students' Library, we could hear issuing from the one the subdued sounds of fervent prayer, or from the other, spellbinding bursts of eloquence, signifying that one or another of the college societies is in session.

The interest and energy manifested in the Chrysostomian Debating Society during the first half-year are evidences that the society has not in the least receded from the high standard maintained throughout its existence.

CHRYSOSTOMIAN
DEBATING
SOCIETY.

On October 20, the much discussed and up-to-date question of Woman Suffrage was entered into the lists for debate. Messrs. Hasten and Graham undertook to uphold the suffragette against Messrs Walsh and Caverly, who would seek to abridge her right to vote. After a very spirited discussion the decision was awarded to the negative speakers. The meeting was further enlivened by an interesting are carefully prepared essay read by Mr. Spiegel.

"Resolved, That the Senate of the United States should be elected by the people," was the subject of the next debate, on October 27. The supporters of the affirmative were Messrs. Brosnan and Pechous, while the arguments on the negative were rendered by Messrs. Rockett and Hogan. The latter speakers handled their subject in a masterly manner, easily securing a victory. The feature of this meeting was an essay on the Norman Conquest. Mr. Thornton's article showed profound thought and extensive research and was, on the whole, an exceptionally fine effort.

On November 10. Mr. Bowe favored the members with a novel but powerful rendition of the Street Scene from Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Although Mr. Bowe was seen before in the rôle of the historic Jew, his interpretation had lost none of its charm. The question discussed at this meeting was "Resolved, That trial by jury is the best mode of administering justice."

Messrs. Biggio and Sullivan advocated the affirmative, while the negative, and, naturally, the more difficult aspect, was sustained by Messrs. Higgins and Happel. All four debaters were taking their first stand upon the Chrysostomian rostrum and they performed remarkably well. The affirmative speakers were unanimously awarded the debate. Mr. Gaughan finished this highly entertaining evening by reading an essay on Suffragettes. This paper was a model of its kind.

The meeting of November 17 was opened with an essay on The Origin of the Mediæval Drama, by Mr. Berghoff. Considering the weighty character of the theme, the essay indicated much care and study. Next in order was a debate on the oft-arising question, "Resolved, That Capital and Labor shall share in the profits of industry." Messrs. Dolan and Ryan defended the affirmative, and the opposite stand was taken by Messrs F. Furlong and Schmitt. After a warm discussion, the judges' vote declared the negative debaters to be the victors. The subsequent meetings of the term were unavoidably interrupted, respectively, by football, Father Provincial's holiday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception and Christmas competitions. Activities will be renewed, however, on January 5, and we trust that the success of the second half will be equal to that of the first.

The Senior Sodality is certainly fulfilling its promise of a banner year. Never before in the history of the SENIOR Sodality at St. Ignatius has there been so consistently large an attendance and so conspicuous a presence of order and decorum. SODALITY.

A digression from the usual nature of the instruction was made at the meeting on November 25, when Father Dinneen tendered to the members an impassioned appeal in behalf of the Italian children in the neighborhood of the College. He called for volunteers in the eminently charitable work of teaching Catechism on Sundays to these misguided children of the streets. His effort was rewarded, for several of the Sodalists have agreed to sacrifice a few hours of pleasure to join in this noble work. We hope that the precedent established in the Senior Sodality will suffer no diminution during the remainder of the year.

Affairs in the Loyola Literary Debating Society have thus far been accompanied by prosperity and success. Marked activity has been a feature of the debates, and while some of the subjects might be somewhat too profound, they have been manipulated and delivered admirably well. Mindful of how the LOYOLA LITERARY DEBATING SOCIETY.

team of last year swept down by its subtle argumentative power and overwhelming eloquence every aspiring and self-confident foe, the new blood is thirsting for controversy on strange platforms and longing to strengthen the prestige established by its predecessors. It is hoped that in the near future a schedule may be arranged with the various high schools and institutions about the city. We sincerely wish the prospective debaters a victorious campaign.

It is an edifying spectacle to see the Junior Sodality with its large membership of the younger generation assembled in devout prayer. Father Trentmann's simple but impressive remarks are listened to with an almost eager attention, and cannot but be productive of good results among the smaller students.

The admission of postulants into the Junior and Senior Sodalities was held on December 7, in the upper church, accompanied with fitting ceremonies. An eloquent and beautiful sermon appropriate to the occasion was delivered by Father Provincial, who fortunately was present in the city. His discourse embodied a citation of the perfections of the Blessed Virgin and an exhortation to the new Sodalists to imitate them. Inspiring music was rendered by the Glee Club and Academic Choir, followed by benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. This annual ceremony has always been characterized by true solemnity and this year was no exception.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

STUDENTS' EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE.

Since our Holy Father, Pius X., inaugurated a new phase of spiritual life in the Church by the publication of the decree on "Frequent and Daily Communion," the number of frequent communicants has been steadily increasing among the students of St. Ignatius College. During the past three years bands of frequent communicants have been organized in the various classes under the title of the Guard of Honor. The beneficial and edifying results manifested by these separate bands inspired some members of the faculty more than a year ago with the plan of combining into one association all who are frequent communicants, or who wish to become such. As a result, the Students' Eucharistic League has recently been organized with a membership of 330.

The special object of the league is to encourage students to avail themselves of the immense advantages of frequent communion, in accordance with the desire of our Divine Lord and with

the decree of our Holy Father, the Pope. The practice of daily communion is strongly urged as the goal at which the associates should aim; but since Sunday communion as the complement of the Sunday mass is possible, and even easy, for all; the practice of at least weekly communion is made the minimum requisite for membership in the Eucharistic League.

Not for the sake of parading piety, but for their mutual edification and as a public expression of devotion and loyalty to our Eucharistic Lord, the members of the league decided to wear a button which would be an appropriate badge of membership. The button consists of the college colors—a maroon field, with a gold band, on which is inscribed as the emblem of the league the Greek word. **ΙΧΘΥΣ**.

No more appropriate or significant emblem could have been chosen for an association formed to honor our Lord in the Eucharist than this monogram of Christ. It is an acrostic, composed of the first letters of the five Greek words,

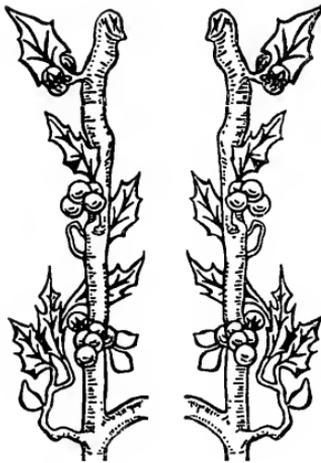
Ἰησοῦς Χριστὸς Θεοῦ Υἱὸς Σωτήρ.

Among the early Christians it was very commonly used as a secret symbol of the faith. Its meaning was known to the initiated only, and thus enabled the faithful to observe the secrecy made necessary by violent persecution. But the obvious and significant connection between the Eucharistic banquet and the miraculous multiplication of the fishes, with which our Lord fed the multitude in the desert, led the early Christians to adopt the word **ΙΧΘΥΣ**. and that for which it stood in the Greek language—the fish—as the especial symbol of the Blessed Sacrament.

The history and significance of the venerable acrostic make it a most appropriate emblem of an association of frequent communicants. This organization may justly be regarded as the revival of an ancient Greek-letter fraternity, among whose members were numbered thousands of saints and martyrs, who shed their blood for the same faith we profess. Those who have joined the Students' Eucharistic League may consider themselves members of this glorious fraternity, a fraternity whose members are "fratres" indeed, brothers in Christ Jesus, all united in Him, all nourished by His Body and Blood, and all animated by the same generous spirit of loyalty and homage to their Lord and King.

The beautiful button bearing this emblem, which is now worn by two-thirds of the college boys, is not sold nor given away. The generosity of kind friends and patrons has enabled the management of the league to confer the button gratis, with the condition

that it is to be worn only so long as the recipient keeps up the practice of weekly communion. The obligations thus assumed are in no way binding in conscience, and each one will be free to withdraw from the league whenever good reason requires. But in case of withdrawal a member will be bound in honor to return the badge of membership.





S. I. C. VS. LOYOLA ACADEMY.

For good, hard, stiff practice games, the varsity found all it wanted to handle at the start of the season by playing Loyola Academy. Three games were played, and at no time did S. I. C. have things so very obviously its own way. The North Shore team put forth all its resources to hold the score down, succeeding admirably in the first two games, but succumbing eventually in the last struggle. The games were staged on the University grounds, and the playing of Coach Doyle's protegès was a pleasing commentary on Doyle's ability as a coach. Quarterback McDonough shone particularly for the Academy and gives splendid promise as a varsity quarter when he completes his Academy course. The varsity came out of the first game with a score, and a score only—5 to 0—in their favor, due to some gratuitous but costly gifts in the shape of fumbles, etc. The next scrap was a trifle better than the first, the final count mounting up to 11 to 0 in favor of the "I" men, Amberg and Rylands doing the scoring. In the third encounter the register was kept busy, twenty-three points being chalked up by S. I. C., while the Academy boys failed to make connections with the goal line. These three games revealed the rough spots in the crimson and gold machine and were an excellent preliminary practice. We have subjoined the general line-up for the games, to give the Academy team's roster, but have omitted the detailed score purposely:

S. I. C.		L. A.
McNoneeL.E.....	Howard
BolandL.T.....	Dolan
CollinsL.G.....	Witline, Caverley
MicklesC.....	Long
KorbinsR.G.....	McDermott
KasperR.T.....	Gaughan
McCueR.E.....	Herman

McDonough	Q.B.....	McNulty, Phee
Scott	L.H.B.....	Amberg
Fife	R.H.B.....	Ludwig
Dunne	F.B.....	Rylands, Reilly

* * *

VARSITY VS. SCRUBS.

While it is not orthodox to give the eleven gentlemen who submit to mauling and maltreatment that the varsity may be improved, and who, for their mute martyrdom, are dignified by the appellation "scrubs," any lengthy notice in regard to their individual practice games, we are still going to violate precedent, defy tradition and recount a very interesting, humorous, exciting and absorbing game that occurred the first week in November between the varsity and the scrubs. No second squad was organized for high school games this fall, so the second string had to be contented with varsity practice games. The game of which we relate was pulled off early in November. With the "sub" ranks strengthened with players from the high school department, the game was called, and after sixty seconds of play, following the kick-off, Reilly romped through the scrub line for an easy touch-down. It looked like an impending slaughter, but, alack! the scrubs came right back, tied up the score, and at the start of the second half scored again on a moth-eaten "shoe-string," with Joe Sullivan hiding on the side lines among the spectators to receive the ball and romping away for a soft score. When the regulars recovered from their amazement and chagrin the entire crowd was rooting for the scrubs, so the varsity simply had to score, which they promptly did with fire in their eyes, the rest of the game being devoted to long gains and huge losses from wierd experiments in forward passes. The scrubs felt quite jubilant over tying up the varsity, 11 to 11, as the score, through some mysterious channel, got into the morning papers, with a rather flattering notice for the scrubs aforementioned and aforesaid.

* * *

S. I. C. VS. CHIC. VET. COLLEGE.

On November 11 the varsity again journeyed out to the Loyola grounds to contend in battle with the Chicago Veterinary College. The weather conditions were just right for football, albeit a trifle warm, and the contest proved very interesting. The vets were a very formidable array of doctors, indeed, and could give the crimson and gold pounds in weight very comfortably. Their knowledge of the game was in proportion to their size, and consequently S. I. C. had to put up a strenuous fight to prevent dis-

aster. They used their weight to great advantage and gradually wore down the "I." squad by their repeated and concentrated attacks. The game was close, despite the disparity in weight, the final count being only 15 to 5 in favor of the veterinaries, Amberg scoring for S. I. C., while Rogers toiled like a Trojan to amass the Veterinary total of fifteen points. The score:

S. I. C.—5.

CHIC. VET. COLL.—15.

Herman	R.E.	Hoagland
Gaughan	R.T.	Foster
McDermott	R.G.	Dolan
Thornton	C.	Asquith
Witline	L.G.	Franks
Dolan	L.T.	Stone
Brundage	L.E.	Cleland
McNulty, Phee, Dunne	Q.B.	Horel
Ludwig	R.H.B.	Rogers
Amberg	L.H.B.	Rosenthal
Rylands, Reilly	F.B.	Simon

Touchdowns—Rogers (3), Amberg. Referee—Curda. Umpire—Matson. Head Linesman—Maloney. Time of Halves—Twenty minutes.

* * *

S. I. C. VS. P. AND S.

The Physicians' and Surgeons' College were the next opponents to face the varsity on Loyola Field, and the scrap proved well worth seeing. Both sides were keen for every opening, and mistakes were taken advantage of with startling promptness. The S. I. C. men had an advantage, which the score does not indicate, in its closeness, and that was in the execution of forward passes, the play being worked for long gains. Herman, at fullback, played a sensational game for the crimson and gold, tearing off two splendid forty-yard runs, one of which resulted in a touchdown. He seemed to be into every play and had the medics guessing every time he took the ball. Amberg scored the other touchdown, while Kleger did the counting for P. and S. The score:

S. I. C.—11.

P. AND S.—5.

McNulty	R.E.	Kleger
O'Brien	R.T.	Lobraico
McDermott, Caverley	R.G.	Aldrige
Long, Thornton	C.	Duffy
Schenkes, Gaughan	L.G.	Stein
Dolan	L.T.	Logan, Gratzek
Brundage	L.E.	Krappel
Phee	Q.B.	Jones

Ludwig	R.H.B.....	Joyce
Amberg	L.H.B.....	Hurka
Herman	F.B.....	Gage

Touchdowns—Amberg, Herman, Kleger. Goal from T. D.—Amberg. Umpire—Stein (P. and S.). Referee—Curda (Loyola). Head Linesman—Dunne. Time of Halves—Twenty minutes.

* * *

S. I. C. VS. ST. JOSEPH'S.

On Thursday, November 18, at Dubuque, Iowa, St. Ignatius played one of the best games of the Dubuque season—played till the last whistle, played till every ounce of energy was exhausted, struggled with superb strength for every point, contested for every inch of ground and then went gamely down to defeat, crushed by sheer superiority in weight, overwhelmed but not disgraced. The crimson and gold opponent was St. Joseph's College, one of the fastest and best college teams in Iowa. The game had been widely heralded, thoroughly advertised and amazingly press-agented, until the Dubuque rooters evidently expected a team of giants, who would make St. Joseph's hustle to keep in the hunt. The game itself was hard fought and the tide of battle surged to and fro in a manner that kept the rooters constantly cheering. That the score was no indication whatsoever of the real merits of the game, that St. Ignatius displayed a fighting spirit that amazed and won admiration from the St. Joe crowd, and that every inch of ground was stubbornly contested for, up to the very last moment of the seventy minutes of play, is shown by the following excerpt from an account taken verbatim from the *Dubuque Telegraph-Herald*:

“FIERCELY PLAYED GAME TO ST. JOSEPH.

“*St. Ignatius, of Chicago, Loses Best Game of Season to Dubuque.*

“*Victory Comes After Hard Fight for Every Point.*

“Fighting gamely to the last ditch, playing the game with the true, never-say-die spirit, St. Ignatius College, of Chicago, was defeated by St. Joseph's football team, at the Fair Grounds, Thursday afternoon, in the best football game ever seen on a Dubuque field. The score, 37 to 0 in St. Joseph's favor, gives absolutely no idea of the excellence of the game. It was St. Joseph's superior weight in the line that enabled them to make most of their gains, and their ability to smother St. Ignatius' forward pass that saved them from being scored upon, perhaps even defeated. St. Joseph's

team played to the limit of its ability Thursday, going a clip that would defeat any team it has played this year, and yet every inch of ground was made by stubborn fighting. St. Ignatius time and again threw St. Joseph for a loss, time and again held St. Joseph for downs, and, with the ball in their possession, made gain after gain on St. Joseph.

"St. Joseph seldom was able to run St. Ignatius' ends, and never for any considerable distance. It was tackle around tackle, fullback over guard and either half straight ahead off tackle that made most of St. Joseph's gains, in fact gained practically all St. Joseph's grounds. On the other hand, St. Ignatius was able to run St. Joseph's ends for good gains and even made gains through the line with alarming regularity. Had their other plays been developed as well as their forward pass, it is doubtful if St. Joseph would have been able to hold the Chicagans.

"St. Joseph's line outweighed St. Ignatius' line, and, though St. Ignatius' forwards charged fiercely, St. Joseph's greater weight let the men through the line, and each time spoiled the forward pass which would have been such a factor in the game. Only once did the forward pass work, and then it made thirty-five yards clear. It was this ability to break through St. Ignatius' line that made St. Ignatius' kicks hurried affairs and let them go only short distances."

Among the men who starred especially for Dubuque were Bendlage, the giant tackle and captain; Kerwick, their phenomenal quarter, and Holland, fullback. Again to quote:

"For St. Ignatius, Phee was a star, the little red-headed quarterback returning punts, running the ends and aiding in the interference in spectacular style. Amberg, too, was usually to be found in every play, and his cool punting behind a broken line was beautiful to see."

The work of Herman at fullback was splendid, while on the line Captain Dolan gave Captain Bendlage about all he wished to take care of. The work of the ends has already been mentioned, while the remaining member of the backfield, Ludwig, deserves mention for his cool playing under such grilling fire. It was simply a question of playing entirely out of their class in weight, twenty pounds and a fraction being the average handicap on the wearers of the "I." The varsity knew it was practically a hopeless struggle from the start, but never wavered an instant. Just as an example of how fierce and spirited the play really was, and that sheer physical inability to withstand the cruel pounding of vastly superior avoirdupois caused defeat, just previous to their first score St. Jo-

seph's, through a fumble, had worked the ball to the S. I. C. fifteen-yard line, whence they made it first down on our three-yard line. With three attempts to take the ball nine feet, St. Joseph's put it over on the third down by a few inches! The game was splendid, and, despite the fact that it was a defeat, stands out most prominently of all the games of the season as an example of real football fighting spirit and what it can do against overwhelming odds. The score:

ST. JOSEPH'S—37.		ST. IGNATIUS—0.	
Nelson, Britt	R.E.	Brosnan	
Bendlage (captain)	R.T.	O'Brien	
Barrett	R.G.	McDermott	
Flourencourt, Galligan	C.	Long	
Schrumpf	L.G.	Schenkes	
McDermott	L.T.	Dolan (captain)	
Taughner, Webber	L.E.	Howard	
Kerwick	O.B.	Phee	
Powers, Myer	L.H.B.	Amberg	
Kehoe, Britt	R.H.B.	Ludwig	
Holland, Bangasser	F.B.	Herman, Cavelry	

Touchdowns—Bendlage, Holland, McDermott, Myer, Kerwick, Britt, Bangasser. Goals from Touchdowns—Kerwick (2). Time of Halves—Thirty-five and thirty minutes. Referee—Dr. Thill. Umpire—Waller. Field Judge—Morrissey. Head Linesman—Dr. Maguire.

* * *

S. I. C. VS. ST. VIATEURS.

On Thanksgiving Day, at the West Side Ball Park, before a crowd of about three thousand people, the varsity ended its season with the annual contest with St. Viateurs. As last year, so this year—the turkey-day game was a defeat, the Kankakee men obtaining the verdict. Score, 23 to 0. The game was one of contrasts, disappointments, excitement, splendid plays, ragged errors and good and bad football. Time and again S. I. C. would rush the ball down to the shadow of the goal posts—and something would go awry. Forward passes would gain twenty-five and thirty yards, and thirty-five yards or less would probably be lost on the next attempt. We are not criticizing the players individually, but merely endeavoring to give a general impression of the manner in which the game see-sawed back and forth, mingling good and bad football indiscriminately. We must confess that, while the varsity put up a good article of football, we were rather disappointed that not the same degree of intense fighting spirit was displayed in this game as was in the previous one, where the odds were so

much heavier. Captain Dolan played his last game for the crimson and gold in a manner that leaves nothing to be said. He was in the fight every instant. In the backfield Herman played like a whirlwind, sweeping the St. Viateurs men off their feet by the fierceness of his attack when he was given the ball, while Phee only repeated his performance of the week previous. The game was somewhat slow, as time had to be taken out rather too frequently, but at times flashes of speed were displayed which won rounds of applause from the rooters and elicited frantic cheering. Captain Dolan disbanded his men after the game, and the season of '09 passed into history—the last season of football played as St. Ignatius College and the squad of 1909, the last to be known as that of St. Ignatius College, Loyola University being the proud title that the varsities of 1910 and of the future will have the honor to defend and represent.

* * *

And now we come to that splendid aggregation of fast young players, skilled, amazingly skilled, in the possibilities of the new game, surpassingly clever in the execution of plays and full of promise as varsity material—the Junior team. It was a team of picked players from the High School Football League, in which the Eagles won the championship over the Ingoes and Elites. These young gentlemen were selected on their merits, and the resulting aggregation made a splendid team, to which too much praise cannot be given. The average of the team was 123 pounds, and on three occasions they were forced to meet teams averaging between 140 and 145 pounds. The grit of the players was surprising, especially under the most adverse conditions, and the team received the heartiest commendation wherever it played. The team play was clever and nicely balanced, smooth and surprisingly polished. In fact, a coach in the City Major High School Football League, pronounced the Juniors the best team in the city for their age and weight, while viewing one of their games. Another thing that elicits this eulogy of the Juniors team is the surprising manner in which they could solve situations and pull off plays suitable for the moment. Their repertoire was large for a small team, no less than forty-six plays, nearly all based on the new game, being at the command of this fast, tricky, hard-playing squad. The brand of football they put up was splendid, and we do not hesitate to give the credit where credit is due.

* * *

The juniors opened their season with a practice game with St. Jarlath's School, in which St. Jarlath's was hopelessly outweighed and outclassed, as the score, 62 to 0 in favor of the juniors,

indicates. This game served merely to perfect forward passes and on-side kicks.

* * *

JUNIORS, 25; ALBIONS, 0.

Another easy victory. This game brought out the efficiency of the tackles and demonstrated the team's ability to read and solve their opponents' plays. The open form of defense received an especial try-out, with great success, the line covering itself with glory by the manner in which it used the "wedge" as a method of repulse for attacks.

* * *

JUNIORS, 6; RIVERSIDE HIGH, 6.

Another splendid game. The juniors were heavily outweighed in this game, but generalship saved the day. Reeve gave a remarkable demonstration of football headwork, while Sullivan and Malloy, Burns and Purcell played like miniature cyclones. The prettiest feature of the play was a forward pass, engineered by Reeve and Purcell on the ten-yard line when almost held for downs, executed so quickly that Purcell had scored before the enemy awoke from their trance. Burns did some good toe work in this game. McClary, Badger and Arnold did the most telling work for Riverside. Baschnagel, Gardiner, Reilly and Dever played their usual strong game for the juniors. Score:

RIVERSIDE—6.

JUNIORS—6.

Noris	R.E.....	Harkins, Supplitt
McNeil	R.T.....	Reilly, Devitt
Evans	R.G.....	Gardiner
Beckley	C.....	Dever
Miller	L.G.....	Baschnagel
Johnson	L.T.....	Malloy
Orr	L.E.....	Colgan, Sullivan
Beardsley	Q.B.....	Beam, Reeve
McClary	R.H.B.....	Burns
Badger	L.H.B.....	Purcell
Arnold	F.B.....	Pelletierre

Touchdowns—Purcell, McClary. Goals—Arnold, Burns.
 Referee—Zeigler (Cornell). Umpire—Quinlan (S. I. C.). Time
 of Halves—Twenty minutes.

* * *

R. C. RESERVES, 44; JUNIORS, 0.

The Juniors next journeyed up to Racine to play the Racine College Reserves—and marched upon the Philistines unawares. The Reserves were about twenty-two pounds on the lightest average

heavier per man, and used the old-style line plunging game with deadly effect. The Juniors had plenty of pluck and endurance, but those big, beefy rushes were irresistible and wore them out physically, which accounts for the big score. The treatment accorded them at Racine was splendid. The team spoke of it in terms of the greatest praise upon their return. Another game has been scheduled for next year, and with added weight they hope to render a different account of themselves. The defensive work of Sullivan and Supplitt in this game was of a very high order, as was also Burns' kicking. Capt. Smith and Reynolds starred for Racine.

JUNIORS. 16; FRANKLIN A. C., 0.

This game was played on the college grounds before a large crowd of students. A new quarterback, Devitt, was brought out for inspection in this game, and he made good with a vengeance, proving himself a very able field general. Kielley, at end, won a permanent place on the team in this game by his work in handling forward passes and in solving the enemy's game. Sullivan, Malloy and Pelletierre played a consistent and very effective game. The visitors had a splendid interference in the first half, which rather puzzled the Juniors until a special defense was evolved for it in the intermission, after which there was little trouble and the Juniors scored rather easily. The result:

JUNIORS—17.

F. A. C.—0

KielleyR.E.....	Skimen
ReillyR.T.....	Redmond
BaschnagelR.G.....	T. Cremin
DeverC.....	O'Connor
MalloyL.G.....	J. Cremin
SupplittL.T.....	Lusk
GardinerL.E.....	Kelly
DevittQ.B.....	Mann
SullivanR.H.B.....	O'Laughlin
BurnsL.H.B.....	McDonald
PelletierreF.B.....	Gallagher

Touchdowns—Malloy, Sullivan, Pelletierre. Goal—Burns.

Time of Halves—Twenty minutes.

* * *

ST. CYRIL'S COLLEGE, 10; JUNIORS, 6.

It was a rather bold and ambitious move for the Juniors to take on St. Cyril's College first team at Jackson Park, for they were making an essay far out of their apparent class. The St. Cyril's team outweighed them about twenty-one pounds apiece,

but the Juniors' knowledge of the open game nonplussed the South Siders. The crowd was allowed to surge on the field and even around the players, and this prevented many of the Juniors' trick and open plays from execution—a fact which made their task doubly hard, as they relied mostly on the open style of play. At that they might have at least tied the score if it were not for the conditions aforementioned. The contest was so unsatisfactory for both parties that another game was arranged, but weather conditions interfered. In this contest, Sullivan, Malloy, Devitt and Reilly played a good game for the Juniors. We also wish to call attention to the work of Earl Healey, who joined the Junior squad towards the close of the season. He proved a welcome addition, as he was a fast player, sure tackler and good kicker. He completed the Junior squad, which finished the season so successfully and which gives promise of developing some splendid players for future varsities.

* * *

In basketball, preparations for the winter are moving apace. A league has been organized, with a board of control, consisting of men from each of the college classes and the higher high school classes. A schedule of games has been arranged for the noon periods and for after class, and the struggles have already begun. Five evenly-balanced teams are in the major league, and it is most probable that from them will be chosen players to form the varsity five, if that comes to a realization this winter. Meanwhile, work in the gym. is going merrily on.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.



Exchanges.

It would be very fitting for this department at this joyous time of the year to be redolent of holly. If the reader does not see this element, almost indispensable where the joys of Christmas reign, let him not judge that the Exman has not been imbued with the spirit that hovereth over all. It is difficult to live in the atmosphere and not imbibe it. But the effect is only an aid in the work of the critic, arousing latent ability and making it impossible to introduce an unwarranted criticism. The flood of exchanges that flows into the sanctum every week leaves the Exman with no lack of material for inspection.

The following six are considered a little bit better than the rest, though all were exceptionally good:

The first copy of the year's *University of Virginia Magazine* was a welcome visitor. The opening verse, "Remember," has all the qualities of a good style, splendid diction and prophetic sentiment, though a trifle pessimistic in tone. It would serve as a splendid prologue to "The Oath of the Landesvater."

UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE. The story of that name is as well written as any we have met with in college journalism this year. The dialogue is terse, lacking that amateurish tone so often in evidence in students' work. There is a vagueness, however, about the plot that defies even the efforts of a student of Franco-German history to dispel.

"The Sacrifice" occupied too much space for the character of the plot. Condensation would have aided it greatly. The poem, "Ashes of Empire," is good. It is as weighty and solemn as its title suggests. In its tonesome lines we can almost discern the rumble of the fighting hosts.

The October number of *The Villa Shield* should create a small sensation in college exdom. The dainty *Shield* has consented at last to give a place to fiction upon her discriminating pages. Not one story appears, but three. And wonderful to tell, they end happily. "An Episode," "The Man by the Roadside," and "Something Unforseen." Of the three, the last named is probably the best. The hero of it speaks and acts like a real man. We would have been disappointed had he said, "Do hasten, Martin."

VILLA
SHIELD.

The issue is, as usual, replete with poetry. "The First Sorrow" is a good contribution. It contains much good philosophy without being heavy or burdensome. "My Dead" likewise contains philosophy. The theme and treatment are well suited, but the effect suffers in spots from faulty metre. "The Prodigal," while well written and cleverly constructed, contains the character and psychological moment with which we are all familiar.

A bulky volume is the *Holy Cross Purple*. A few very good articles appear in this issue. "Catholic Industrial and Reform Schools," is a scholarly article. Its author must be complimented for the excellency with which he depicts a truly noble work. It contains some solid, practical facts. "On Being a Spectator," must interest even a superficial reader. The treatment is unique and expressive. It would be good if for no other reason than it is unusual. The fiction is not up to the *Purple's* usual standard.

The first thing that struck us in perusing that highly pretentious and engaging *Redwood* was the consistency with which lengthy poems appear. The shortest contains four verses. Our friends of *The Redwood* are not given to philosophising in epigrams. "The Yorkshire Handicap" is a story, old in idea, but well told and new in the presentation. In looking over the staff we notice that Exchanges are not without an editor. But a perusal of the issue fails to discover the department.

Tasty and well put together is our ultimate judgment of the literary department of *The Schoolman*. "Talks With the Editor" is only another name for editorials. The author is possessed of a vivid imagination to give such a description of fall; however, it is wholesome and fresh, with a dearth of flowery images for such a bleak season. Tired of reading the essays on literary geniuses whose fame is omnipresent to all, the article, "What Oppressed Poland Has Done for the World of Letters," comes as a glad diversion. The tribute the author pays to the Polish masterpieces should be appreciated by the Poles. We wonder if the home of the prosperous *Schoolman* has a Polish circle? The essay, "Elective Studies," is a good, clear portrayal of the ravages made by the adoption of the elective system in our American colleges. The facts herein contained might be gratifying to one Dr. Charles W. Eliot.

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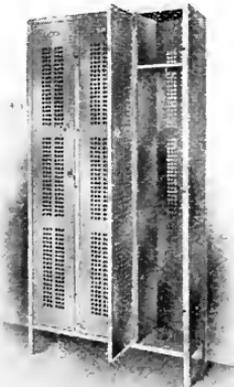
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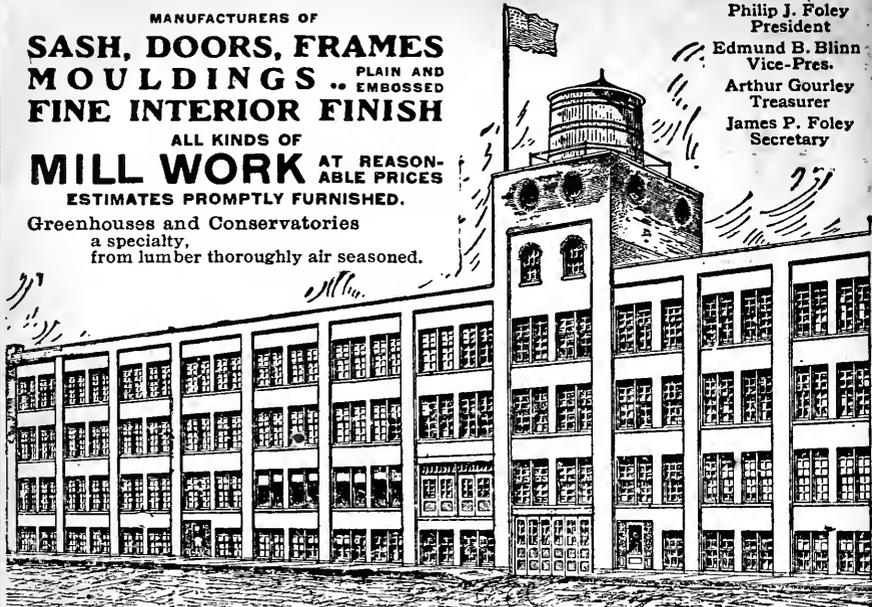
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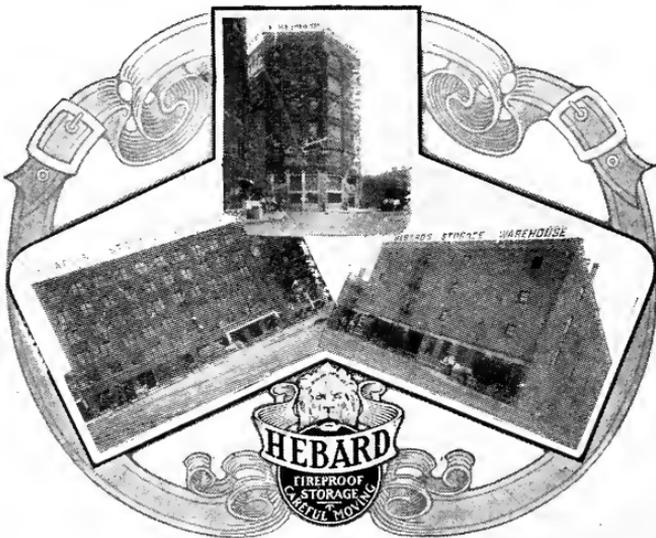
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Volume IX

Number 3

Chicago, April, 1910

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Easter Dawn.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

Vol. IX.

Chicago, Ill., April 1910.

No. 3

Easter Dawn.

(Acrostic)

Eastern skies, the haunts of dawn
Are shot with shafts of gray and gold,
Seeking the tiny stragglers bold,
That linger when the night is gone.
E'en now the blaze is cleft, and listen!
Rapturous chant! The Lord is Risen!

Philip Carlin, '11.

The Failure.

Thomas Quinn Beesley, '10.

The Pullman was hot and dusty and oppressive with the stagnant air of the desert. For seemingly endless hours the "Overland" had been traversing boundless wastes of cacti, heat-waves and sand, fleeing through the desolation as if eager to be out of it forever. There was no view from the car windows. Every shade was tightly drawn to shut out the stifling alkali and merciless scorching sun. It was too hot to read, too hot for the ordinary *camraderie* of travel, too hot and dreary even to think. But thoughts would come and come in spite of his weariness as the forlorn, travel-stained young man in lower five sat humped over, elbows on knees and his head between his hands. They weren't pleasant thoughts, either. When at twenty-five you are painfully conscious that you are a failure and a fool, when an irate father has informed you of that fact in words that lashed and stung and seared your very soul, and sternly thundered forth the terrible edict that he was done with you forever, that no longer were you a son of his—then perhaps your thoughts would not be so very pleasant either.

That last awful night in the library, when the very furnishings of the room seemed to reel and swim amid the scorching denunciations of his father's blazing rage, haunted him still. He remembered dimly how he had admired the old gentleman's commanding presence, aristocratic face terrible in its anger, fine head thrown back and silvered hair curling about the temples. Never could he put from him the memory of that agonizing scene. Never could he shut out those biting, burning, searing, lashing, soul-dissecting words:

"You have disgraced the family name, your parents and yourself. Your silly doings have become common property, and the table talk of half the town. You have squandered your allowance until I am tired of paying your outrageous debts. You have made good resolutions and promises until I am sick of hearing them. If you had possessed the first instincts of manliness you would have cut loose long ago from these things that are dragging you down—"

"But, father—"

"Don't interrupt. I'll hear no excuses because you have none to offer. The five thousand dollars it cost me to have you flunk your freshman year at Yale might have warned me what the rest of your course would be. What was your education worth if you could stroke the crew with more facility than you could file a brief? What was your education worth if you only acquired the art of

chasing social butterflies and of gaining columns of disgusting publicity? In business you've been hopeless from the start. I couldn't trust you in my friends' offices—I was even afraid to have you in my own. You've brought disgusting notoriety upon your mother and myself until we are ashamed of our very name." His voice broke. "You're—you're my son. I can't account for your wild and reckless ways. I—," but here his anger mastered him again. "You're a failure, a hopeless failure, a consummate idiot and a fool. You haven't the manhood to reform, to make something out of yourself, to stop breaking your mother's heart. You haven't the courage to start in at the bottom and climb on your own merits. You haven't the grit to face the world as yourself and not as Herbert Remington's son. You're a failure and a fool! I'm done with you forever! I never want to see you again!"

Perhaps, after all, what his father had said wasn't so very far wrong. He *had* been a fool, he *had* wasted his education, he *had* brought disgusting notoriety and publicity upon the family. But the denunciations were as so many barbed arrows in his quivering soul. "You haven't the courage to start in at the bottom; you haven't the grit to face the world; you're a failure and a fool." The contemptuous gesture which had accompanied his father's last words, and the utter indifference with which he had turned and left the room, were the last straws to send the poor, wretched young fellow reeling to a library chair, where he sat far into the night, fighting out his battle with himself. It was hard to give up all the things he had learned to like, hard to leave the clubs, the theatres, the social amusements, but those searing words—"a failure and a fool,"—left but one course open. It was bitter, it was hard. His mother could not forget he was her only son and her maternal feelings overcame her at the end. But his father, with a face hard and cold as marble, didn't even offer him his hand!

* * * * *

He stumbled down the Pullman steps at Seattle, thin, tired and haggard, with no one to greet him, with no place to go. He had been beaten back from the firing line on the Atlantic and now was standing, a skulker and a cast-off, in the land of promise on the new Pacific slope. True to his determination to fight out the battle and win, he would not, could not, dare not trust himself to go to one of the leading hotels. Besides, there was still some danger of recognition, for it was the tourist season, though even the "yellows" in all his notoriety had spared him the honor of printing his picture. All his accustomed avenues were closed. Cheap hotels and cheaper boarding houses alone remained, and to the quarter of the city

where these predominated he slowly took his way. Reared in luxury and refinement, the very thought of such lodging was nauseating, but he was determined to drink the cup of hardship to the very dregs and not be beaten back. Before one of the most promising of a dingy row of ancient brown-stone mansions, he paused, hesitated, went up the steps and, summoning courage, rang the bell. The malodorous interior was not inviting, and the lady was a hardened and commercial individual, but he put down his distaste, secured a room,—and the fight was on at last. His funds were low, his father as a resource was utterly exhausted, he must find work at once. But what could he do? By training he was fitted for no task. Higher forms of employment demanded the references he was not prepared to give. He was no longer Paul Gordon Remington—just plain Paul Gordon. The buffets he was beginning to receive in the battle, were coming thick and fast,—it was hard,—but manual labor in the trench or on the street was all that he could now perform. That night he lay tossing on his uncomfortable bed till far into the morning hours, fighting out the struggle with himself; and when the morning sun shone in through the unwashed window, its sickly beams revealed him fast asleep with a smile of victory playing upon his lips!

* * * * *

Out in the districts of Seattle where the giant hydraulic hoses were tearing and wrenching away at the huge rock cliffs and hills that block the city's progress in expansion, where small mountains were being demolished that streets of houses might take their place, there among a gang of day laborers Paul Gordon took his place. Work on the hose was denied him, for even there union references were required. The first few nights when he dragged his weary limbs homeward, when he wrapped and bandaged his sore and bleeding hands, when he stumbled upstairs to a dreary, cheerless room, only the letters from his mother sustained him in the fight. But he was winning, he was becoming a man. All the pettiness of soul, all the butterfly things and superficialities were dropping from him; he was growing strong. For many long, weary months he toiled at his novitiate, learning for the first time the meaning of hardship, the meaning of hard work. No one was there to conceal his mistakes, no one was there to lighten the burden of unaccustomed toil. The shapely white hands that had never done harder work than pulling a stroke oar, were becoming calloused and hard and muscular and knotted from their daily and rough employment. The face, aristocratic and smooth, free from wrinkles or trace of anxiety, was hardening from lines of refinement to those of care and responsibility. As the days dragged by with leaden wings, he

began to see the folly and uselessness of the life he had been leading. He saw its emptiness, saw its unreality,—for he was rapidly becoming a man. The toil, though hard and coarse and rough, though severe and exacting, was strengthening and ennobling his character. The reaction it provided against his wonted luxury and refinement, was all that he needed to make of himself a success. The way was long, the way was weary, but fickle fate smiled upon him at last despite all the agonies she had inflicted. Returning one evening from work, bitter at heart after a particularly trying day, he had just dismounted from a car when frightened shouts warned him that he was in danger. He wheeled just in time to see a maddened horse dashing wildly down the street, dragging a careening buggy in which clung a silent, white-faced, terror-stricken young woman. There was just time to fling himself at the animal's head and wrench furiously at the dragging reins when everything became black and he seemed to be going down, down, down and on into oblivion!

The papers gave him three-quarters of a column the next morning, which the nurses read to him in the hospital. He had saved the daughter of the city's political boss!

* * * * *

Flannery was a politician whose word was as the "*ipse dixit*" of a king. The opposition papers called him "another Nero," while his own papers likened him to a second Cæsar. But whether Cæsar or Nero, Flannery had absolute control and treated his revilers with amused contempt. Whom Flannery indicated as desirable for election was elected. Whom Flannery frowned upon was cast into exterior darkness. Yes, Flannery was absolute. He was dictator, he was the plenitude of power. He dominated the city, he dominated the state. He was wealthy. He distributed to the poor and subsidized the rich. He rode on railroad passes and denounced the lesser corporations. He was Flannery. That was quite enough. Countless thousands fawned upon him, countless thousands were eager for his favor, would tremble with happiness for even a meagre nod. To be known as a Flannery acquaintance was distinction. To be known as a Flannery henchman was power. To be known as a Flannery friend was wealth. To be known as a Flannery intimate was bliss among the elect of the city's political heaven. While to save Flannery's daughter was a blessing from the gods! It meant fame, it meant fortune, it meant influence, it meant everything that an ordinary mortal could desire. For all these were in Flannery's bestowal, and as Paul Gordon lay bruised and battered in the city's greatest hospital, attended by the city's greatest surgeon, and all at Flannery's expense, he was the envied and admired of men. To him the city's gates were open. It was for him to

enter in,—and he intended to enter in. Here was his golden opportunity, here was his chance to succeed, here was his chance to prove himself else than a failure, else than a hopeless fool. With Flannery to back him the future was assured and he dreamed rosy dreams in the long days of his slow convalescence. They were pleasant days, those days of early spring, and the young woman whom he had saved did not forget him. She was a woman of grace and refinement, for Flannery had suffered Vassar to educate her while he was toiling through the muck that lies between a ward boss and the city's and state's political control. She penetrated Gordon's apparently rough exterior and perceived his innate good qualities with a woman's intuition. She drew him out despite himself and before he knew it he had told his whole life's story and his heart was irrevocably stolen. Here was not a social butterfly who cared to talk to him only because he bore an honored name, was clever and would inherit millions. He saw how foolish and hopeless the others all were and he gasped as he realized what it would mean to do things for a woman like this, to have her as an inspiration. Yes, that was what he had lacked, inspiration, and now, as when about to leave the hospital to renew the bitter fight, he vowed a mighty vow to succeed to the very highest places and then—when he had succeeded, perhaps, perhaps, perhaps she might, might grant him—but—for that he dared not hope!

Flannery did not forget him and Gordon was appointed commissioner of streets. The citizens' investigating committee had discovered the eminent unfitness of his predecessor and so Flannery appointed Gordon to the vacancy. The position was an honorable one and the papers for the most part commented at length on Gordon's sterling integrity, splendid abilities and eminent fitness. Paul smiled a little grimly at it all—and sent the clippings home to his mother. His father did not even recognize that his son was in existence. At home his name was never mentioned. But he was winning out.

And then came the big crisis in the state affairs. Flannery's party,—there were no invidious Republican or Democratic distinctions, it was Flannery's party or the reformers, usually Flannery's,—was being attacked on every flank. The big corporations, roused to a hypocritical state of virtue by whisperings from Wall Street that they must separate from Flannery's rule and elect their own governor—if they wished to avoid sudden financial straits—were piously pointing out the vices that prevailed in state politics—of course all due to Flannery. They became reformers, withdrew their counted and ticketed employe votes from beneath his thumb, and arrayed them against him for the coming election. Flannery was in a state of furious indignation. He knew that the trusts were to form a

third party. He knew that their alliance with the reformers would leave him high and dry—and also the reformers! He knew he controlled the state sufficiently to fight the trusts and his own extinction, if only he could get a candidate with spotless reputation, one whom the reformers could consistently help elect. The trusts had already sponsored Williams, the traitor he had previously decided upon as worthy to head his ticket. That traitor had left town on a campaign trip to the north—he feared Flannery. And then, like a beam of sunshine filtering into a dungeon cell, came the inspiration of his political career. Here was Gordon. He was a hero. He had received vast publicity. He was spotlessly honest in times when the city treasury doors yawned wide for loot. He was well bred, well educated and could harangue an audience in a manner that brought tears of joy to Flannery's political eyes. Flannery knew all this because in the year that elapsed after Gordon's appointment as street commissioner he had tried him on the stump in the municipal elections. It was this city that would determine the governorship and Gordon was highly popular—why not try him? Gordon was nominated at Flannery's state convention—the city petitions were formalities. The trusts looked him over, saw Flannery intended to fight to the very last ditch—and threw decency to the winds. The campaign that followed is still spoken of in whispers, for the fierceness of battle, the political bloodshed and the staggering costs. The poor, helpless reformers who thought they were nominating their own man were sadly disillusioned. Gordon was forced to shed upon them, at a mass meeting, the illumining light of information that Williams was a Flannery traitor. The trust papers subsidized in the interval from beneath the Flannery standard, were raking up the muck in huge quantities, striving to blast Gordon's reputation. It was sickening, it was awful, it was disgusting,—but it was politics! Flannery never flinched through it all. He had put his hand to the plowshare—he would not turn back. If he won he would make the vested state interests pay him indemnity to the last farthing—but now he was out to win—to elect the man who had saved his child—to preserve his own power—he himself scarcely knew which reason prompted most—he only knew he wished to win! Flannery's daughter was watching each day's progress, almost sick with apprehension. She cared more than she wished to admit that Gordon might win! She knew the fight he was making. She knew the battle with himself that daily grew fiercer as the election progressed. She knew the terrible effort it cost him to preserve his anonymity, for he had changed so his face would scarcely be recognized back east where he had been the butterfly, seemingly ages ago. She was praying he would keep his name clear; oh! if he would only come through it clean, clean! Her

interest in him frightened her. He had openly displayed the same towards her—she liked it but did not reason why—she somehow dreaded questions he might ask—she was not prepared to answer—just yet!

And then the great crash came. An eastern commission of steel men headed by the Hon. Herbert Remington of Philadelphia, came west to investigate Washington conditions during the very heat of the campaign. The news was so trifling in the face of the greater interest of politics that it was crowded into the advertising pages. The “yellows” ignored it utterly. But it caused the crash! Gordon was leaving for a northern city on a speaking trip at the same hour on which his father’s train rolled in. Reporters were there to see him off and cameras were flanked in batteries along his path. At the very entrance he met his parent face to face. A startled “Father!” unguardedly crossed his lips, but he was utterly ignored. The next morning the trust papers devoted the entire front page to photographs and headlines on Gordon’s hypocrisy!

* * * * *

Flannery’s journals replied with double shotted guns. They told as only a militant could tell, of Gordon’s battle to succeed. They told his history luridly and in a manner that made even the reformers have queer feelings in their breasts. They went further. The truce that had kept certain awful trust scandals covered, was violated, and the political fields ran red with the blood of ruined reputations. But through it all Gordon kept a calm and steady front. With the inspiration of that white-faced, soul-tortured young woman silently praying that he keep clean, he was determined to succeed! The political situation meant nothing if he could not go back to his father, back to his mother, back to *her* after it was all over, with clean hands and a clean reputation. And he did go back! The awful muck raked up by Flannery’s militants, the revelations of the trust papers about Gordon’s past, which proved boomerangs to recoil upon their launchers’ heads, the sympathy which was created by Gordon’s splendid fight and the heart interest running like a golden thread through it all, swung the opposition to Flannery’s and to Gordon’s standard. The spirit of fair play to Gordon spread like wild-fire in the reformers’ ranks and the wild exultation in Flannery’s political headquarters as the returns came pouring in that fateful Tuesday night, has never been paralleled. Gordon was there—tense, nervous, white-faced, drawn and anxious. He was thinking of victory and he was thinking of something else. An answer that would be his if he came through it clean. And there was also a letter in his pocket, creased from much re-reading, blotted

with tears, and hastily written, bearing the Philadelphia postmark and signed with his mother's name.

* * * * *

Paul Gordon Remington could never quite decide which message gave him the most exultant thrill—the one faltered over the telephone ten minutes after the first election extra announced his victory—"I'm, I'm so glad—and—and—yes!" followed by a hurried click of the receiver, or the telegram in the terse, beloved style his father always used to hide his deeper emotions—"Congratulations, my son. Your mother and I are proud of your success!"

Archilochus—Equanimity.

O soul! my soul! distraught with useless cares,
 Arouse thee! Nought should thus dismay.
 To coming foe oppose a breast that dares
 The bristling spear-point in the closest fray.

Should victory crown thee on the field of gore,
 Exult not much o'er him of sadder fate;
 Nor, conquered, falling down before your door,
 Bewail your sad misfortune, now too late.

E. N. M., '11.



The Dream of Gerontius.



THE real test of the excellence of a work of art is the permanence of its fame. A painting, a statue, or a piece of literature may at first be received with enthusiasm, yet unless it proves of exceptional value it will soon be forgotten, despite every effort of the literary log-roller to create and foster its popularity; but that work is certainly a masterpiece which preserves its lustre untarnished during the course of many years and ever holds a lofty position in the appreciation of mankind. Such were the epics of Homer, the Aeneid of Virgil, the plays of Shakespeare. By this test Cardinal Newman's great poem, "The Dream of Gerontius," claims for itself the right to our studious attention. At its first appearance it was hailed with admiration throughout the English speaking world, and succeeding years have but confirmed that first judgment, that it was a rare jewel in the diadem of English literature.

All of Cardinal Newman's poetry is, in a very notable way, the expression of his personality. He did not produce his poems under the inspiration of public approval, or in the hope of adding to the reputation which he had already won as a prose writer, but as the spontaneous lyric outbursts of his richly endowed nature and the adequate record of his communings with his own soul and with God; and most of his "verses," including the subject of our paper, were not meant for publication, and some were even saved for us by the appreciation and the thoughtfulness of his friends. This dominant subjective element in Newman's poetry requires, for its proper estimation, a clear knowledge of the writer's character and of those qualities which permeate and give tone and color to his poems.

The Dream of Gerontius shows a highly developed imagination, a wonderful command of the English language, and an unusually refined ear for harmony and rhythm, while even a cursory perusal of the poem cannot but make us realize that it is the expression of the writer's inner self, the faithful representation of an exalted spirituality of soul. And these eminent qualities we find in the highest degree in Cardinal Newman.

John Henry Newman was the son of the banker, John Newman, and was born in the city of London, February 21, 1801. In this central market of the world he spent his childhood and boyhood years; and though surrounded by the allurements of the world's pleasures, he preserved during his youthful days a wholesomeness

of spirit that was remarkable. His was an earnest character, too big to be seduced by the frivolities of social life, or affected by the pomp and pageantry that surrounded him. He preferred retirement that he might give himself up to the study of the various sciences which in turn engaged his attention, and found fullest enjoyment in the cultivation of his mind and soul. He received all the educational advantages his father's money could afford him, graduating from Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, and later receiving an appointment to a fellowship at Oriel. Soon after he entered the Anglican ministry and was appointed to the curacy of St. Clement's at Oxford, and later to the vicarage of St. Mary the Virgin. While at college he, with Pusey, Keble, Gladstone and others, made a study of the Greek fathers, and as a result the Oxford or Tractarian movement was started, which led Newman with some of his friends into the Catholic church. In 1846 Newman was ordained a priest in Rome, and upon his return to England founded a community of Oratorians of St. Philip Neri. In recognition of his personal holiness and influence and of the good work which he had accomplished he was created a cardinal-deacon by Pope Leo XIII in 1879. Cardinal Newman passed away peacefully at Edgbaston Oratory, Birmingham, in 1890, at the ripe old age of eighty-nine.

Although a churchman of highest rank, Newman had no see to administer and thus had plenty of leisure to devote to literary pursuits. Consequently, he became a most prolific and versatile writer, but always one of high merit, as is witnessed by his volumes of sermons, essays and tracts, his "History of the Arians," his novel "Callista," his "Verses on Various Occasions."

The Dream of Gerontius, probably his best production from the artistic point of view, is a splendid climax of his career as a literary man, and seems to be but an evolution of all his preceding works of both prose and poetry. It is that great masterpiece which was alluded to and heralded by all his other sacred lyrics, and may justly therefore be called the culmination of his poetical moods. For sublimity of thought, accompanied by an extraordinary simplicity of structure, perfect harmony and exquisite music, it has no superior among the masterpieces of English literature. The most noted critics highly extol its merit, and the lack of dissenting voices is unusual.

It is true that its celebrity is not so great as that of some of its contemporaries and predecessors. To the ordinary reader it may not be as interesting as "Evangeline" or "Idylls of the King," but the reason is not far to seek. It requires serious application for a proper understanding and an adequate appreciation of it, and this the general public will not give. Nor will a cursory perusal be found to give satisfactory results. "It yields its best," as Mr. Egan

puts it, "only after careful study and consideration." An ordinary reader of the *Aeneid* or of the *Iliad*, may get the general trend of the story and may see some of its more salient qualities; but it is limited to the faithful student fully to appreciate the inimitable rhythm and the thoroughly classical order of Virgil, and to realize the value and importance of the little connectives and particles and the natural beauties of Homer. And so it is with the "Dream of Gerontius;" it requires and repays a full and whole-hearted study.

But it is not so much the artistic excellence of the poem that has limited its celebrity as the deep spirituality, and that thoroughly Christian, which pervades it. As all the great classics of the world prove, this element does not hinder any work's ultimate popularity, if, indeed, it be not required to win a world-wide and enduring reputation for a literary production; but in this age of great material advancement and dominant materialism, spirituality has been no passport to immediate success. And spiritual the *Dream of Gerontius* is. Not only is its theme Catholic, but also its development, its setting, its spirit, its expression; and to one not well acquainted with the doctrines of the church on the nature and destiny of the soul, the method and the purpose of the Incarnation, the nature and offices of the angels, intercessory prayer and purgatory, or who is not familiar with the rites of the church as she speeds her departing children before the judgment seat of God, the poem will not so readily, if at all, yield up the treasures of its deepest beauty.

The theme of the poem is nothing less than a divine inspiration; it is a glimpse into the unknown. Gerontius has served his God amid the trials and temptations of his full round of years, and passes with his service finished to the seat of his accounting. The poet lingers with the departing soul in its last moments here on earth, and then piercing the veil of death he accompanies it,

"hurrying back

From finite towards infinitesimal,"

over the mysterious path and through that labyrinth of doubt which has never known the curious gaze of mortal man.

This is the vision which seems to have haunted Cardinal Newman throughout his whole life. Gerontius dies an ideal Christian death—the death which we all hope to die. There is no unnatural dread of the flames of purgatory, no fear of meeting the Omnipotent God, but a gentle wafting of the soul from the scene of his struggle on earth to the judgment seat of his Creator.

No poet has ever presented the condition of the just soul after death with such realism and beauty. The picture of the death of Gerontius is so vivid and realistic that we cannot fail to see the

death dew upon his brow, and to hear his last stifled breath, and the faint gasp which carries with it his fleeting soul.

The very first words of Gerontius make us feel that the end is at hand—

“Jesu, Maria! I am near to death
And thou art calling me.”

The dread of mystery is upon him, and his fainting spirit exclaims in the keenest intensity of emotion:

“Jesu, have mercy! Mary, pray for me!”

The moment is one of dreadful suspense; and the assistant's prayers, representing the invocations of the entire church militant, add an imposing grandeur to the scene. The setting is indeed exquisite. We are led unconsciously to ourselves to feel with Gerontius; our minds are at once filled with a sense of the majesty of death; we drink deep of the soothing balm brought about by the supplications of the faithful.

The last moment is nigh; Gerontius exclaims:

“Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep;
The pain has wearied me * * * Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands * * *”

The feeble pulse is still quivering from the throb which signalled the departure of the soul when we are startled by the voice of Gerontius:

“I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed,
A strange refreshment; for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before.”

The soliloquy of Gerontius impresses us with its soothing flow of beautiful thoughts and striking figures, and we hear each word that Gerontius utters, and see his look of bewilderment at the strangeness of his surroundings. We hear his sigh of relief as he awakes from his supposed sleep, and experiences for the first time that feeling of complete rest and ease which is unknown to the sleep of man. He “hears no more the busy beat of time,” nor “its fluttering breath nor struggling pulse.”

Filled with the spirit of the church and highly sensitive to the charms of her teachings, Newman now presents the soul borne up by

“a member of that family
Of wondrous beings who ere the worlds were made

Millions of ages back, have stood around
The throne of God."

At length he realizes that

"someone has me fast
Within his ample palm * * * a uniform
And gentle pressure tells me I am not
Self-moving, but borne onward on my way."

Then is heard a singing, "a heart-subduing melody," as his Angel Guardian breaks forth in the first exultant note of the good soul's "dream":

"My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia!
For evermore."

Throughout the "million-million-millionth part of the moment" which elapses between the soul's separation from the body and its advent to God, Gerontius converses with his Guardian Angel; and on the journey all now breathes of peace and love, save when the disembodied spirit and its angel guide pass the group of demons raging in their frantic and frustrated malice.

Newman's second setting of the poem—the House of Judgment—is a sublime conception. Here we have no vain imaginings, but a simple development of Scriptural suggestion:

"whereas on earth
Temples and palaces are formed of parts
Costly and rare, but all material,
So in the world of spirits naught is found,
But what is immaterial; and thus
The smallest portions of this edifice,
Cornice, or frieze, or balustrade, or stair,
The very pavement is made up of life—
Of holy, blessed and immortal beings,
Who hymn their Maker's praise continually."

Admitted finally to the presence of God, the spirit—
"with the intemperate energy of love
Flies to the dear feet of Emanuel."

It is sentenced to suffer the pains of purgatory and lowered into the "penal waters," whence, having passed its night of trial, it may be "recalled for the courts of light."

And there in the purifying flames we will leave him, as does the author, while we examine in fuller detail some of the prominent characteristics of the poem.

The first quality to impress the observant or sympathetic reader is the harmony pervading the entire production. There is an eminent harmony of tone in the development with the theme, an admirable accommodation in the meter and the movement to the changes in the thought, and a positive and exquisite musical effect throughout. We are told that Cardinal Newman was himself an expert violinist, and it is probably to this source that is owing the refined delicacy with which he suited the music of his verse to its theme while he filled all his verses with a rich and satisfying sound. From the solemn movement of the opening lines,

“Jesu, Maria! I am near to death,
And Thou art calling me; I know it now,”

we are carried through rhyme and blank verse and changing rhythms and varying cadences; through every play of passion from the dying man's fear to his angel's exultation, and the demons' burst of rage, and the peaceful eternal praise of the angelic choirs, and the pathetic parting of the sentenced soul as it descends into the “penal waters”; and everywhere the expression is so complete, so apt, so harmonious as to seem inevitable. Witness the exultant joy in the Guardian Angel's chant, as quoted above, and the contrast in effect, yet with the same meter, of the harsh grating rasp of the scoffing demons. We seem to see the malice gleaming in their burning eyes, and hear the gnashing of their teeth as they cry:

“Virtue and vice,
A knave's pretence.
'Tis all the same;
Ha! ha!
Dread of hell fire,
Of the venomous flame,
A coward's plea.”

The jeering words of the demons are still ringing in our ears when their grating echo is hushed by the lulling words of Geron-tius:

“His will be done!
I am not worthy e'er to see again
The face of day; far less His countenance
Who is the very sun.”

But the culminating musical effect is to be found in the final pathetic lyric where the faithful angel friend bids his charge farewell at purgatory's pool. It is too beautiful to quote merely in part,

and space does not permit its full citation; but the reader will be well repaid for its reading.

Equally notable with the harmony of this poem, and, indeed, an important contributor to it, is Cardinal Newman's simple, sweet, strong, predominantly Anglo-Saxon diction. It is often asserted that for dignity of expression, the long majestically flowing words from the language of Cicero or Demosthenes are necessary, and so Milton seemed to find them; yet, what grander, what more impressive in English could we find than this appeal of the soul, written as it is in the most simple diction:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night watches keep
Tolled out for me.

Thus the skillful chisel of the artist, a master of the English tongue, wrought out from that apparently crude mass of the Anglo-Saxon verbiage, sometimes the solemn movement of grief; or the startled, panting metres of despair; or again the playful trippings of the joyous chant.

Newman, moreover, by means of his thorough knowledge of the language, was often enabled to present a whole vivid picture with a single word. What might require from a lesser author a whole sentence he frequently expressed in a short phrase. And yet his clearness did not lose by this, it rather gained. A typical example of that quality, technically termed "word-painting," is found in the chorus of the demons, when they exclaim that they were "chucked down." "Chucked down" in the demonical chorus, so strikingly portraying the spirit, gives us an excellent example of that fine quality technically called "word-painting."

But what strikes us most in this poem is its truth; truth in its conception; truth in the expression; truth in the imagination and development. There is no doubt that it corresponds with the teaching of the Catholic Church. The vividness with which the state of the soul is presented makes us feel the reality. It appeals to us as true to life. The "splendor veri" is here found in a pre-eminent degree. In Milton's supernatural world, Moloch breathes fire, Beelzebub spits brine, and ichor oozes out of the gaping wounds by huge spears; all these may be grand conceptions of a poetic imagination, yet they fade into insignificance before the truth so evident in Cardinal Newman's development of the "Dream of Gerontius." The angels in the latter are pure, holy beings, whose sole object is eternal praise to their Creator. The demons are hateful, proud, malicious. The one draws from us an outburst of admira-

tion, the other pleases our senses and we love to contemplate it. In the one art manifests itself in gigantic productions, in the other we do not feel its workings. We are simply carried along by its truth.

With that reality of development comes a precise diction that seems almost inevitable. The fidelity with which the sound of the words harmonizes with the thought in each section is truly extraordinary. And yet it does not appear so; every word seems the exact expression of the idea and we pass over without noticing it. Cardinal Newman makes his vocabulary the faithful conveyance of his thought. In the demons chorus the harsh, choppy language so justly presents the characters that we feel it more than recognize it. In its truth, this poem is unique, and for this reason alone could be classed among the few great works of the world.

For its exalted theme and lively imagination, its simplicity of structure, its music and harmony, its undemonstrative, perfect technique, and above all, its truth, we feel fully justified in pronouncing "The Dream of Gerontius" the most artistic poem of the nineteenth century, a supernatural thought clothed in a form of almost supernatural grace.

ALPHONSE ZAMIARA, '11.

WINDTHORST BERGHOFF, '11.

EDWARD LOUGHRY, '11.



Some Pedals From the Anthology.

Antipater—Anacreon's Tomb.

May ivy cluster round thy tomb,
 And petals from the meadow's bloom;
 May many a fount of milky shower
 And luscious wine, like fragrant flower,
 Burst from the earth, that thy remains
 May feel delight—if pleasure reigns
 Among the dead—O poet-friend,
 Who loved upon thy lyre to blend
 Life's varied round in love and song.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

Anacreontic—To the Lyre.

I plucked my zither's blithesome string
 That I might Cadmus' praises sing,
 But lo! in notes so softly bland,
 It hummed but love beneath my hand.

In great surprise, I changed the chords,
 For there, I thought, the mischief lords;
 With skillful touch I tried again
 To sing of toils Herculean.

With accents soft, yet firmly brave,
 My lyre of Love the answer gave.
 So fare ye well, ye hero throng,
 Of other themes must be my song.

R. S. B., '11.

Anacreontic—The Spring.

The blushing roses burst their buds,
 The sea rests undisturbed;
 The noisy ducks now swim the ponds,
 When Spring's light step is heard.

The earth-untombing, frost-dispelling, bud-unfolding,
 spring-proclaiming April sun
 Shines warmer every day,
 Oft dimmed by fleecy, fleeting clouds
 Whose shadows race in play.

The farmer's toil soon bears its fruit—
 The olive now is seen,
 And fruit abounds on bough and branch,
 Where buds had lately been.

C. B. C., '11.

Anacreontic—Cupid Stung.

Once Eros 'mong the roses
 A sleeping bee nought sees,
 Which waking, quickly stings him,
 'Ere Cupid spies and flees.

Sore wounded 'pon his fingers,
 He howls, and runs, and flies;
 He hastes to fair Cythera,
 And thus in torment cries:

"O mother, I am dying,
 I'm dying, mother! See
 A winged snake has stung me,
 Which farmers call the bee.
 Then thus fair Aphrodite:
 "If so thy bee-stings pain,
 Know how thy bow and arrows
 Make mortals to complain."

LOUIS C. ROCKETT, '11.

Julian of Egypt—Cupid Swallowed.

While for my love a wreath I was twining,
 Guess whom I caught on the rose-dews a-dining?
 Cupid, the rascal that sets men a-pining.

Quickly I trapped him, but lo! how he fluttered!
 Flapping his wings, he squirmed and he sputtered;
 And loud rang the threats that the little wretch uttered.

Out of his fortress of rosebuds I wrenched him,
 And filling my goblet, in headlong I drenched him;
 Then, with a laugh, with one draught I quenched him.

Down to my heart I felt him a-sinking.
 Ah, how I shook with laughter, not thinking
 'Twas Cupid alive that thus I was drinking.

He dead? No such luck! But there he's still fighting;
 And I fear that fore'er my spirit he's blighting
 With the pricks of his dart and the loves he's exciting.

WINDTHORST BERGHOFF, '11.

The Novels of William de Morgan.

JOHN F. GRAHAM.



IT is seldom that an author is so considerate of his readers and reviewers as to bestow upon them in the titles of his books the very phrase with which to express their judgments of condemnation or approval. In the quartet of novels which have lately flowed from the pen of this amiable author he has not only given the novel-reading public very interesting and readable stories, but has also supplied the label with which to tabulate them. When "Joseph Vance," followed shortly by "Alice-for-Short," appeared, a persistent demand and pronounced approval on both sides of the Atlantic testified that they were "Some how Good." This caption engraved next year upon the title page of another successful volume caused the staid, staunch and sedate in the book world to assume a sitting posture and to shake their heads and grudgingly approve. Many skeptics, however, loath to overpraise the first efforts of an unknown author retained the inward conviction if they did not actually express the words: "It never can happen again." But it has; and now if Mr. De Morgan wants a title for his next year's contribution to contemporaneous fiction our judgment "Let Us Hope That It Will," is not copyrighted and he is welcome to it as a small token of our gratitude for what he has already given us.

Unhappily the literary bee buzzed late in the bonnet of William De Morgan. Erstwhile artist, draughtsman and potter, he only discovered at the age of sixty-four that his mind was a veritable hive, in which had been deposited a wealth of gleanings, sweetened and mellowed by time, from many fields with which to delight the reader.

Failure as an artist and incapacitating illness for more active endeavor determined him to an attempt to draw the lightning in the uncertain field of letters. The trial was not without its doubts and misgivings and required the strong and trusting encouragement of his wife to get his first novel, "Joseph Vance," even fairly started. He had written the first chapter and had become discouraged and dissatisfied at its failure to realize his hopes. It was an experiment and to his own mind had proven that besides being unable to paint good pictures he certainly could not write even tolerable fiction. He was persuaded to persevere, however, and as the work began to grow and shape itself he became interested and carried to a conclusion and success the seeming failure at the start. This first is per-

haps the richest in the delineation of those minor details and deft touches which characterize the quartet of lengthy volumes he has since produced.

But this is merely one note of agreement, or rather contrast, of which there are many worth mentioning.

Another of these is that consequent to its being his first-born it contains more of the personal and autobiographical than his later creations. He strongly denies, however, that he there pictures himself and likewise relieves his friends of anxiety over possible portrayal by asserting that the characters are purely fictitious. Like Topsy, they were not born but "jes' growed." Likewise like Topsy his characters have curious ways, are adorned with curious names, and altogether create an impression distinctly their own.

As an author's characters make or break him, in them—in their naturalness, charm and interest—we will find reason for Mr. De Morgan's solid success. Taken as a whole they are a companionable set of people; free from didacticism, obtruding or oppressing personalities, yet possessing an air of naturalness, an indefinable gift of charm, wisdom, wit and gentleness.

His women especially have won for him high estimation and regard. They are not, it is true, perfect either in sentiment or delineation. But who would want perfect characters and especially perfect women characters? The play-goer may applaud but the novel reader only suffers the straight and narrow type of hero or heroine. He might applaud them on the stage, but in his library he demands that they be natural, gay and true. Judith and Sally, Lossie and Janey, Alice and Peggy are indeed delightfully feminine. They are whimsical, brave, humorous and gay, though often too emotional and over-selfish.

To brand a writer as humorous is not to detract any from his popularity. Dickens and Twain have conclusively proven that quality to be a decided asset in the story-telling art. And Mr. De Morgan is a humorist, but not in the broad sense of that term. His humor appears rather in happy expression and quaint wisdom than in open pleasantry or ludicrous jest. "It is the humor of the chuckle rather than of the guffaw," a recent critic has aptly put it. When he says: "I could tell how tall and how broad frau Schmidt was by resorting to a yard measure, but I don't think my resources in language equal to describing how ugly or how rude," we realize more than happy description. And we know exactly what kind of an aunt Mrs. Steptoe was when he describes her as "A fine study of the effect of exasperating circumstances on a rather uncertain temper" and we pity little Lizarann accordingly. The casual and happy manner with which such expressions come forth influences us to ac-

cord to Mr. De Morgan the attribute Lowell ascribed to Holmes, namely, "Wisdom tempered with a smile."

The action in these novels is so leisurely, minute to the least detail, and obviously natural as to have drawn down upon the genial author much censure for alleged prolixity and the needless introduction of the immaterial.

But the final result is admittedly successful and we can pardon structural weakness when the quality of the interest is not allowed to abate. A glaring fault, however, which the reader, especially the one who likes to read aloud, will find hard to reconcile himself to, is the eccentric punctuation sometimes indulged in. An example taken at random from "Alice-for-Short" will serve to emphasize this point:

"In the days when a Gretna Green elopement from London meant four days' posting, day and night, through pastoral silences that are now resonant with pumping engines; under skies then clear that now are tainted with a Cimmerian gloom—through villages that have become railway-stations and village-inns that have become hotels, with lifts."

It reminds one of the sensation experienced in descending a flight of stairs in the dark when your foot rests upon thin air after you thought you had already negotiated the bottom step.

In a note appended to his latest production Mr. De Morgan tacitly admits that he has indeed ventured into the new field late in life. But he has made good with a lengthy novel each year since and accordingly we wish him many more years of activity. The late Marion Crawford up to the time of his death produced at least two novels in the course between each of his birthdays. We will limit our hope to one novel a year from the pen of Mr. De Morgan and with this proviso hope to assist in the celebration of his centenary.

Hybrias—A Warrior's Riches.

My sword, my spear, my leather shield—
 With these I plow, I sow, I reap;
 With these I press the vineyard's yield;
 In terror's chains my captives keep.

He who has fear of spear or sword,
 Nor dares with leather shield to fight,
 Must do my bidding at the word,
 Or feel the rigor of my might.

E. A. S., '11.

The Man Who Didn't Care.

A. BOWE, '10.

"They have 'altd Danny Deever by his coffin in the ground,
And he'll swing in 'arf a minute for a-sneakin', shootin' hound.
Oh, they're hangin' Danny Deever in the mornin'!"

THE city editor of a big metropolitan was absently humming these lines. He had a warm spot in his heart for the near-classic Kipling. Turning suddenly, he cried to the reader near him: "Is Hutchins 'round? We've a fine story for him. What! under again?"

The editor whistled long, for he knew "Bill" Hutchins, and wanted him to cover a jail story.

"This colored man, Jackson, is to be hung this morning, and we've nobody down at the jail to find out what he has to say for himself, or whether he has been converted yet—nobody there—and every paper will be printing 'the true story of the negro's conversion'."

Some more prolonged whistling, some more "Danny Deever," and in walked the missing reporter.

"Hutchins," said the city editor, as that delinquent appeared at the threshold of the office, "Hutchins, I've been waitin' one hour for you to show up for that hangin' case, and if there was another man in the office to cover it, I'd fire you on the spot. Go on—" with an angry gesture. "And remember—don't forget to come back."

The recipient of this salutary warning, buckling himself together, and casting an easy, half-contemptuous eye over the office, turned slowly and left the room.

He was the type of man that didn't care. He told you so with his eye. "Daddy," they called him at the office. He wasn't so old, either. But then a newspaper man is old at fifty. "Daddy" was a little over fifty. Six feet of height, two hundred pounds, head like a Caesar, and you have him. To see him on the street, he might have been an idealized Cleveland, or a very prosperous bank president.

* * * * *

Black, smoky clouds that dropped a dirty, wet fog over the city had driven the people from the streets. The great jail loomed up, dark and desolate, before the lowering sky. It was an awful day to hang, or to think about hanging, "Daddy" thought, and he shivered just a little. As he entered the building a guard, defer-

ential after a fashion, conducted him to the cell of Andrew Jackson, convicted murderer. He was not there, a trusty told them, but they could find him in the office.

Inside a little room, not so bare as the rest, which sometimes served for a sitting room and now and then sheltered a notorious prisoner, a dainty little breakfast was set. A large, corpulent negro seemed to be enjoying the meal. As "Daddy" was ushered in he was met with the quiet faces of several other big newspaper men. If there had been any conversation before "Daddy" entered, it was at once evident to him that it had not gone far toward getting "Andy" and the reporters acquainted.

The negro was evidently trying, as the newspaper men wrote it afterwards, "to keep up a bluff." With language more than emphatic, he had rejected all the proffered prayers of several clergymen who were known to their flocks chiefly through the medium of the daily press. The bouquets that had found their way to his cell had been consigned, most generally, directly at the donor's head. This peculiar and almost unparalleled procedure had made him at once "hot stuff" for newspaper "copy."

Somehow or other, although they were all smart enough young fellows and knew their business thoroughly, none of them could handle "Andy." They couldn't josh him; they couldn't draw him out; they could just sit and try to spin stories out of his expressionless countenance. Occasionally his eyes would turn to the three of them as if to speak, and then, scanning the faces as though recognizing what they were, would turn away in silence. There was indeed something almost pathetic in his searching glances from face to face, and in the broad winks and expressive nods of the others that he sometimes caught with the corner of his eye. They had come to see a fool; and trying to be serious would only result in the same old tragedy—for himself.

"Andy" made the best of it. There are pleasant aspects to all predicaments, and the present one was not without its redeeming features. For the first time since he could remember, he wasn't hungry, tired, or out at the elbows. He wasn't worrying where to-morrow's bread was coming from—there would be no to-morrow! He had tasted, for a brief space, what he was pleased to call luxury, and he was ready to die. He picked up the morning paper, noted the startling headlines that had him for their subject, and stretched his arms prodigiously, so as to feel the full satisfaction of his importance. The death of a prominent jurist had been recorded in half a column. Two columns were occupied with the advance notices of his own demise. What a caper he was cutting in the world!

As the momentary exultation died out a new mood struck him. He laid the paper down abruptly, recollected most likely that he was doing so for the last time, which perhaps caused his hand to linger on the sheet a little longer than was necessary. One of the reporters offered him a cigar; as he took it the thought of finality recurred to him. The deep, long suction of the smoke suggested the air of one who was determined that life should cheat him of nothing.

All newspaper men are not paragons of that rare, Quixotic type, "the strictly honest man." A minister of the gospel on the grand scale, a revivalist with a large following and a strong, steady pull at the "desk" can afford to wink, or even grin, at the occasional difficulties newspaper men have with facts. The reporters seemed to know this, and were acting on the knowledge. "Daddy" could tell, although he was sitting apart, that they were faking a "conversion" story, with the eloquence and piety of a publicly good man, Dr. Wiggins, as the centerpiece. After they knew that "Daddy" understood and would not fall down on them they hurriedly withdrew.

"Daddy" never faked till he had to. If the preacher was not good enough to convert, he had been known to do so himself, or at least to elicit some remarks that would look well in print. He had written more heart-to-heart interviews with the wretched of every type and description than any other newspaper man in town. No one could resist such a kind, fatherly old man. And, oh, but the print was cruel with some of the poor devils that had torn their hearts open to him. They could not have been more disillusioned if God had turned his back upon them. It was all in the trade. Maybe "Daddy" didn't like it any better than the rest of them—but if he didn't he never told anybody.

It wasn't the first time he had tried to plumb the depths of a negro murderer. He had done it when there was a mob around the jail; but this time he didn't know how to begin. So he just drifted from a song into his first question:

"Andy, everybody's saying what a fool ye are."

The negro wasn't offended.

"Y' ain't, are y' Andy? Didn't think so, myself; but I thought I'd come to headquarters to find out."

No response.

"Churchman?" queried "Daddy."

"Ya-a-s. Got r'legun sev'ral times. Used to take 'em as dey come—Hardshells, Frees, Covenanters—all ob 'em."

"'Cordin' to that story, Andy, you'd ought to been prayin' one night when—you was doing something else."

Andy ignored the point. "I *do* pray, when de spirit moves me."

"Daddy" was going to suggest that the plural of that lubricator moved him more often and to more effective action. He withheld the remark.

"Y' ought to be sorry, Andy, if y' pray. It's only Christian, Andy, to be sorry."

The big negro turned and looked at the eyes that were running him over carelessly. He thought, as he met them, he saw somebody he could trust—somebody that wasn't like everybody else—somebody, maybe, that wouldn't "rub it in" because he had killed a man. God knows, it hurt enough anyway.

The eyes slowly fixed themselves on Andy's eyes, and "Daddy" repeated, quietly: "It's only Christianlike, Andy, to be sorry."

It really seemed that tears stood in the eyes of the sentenced murderer. "Daddy" didn't like to be hard, so he looked away, and asked, simply:

"How'd you kill him?"

The negro did not answer.

"Run your knife into a man's lungs, Andy! Ain't sorry, ain't mad at yourself? Andy, your mother never learned you how to cry. I s'pose some don't. You'd feel better, though, Andy, if y' could."

The negro's head was buried on his breast. When he raised it "Daddy" looked at the face hard and long. He never thought a negro had such a face. A Sphinx had never a more determined cast of features. When he spoke his voice was low and hollow, and each word seemed to cut and grind something inside like a sandstone.

"Brother, I've not killed a man yet."

"Your knife—"

"Yes, I know. But I didn't kill him."

"You didn't? You're sure you didn't?"

"No. 'Twasn't because I didn't want to. 'Twasn't because I—" He broke off abruptly, looked away and then resumed.

"But he was dead when my knife went in. My pal had got him first."

"Thunder! man, why didn't you tell that before? Isn't there something on your side—some kind of a defense?"

"No; there ain't no 'unwritten law' for niggers. I wanted to kill him, so I'm gettin' my due. Bill's out of it. One man's better than none."

There was silence for a moment and Andy began, lazily, again:

"Bill's my partner's name."

"So is mine," said "Daddy", and by this simple human thrust won a place in the negro's heart.

"Bill was square; Bill was. He wasn't much on working, though, and when he married Lucy—my little girl, Lucy—I sort of owed him a living, you know. Well—that's about all!"

"Daddy" didn't pry. He wasn't that kind. He began building. What a story! And he could write that kind, too. He chuckled as he thought of the crazy little fake that the other men were sending in. He could have danced on the city editor's bald head, he was so gleeful. His mind was working just as swiftly, just as mercilessly as the great iron-jawed presses he had grown so to serve.

A gong sounded. Somebody looked into the room to see the prisoner, and as the door opened for a moment they could hear the scaffold builders at work. The rattle of the boards brought the first indication of fear from Andy. He shivered a little, but recovered himself in a moment. He got up, walked to the little window in the room, and with his hands tightened around the bars looked wistfully through. As he stood there "Daddy" was piecing out his story. He had already forgotten his companion. Andy turned. He was thinking hard, for it was very hard for him to think with the rattling of the scaffold ringing in his ears.

"Good Lord!" he muttered. "I'm gettin' afraid of myself. An hour ago an' I was only thinkin' o' newspapers, an' crowds, an' hollerin'. Seems you put all this in me, brother. What is it? You ought to know; or how 'd you rip that story outen me 'bout Lucy 'n Bill? I must 'a knowed you better 'n I thought. I wouldn't 'a said nothin' 'bout 'em if I wasn't sure you'd feel like I do. You're a man that'll listen just for the good that you'll do the other feller by lettin' 'im talk. Ya-a-s. 'Pears I know you, or somebody like you, afore I sot eyes on ye. Must 'a been God. That's your kind, ain't it?"

He held out his hand. It was a strong hand—hadn't done much work, but there wasn't a tremble in it.

"You're on the square, ain't you, brother?"

Visions of the city editor, of the howl he could stir up, with maybe a reprieve, and surely lots of talk about himself, flitted idly before his mind. The wild shouts of the boys in the streets tried to lure him back to his game. Slowly his hand raised. Slowly it sought the black fist of Andrew Jackson, murderer, and closed about it.

Andy breathed deeply, as if in peace, and went back to the window again.

The Mountains.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

I.

Black and gloomy mountains rear
Back from the sea,
And leave their bristling crags
To bid defiance
To the lashings of the main.
Anon they seem to heave
And heap, as if at bay,
Alike some jungle beast,
In craven majesty.
Higher yet they pile,
And furrow deep
The ugly, plunging clouds of storm,
Nor bend their massive might,
But revel in the tempest's fury.

II.

And thus, about their rugged brows
Confusion plays.
But couched within their dark,
Forbidding troughs,
Concealed away from turmoil's withering power,
Are dreamy havens
Of a restful calm o'er which the tumults pass;
Where merry fountains flash
In crystal pools
And lave the crest of gnarled oak;
Where fragrance floats from bloom to bloom
Of virgin flowers
Whose petals fall from pure exuberance,
Sinking from sight in grassy beds
Of fresh luxuriance.
Quiet here is all; and all is peace.

Immanuel Kant.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.



WHEN a man produces three books which leave a deep and permanent, if harmful, impression upon the philosophy of his own and subsequent times, surely that man merits serious consideration. When in two of these he endeavors to undo the work of the first, he is immediately interesting. When he errs, and errs grievously, against the principles of sound philosophy in that first, he is still more interesting. And when, finally, he is employed as a standard text in many of our great universities, he is most interesting of all. For Immanuel Kant is such. His light shone in Germany and from thence its rays have been diffused over the thinking world. He was a man of intellect and a deep thinker. His works are hard to follow, hard to interpret, hard to understand. That he is used as an authority on Philosophy in many of the world's universities testifies to his importance in this important field. But is his authority reliable? Is Kant a safe guide to follow along Philosophy's devious and winding ways? Do his teachings, especially the "Critique of the Pure Reason," contain the elements of sound Philosophy? Can Kant be proven free from mistakes, free with the freedom which correct Philosophy demands? To each of these must answer be made in the negative, and his mistakes shall figure most prominently in our discussion of Kant the philosopher and of Kant the man.

According to his biographers, Immanuel Kant was the son of a saddler, of Scotch descent, and was born at Königsberg, Germany, April 22, 1724. He was educated at the university of his native town, took his degree there in 1755, and then began to deliver prelections in logic, metaphysics, natural philosophy and mathematics. In 1762 he was offered, but declined, the chair of poetry and in 1770 was appointed professor of logic and metaphysics. His activities in the field of German philosophy were now most pronounced, and his influence on the national philosophy and on German speculation produced lasting and most harmful effects. In 1781 came his "Critique of the Pure Reason," in 1788 his "Critique of the Practical Reason," and 1790 "Critique of the Judgment"—the three important works with which we have our most serious quarrel. His private life was uneventful, he never leaving his native city during the thirty years of his professorship. He died on the 12th of February, 1804, leaving philosophy

in a far worse condition than he had found it. According to Chambers, he "was a man of unimpeachable veracity and honor, austere even in his principles of morality, though kindly and courteous in manner, a bold and fearless advocate of political liberty, and a firm believer in human progress." Such was Kant, the man, pleasant and harmless enough in personality. But a strangely different and very harmful being was the other Kant—Kant, the philosopher, the Kant who made mistakes!

When Hume, about the middle of the eighteenth century, first published the ultimate conclusions from Descartes' and Locke's false principles and reduced all knowledge to mere phenomenalism, Kant was captivated by his philosophy. But this enchantment was soon dissipated. The science of mathematics was evidently not a mere collection of phenomena—something must be wrong. Something *was* wrong, decidedly wrong, and Kant undertook to refute Hume's phenomenalism. He could not as yet bring himself to admit definite teachings or dogmas. Consequently, "he undertook a critical examination of all our knowledge which he styled 'A Critique of the Pure Reason'." By a critique Kant means an attempted scrutiny of the range and validity of our knowledge. Dogmatism, he says, assumes the reliability of our faculties; skepticism rejects it. He pretends to examine it. He begins by teaching that our mind has receptivity of sensations which come to it from our internal and external senses. These produce in the mind representations which he calls intuitions. The mind combines the various intuitions which come to it from an object, * * * forming thus by its spontaneity the idea of that object."

"It locates all its intuitions in time and space. Kant maintains that this location proceeds from the mind alone: time and space are *a priori* forms which we impose upon nature and do not derive from nature." (Coppen's Hist. of Phil.) Besides this, he teaches of "*synthetic a priori*" judgments—judgments neither analytical nor "*a posteriori*"—when sound philosophy demonstrates that all "*a priori*" judgments are analytic. "His philosophy is suicidal." It is positively menacing with its capital errors, such as given above, and for a fuller discussion of which we refer the reader to standard works on the history of Philosophy.

In 1788 was published his "Critique of the Practical Reason," in which he attempted to rebuild the structure which his previous criticism had demolished. In this he is concerned with the moral law and its absoluteness. He makes morality autonomous—makes it even independent of God. From the fact that there is a law and we must obey it, Kant draws three important conclusions—we are free agents; our soul is immortal; there is a good God—the ideas of Freedom, Immortality of the soul and the Being of

God, respectively. Kant fails to see that it is not our will that imposes this rule on itself; it is our understanding that makes known to us the duty of keeping the right order of things in our conduct. The rule of our reason comes from the author of our being; it is the law of God."

In 1790 came the "Critique of the Judgment," the relatively most harmless and innocent of the three criticisms, and with which we have no particular quarrel. "It considers things as concordant among themselves, or as fit for an end intended. Things concordant regard the esthetic judgment. They are the beautiful and the sublime. The beautiful pleases us because we feel we can unify the multiform; the sublime awes us because we feel we cannot. Things fit for a purpose regard the teleological judgment." Such, in brief, is his third work, the "Critique of the Judgment."

Kant had accepted the existence of the material world, and explained how the human mind fashions it to suit our mental faculties. But his system utterly lacked unity, containing, as it did, a dualism of mind and matter, and the followers of Kant's teaching have succeeded to no appreciable extent in making them logical. It is significant that Kant added a practical portion to his speculations, endeavoring thus to undo some of the harm which his "Critique of the Pure Reason" caused. For it *was* harmful to the last degree. It tore down where it could not build up, destroyed where it could not replace. Kant undoubtedly left Philosophy in Germany in a worse condition than he found it. He had opened up vast fields of speculations and doubts which have perplexed and mystified the wits of his followers, involving them in endless speculations, down even to our own enlightened day!

Theocritus—Anacreon's Statue.

With care, O stranger, here behold
 Anacreon's image, fair, if old,
 That you may say, when you return:
 "I saw that bard, in my sojourn
 At Teos where the poet died,
 The foremost bard, by none denied."
 And also add, "He loved the young,"
 And all his praises you have sung.

JOHN D. LYONS, '11.

Lawrence A. Biggio.

ON THE fifteenth of February there passed to its reward the soul of Lawrence A. Biggio, and by his death the student body suffered the loss of a member it could ill afford to spare. He was stricken by heart disease after a lingering illness of eleven weeks. His end brought grief to the hearts of his fellow students, classmates and friends, who sympathize most deeply with his parents in their sad bereavement.

Lawrence was a splendid example of what the Catholic youth should be. Constantly striving after Christian perfection, and zealous to do what he knew was God's will, he spread abroad the good odor of a holy life. Talented, affable, generous, upright and manfully pious, he further possessed all the qualifications of a real boy—a truly admirable character, whose passing was a grievous loss.

He entered the High School Department of St. Ignatius in September, 1905, and began his freshman year of college last fall. He was a member of every student organization, being particularly distinguished in the literary societies and a fervent member of the Senior Sodality. He formed one of the famous Loyola "Lit." debating team which triumphed over McKinley, Lewis and Marquette (academy) last spring, and his ability in other lines of student activity was almost equally pronounced.

The funeral services were celebrated at St. Jarlath's Church by the Rev. John V. O'Malley, Lawrence's intimate friend and spiritual director. His sermon was eloquently pathetic and deeply touching, as he knew thoroughly the departed soul whose praises he delivered. The freshman class attended the funeral in a body. Interment was at Calvary. Though dead, the memory of Lawrence Biggio should be a source of inspiration, quickening all to the goodness of deed and nobleness of character so splendidly exemplified in the life that has gone out. May he rest in peace!

T. Q. B., '10.

The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Editorial.

The Greater Orchestra.

TO ALL those who have listened with delight in the past to the concerts given by the college orchestra there comes an announcement of very especial interest. It is the announcement of a greater organization. This greater orchestra is to be composed of both students and alumni, an orchestra that should approximate fifty or sixty in number.

Mr. Pribyl will be its director, and the success achieved in the ambitious programs attempted this season bespeaks glowingly of the future. The vice president of the college and he are promoting the movement and have already planned out a course of action. Six old graduates have been appointed as a committee of organization to further the movement among the alumni. They are Messrs. Kettles, Fuellgraff, Schneidwind, O'Donnell, Brosseau and Schmitt. There are thirty-one former college-orchestra men in the Alumni Association, and these, combined with the twenty-five who constitute the present orchestra, should form a splendid organization. The "combined orchestra" is to practice one night a week, the separate sections holding individual practice at other intervals. It is an organization which shall contribute some of the most interesting features to the programs of the future, an orchestra which promises to be a musical delight. We feel certain that the idea of blending past and present in this organization will prove harmonious, and feel, too, that we voice the sentiment of every St. Ignatius student when we wish the newer, greater orchestra prosperity and success!

T. Q. B.

"Inefficient"—A Reply.

WHEN the American Medical Association met in this city on February 28 they aired some very charming, if not entirely correct, views and opinions, and among them one very personally interesting to every student and friend of Loyola University. During their session the association made out a list of local medical institutions and placed our recently affiliated "Illinois Medical" in the department designated "inefficient." The press reported this as if the American Medical Association's action were the result of mature deliberation, whereas that body has since, by official communication, stated that their reports were only preliminary and incomplete. The public has thus been led to a wrong conclusion in regard particularly to our own medical department, and an official statement has been issued by the Board of Directors, refuting all charges of inefficiency, besides discussing the action of the American Medical Association. Extracts from this statement follow:

"We are quite willing to allow the right of any body of physicians to meet and raise the entrance requirements for medical schools as high as they choose. We allow the same liberty to any medical school that chooses to conform to their high standard; but we must vigorously protest against the imputation that has been cast upon those colleges that do not wish to conform to standards set by a small group of members of the American Medical Association. The public have been led to believe that these colleges which do not join this association are mercenary and incapable of imparting a thorough medical education. Very many reputable medical schools of the country, peers of those which are on the list of the council of education of the A. M. A., do not belong to that association. These colleges are maintaining the standard set by the Association of American Medical Colleges by the state boards of the several states and deemed sufficient by a majority of the reputable physicians of the country. The Illinois Medical adheres to this standard and is willing to raise the standard whenever the Association of American Medical Colleges deems it advisable.

"No official examination was made of the Illinois Medical College by the Council of Education of the American Medical Association since it became a part of the Loyola University.

"The Illinois Medical College is not conducted for profit. It is conducted for the purpose of giving a thorough, practical course in medicine and in those principles of Christian ethics so often neglected in other schools. In the examination held in Chicago by the Illinois State Board of Medical Examiners June 16, 1909,

every graduate of the college passed a successful examination. Of the three colleges 'approved' by the American Medical Association only one had as good a record, and another college in the 'approved' list had a failure of 12 per cent.

"In the department of anatomy we have one of the most complete bone libraries. The bones of each hand and foot are separately prepared and put in a box by themselves, so that when a student is studying these small bones of these members all bones are in harmony. We know of no school where this is so carefully carried out.

"In our department of neurological anatomy, instead of simply giving a course of lectures on the anatomy of the brain and spinal cord, as is done in 90 per cent of the medical institutions in the country, we do regular university work.

"Our department of physiology is likewise equipped in all that goes to make a good and practical branch in teaching twentieth century medical science. The greater part of the time devoted to this subject is spent in the laboratory.

"Each student is supplied with a modern compound microscope equipped with an Abbe sub-stage condenser and a one-twelfth oil immersion lens. He has this outfit for his individual and exclusive use, and does not have to share it with two or three others, as is the case in some of the so-called 'approved' schools.

"Our faculty consists of seventy-six medical men who are honorable representatives of the profession of the city of Chicago and suburbs. They are as well educated and trained as the members of any other medical institution in Chicago. They are ethical in their professional relations; they are as gentlemanly as any; and who will presume to say that their ideals are not as lofty as those of other medical staffs?"

No further comment is necessary. The above statement by Fr. Burrowes and Dr. Burkholder we deem quite sufficient to refute the unjust and utterly incorrect designation of "Illinois Medical" as "inefficient."

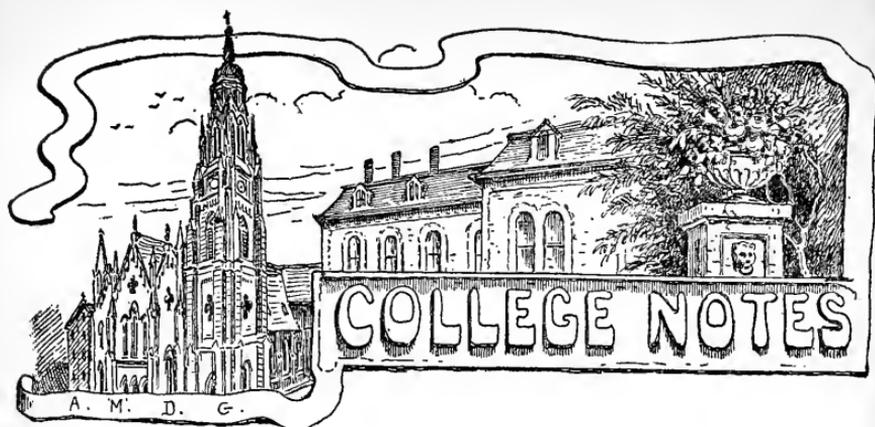
T. Q. B.

The Latest Evidence.

WHILE we are painfully aware that the "College Spirit Symphony" is a veteran favorite on the programs of the various college journal orchestras, still we trust that a "farewell tour" rendition will at least be listened to by our readers. We do not anticipate saying anything new. For nothing new can be said; but it is high time to reiterate the old, and that "old" is this: There seems to be something sadly awry with the old St. Ignatius spirit

that flourished in days gone by. There *decidedly* is at present a *lack of proper interest manifested in college affairs*. And there seems to be a gradual, but steady, decline in the personal spirit animating the student body as a whole! The individual bits of evidence supporting these assertions have been cited "ad nauseam." We do not intend to burden you with details of ancient history. The present is quite enough! Nor are we dealing in personalities, yet we feel that the attendance at the Musical Societies' concert in Ziegfeld Theatre on March 9 is the latest and final evidence in support of our contention. The presence of the college students was almost wholly limited to the stage, whereas they should have filled the auditorium. The program offered was one of the best and most highly classical ever rendered. The time and effort expended in making it a musical delight, and the artistic finish and smoothness of rendition deserved far more support and encouragement than was given! The very fact that it was our Alma Mater who invited us to come should have drawn the undivided support of every undergraduate. That this support was not given can only be traced to one source, a lack of proper spirit and interest in college affairs. We realize and grant that there are things which at present militate against the building up of a strong, compact spirit in the student body. When we reflect upon the spirit generally found in the big colleges elsewhere, we cannot but analyze, and analyze severely, conditions as we find them. We feel that there has been rather a good class spirit developed and hope that it will be cemented and amalgamated into the greater spirit of the new Loyola University. But if class and individual spirit is proving fatal to the greater, the higher, the more essential spirit of the college, then it must be curbed. A great test of college loyalty is the way in which the students turn out for games, concerts, dramatics and public contests. The degree of loyalty at present manifested, to be perfectly frank, is not exactly encouraging. We trust that the spirit of indifference will soon completely vanish. We trust that every student will realize his duty of loyalty and devotion to S. I. C. and hereafter manifest his spirit and interest by attending the college functions!

T. Q. B.



It is difficult in the midst of a season so full of music and oratory as this to settle down to a sober chronicle of the happenings of last quarter. We have been living more in expectation than in reality. We are waiting for the "Oratorical," the Debate, the Play, the Elocution Contests, and last, and most expectantly for a victorious baseball team.

Holy Week was chosen this year for the Annual Retreat. The Rev. Thomas O'Malley, S. J., a missionary father, delivered the instructions. Fr. O'Malley will be remembered by many of the readers, as he gave a retreat to the College students some four or five years ago. He is an earnest and interesting speaker, and in a sermon delivered to the Sodalists earlier in the year made a very favorable and lasting impression. The spirit of sincerity that is being manifested by the student body at large on the subject of retreat is both pleasing and edifying. THE COLLEGIAN heartily predicts and hopes that the communicants on Holy Thursday morning will bear witness to the efficacy of the instructions both in their numbers and devoutness.

The old "Students' Library" that for so long was situated across the corridor from the Chapel has been moved to the second story of the "Old Building." Fr. Spalding, the president of the Library Association, had several reasons for making the change. In the former situation the rooms were not disposed exactly as he wished them, nor was the light of the best. In the new location all these deficiencies have been corrected and the library service brought to a higher standard of efficiency. Reading rooms have been fitted up apart from the circulation room, and just so much secluded that they will not attract the idle-minded. Besides the general room the authorities have provided and furnished one for the express use of the students of the College classes. Already this plan has met with wide approval, and the library is prospering at its new stand.

The students of several of the higher classes were pleasantly surprised a few weeks ago at the arrival of their old professor, Fr. John DeVilbiss, S. J. Fr. DeVilbiss taught at the VISITORS. College for three or four years as a scholastic. He finished his studies and was ordained last June in St. Louis. With him was ordained Fr. Barlow, who also taught here, and is at present stationed at the College.

The Annual John Naghten debate has been thrown open this year to all the members of the Chrysostomian Society of whatever class. It is the purpose and intention of the faculty in THE this move to widen the scope and efforts of the Society DEBATE. and secure by the general competition thus fostered a higher standard of excellence and effort among the speakers in this contest.

Beside the Gym Exhibition the association has presented to the students another little entertainment. Prof. French, a ARCHIE ventriloquist, polyphonic imitator and a performer on LEON several musical instruments, provided very excellent FRENCH. amusement for the afternoon of February 8th. He recited pleasantly several selections, and his polyphonic and ventriloquistic accomplishments were very creditable, indeed.

It is with much expectancy and with the highest of hopes that we look forward to the Oratorical Contest, which will be held on April 6th. This year a digression has been made THE from the customary rule, and the Seniors are allowed ORATORICAL. to participate. Mr. Erwin J. Hasten represents the Senior class in the contest; Messrs. Phillip Carlin and John Sullivan, the Junior class; and Messrs. Will Higgins, J. Frederic Reeve and William O'Brien, the Freshman class. This aggregation of speakers is one of the most creditable of latter years. The subjects chosen are interesting and of moment and everything seems to point to an interesting and pleasant entertainment on the evening of April 6th at Handel Hall.

The morning papers of March 2^d last brought the glad news of the appointment of the Rev. Fr. Burrowes, S. J., president of Loyola A STATE University, to a membership in the state commission of education. The intention of the gov- APPOINTMENT. ernor in this appointment was to secure representation for the great number of Catholic colleges and universities that form such an important factor in Illinois education.

The purpose of the commission, headed by Francis G. Blair, state superintendent of public education, is the codification of school

laws, the formulation of amendments and recommendations for such legislation.

The appointment of Fr. Burrowes means official recognition of the progress that Catholic educational institutions have made throughout the state. It is an honor and should be recognized as such. The appointment also of a man so experienced and so able in the handling of such matters should be doubly a cause of rejoicing in that recognition is secured and competent representation obtained.

An ingenious plan of Mr. Muehlman, S. J., professor of chemistry, resulted in a unique scheme for the projection of slides on geological subjects. Besides an opaque screen and lantern, were purchased a projection table and cabinet with a capacity for 3,750 slides, which is rapidly being filled through the strenuous endeavors of the science professors.

Another appliance comes in the shape of a long oblong shaped table carrying ten incandescent lights. Its purpose is to measure the conductivity of acids, studied in connection with "Electro-Chemistry," a course instituted by Mr. Muehlman.

The Freshmen are taking a course in analytic chemistry.

Beside the regular course in geology, the faculty has engaged Dr. Theodore C. B. Abel, A. M., S. B., a professor of pathology and physiology and renowned bacteriologist, to teach at the College. The lectures of the doctor to the Seniors embrace physiology and of necessity some anatomy.

Across the corridor from the chemistry laboratory the regulator of the new seismograph ticks away more solemnly than "the old hall clock." It forms one of a large chain that Jesuit institutions the country over support. The readings of each instrument are forwarded to one point where use is made of them to compile maps and tables, thus forming a statistical groundwork for the new science of seismography in the United States.

After an unpleasant but unavoidable postponement of the Annual Play, Fr. Breen definitely announces the performances for the middle of May. It has been the effort of the faculty to secure evening performances for the play, which means that it cannot take place until the theaters close their season. While this delay, like all delays, is distasteful, we cannot but realize that by such means the play will be rendered far more accessible to those interested in college affairs.

"Julius Caesar" demands no introduction to the reader. It is a play full of dramatic moments, tense interest and excitement, woven into one of Shakespeare's most popular and well built dramas.

Mr. Gaughan, the "heavy," the villainous, who has for two years past filled important parts in college productions, has been entrusted with the role of the pleasure-loving "Antony."

Mr. William O'Brien, of elocutionary fame, has been allotted the part of "Marcus Brutus." Mr. Francis Lusk, in his work, has already displayed an artistic and subtle interpretation of the lines of "Julius Caesar."

Mr. Beesley as Trebonius lends a striking presence and excellent voice to his part. Others among the cast are: Mr. Sullivan, as Casca; Mr. Bowe, as Cassius; Mr. Carlin, as Servius; Messrs. Herbert and Higgins, respectively, as Decius and Octavius.

Mr. Zelizinski has an excellent comedy "bit" as the "Cobbler."

A. BOWE, '10.

Society Notes.

IT IS mid-year, and with mid-year success are the societies flourishing. Their success is, moreover, the kind that is born of honest, earnest effort on the part of all concerned, and, like every other success, is accompanied with a liberal store of general knowledge.

In the domain of those who would emulate the golden-mouthed orator an important change has taken place. In past years it has

CHRYSOS-
TOMIAN
DEBATING
SOCIETY.

been the custom to confine competition for the John Naghten debate medal to the Senior class alone, but at the meeting of January 5, 1910, custom met the common fate of all mortal institutions. On this particular evening it was discussed and finally decided that the annual debate, which takes place early in April, would in future be open to all the members of the Chrysostomian Debating Society; that the preliminary contest would be held before a committee of the Faculty and the six best speakers selected as participants in the debate proper; and that a subject would be chosen in concert afterwards. In addition to this, the movement toward a College debating team was considered. It was at length agreed that the first three gentlemen chosen for the John Naghten Debate should represent St. Ignatius College as a

team. At this meeting the weekly debate, on the subject, "Resolved, That the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, was justifiable," was conducted in an interesting and spirited manner, with Messrs. John Thornton and Joseph Ryan supporting the affirmative, and opposed to them, Messrs. Thomas Q. Beesley and Thaddeus Zamara on the negative. The verdict of the judges was cast in favor of the affirmative.

On February 9th the semi-annual election of officers took place. The result of the ballot was as follows: Mr. George V. O'Connell was retained as vice president; recording secretary, Frank J. Furlong; corresponding secretary, Joseph F. Ryan; treasurer, John F. Graham; first censor, John T. Benz; second censor, Joseph R. Dolan.

The following meeting on February 23 was highly entertaining. A masterly declamation by William J. Higgins and a scholarly essay by Louis C. H. Rockett served as fitting introductions to the debate. "Resolved, That the President of the United States should be elected for a term of six years and be ineligible to reelection," furnished matter for a spicy argument by the convincing speakers, Messrs. James J. Gaughan and Alphonse Zamara, who upheld the affirmative, and Messrs. Bohumil Pechous and J. Fred Reeve, the negative. The judges experienced difficulty in selecting the winners, but finally awarded their decision to the affirmative. The burden of the year has passed, and we trust that the first trial of the Society's new scheme will be attended with every success.

Father Dineen has expressed his great pleasure and heartfelt gratitude to the members of the Senior Sodality for their faithful attendance and manifest devotion at meetings. The chapel has been taxed to its capacity thus far this year, showing a very laudable spirit. An agreeable surprise was experienced at two of the meetings, when sermons were delivered by the Rev. Father Donohoe, S. J., and the Rev. Father O'Malley, respectively. Their eloquence secured eager attention on the part of the Sodalists, who meditatively carried away the instructive lessons. The semi-annual election of officers in the Senior Sodality brought but few changes. The office of prefect was again awarded to Lawrence J. Walsh. James J. Gaughan was chosen first assistant; Thomas Q. Beesley, second assistant; Frank J. Furlong, secretary; Thomas J. Hogan, treasurer.

The Sacristans are: Edward F. Mulhern, '11; Frederick L. Schmitt, '11; John B. Klein, '12; William F. Madden, '13.

The following were appointed Consultors: Senior year, Messrs. Bohumil Pechous and Joseph Elward; Junior year, Philip Carlin and Edward Dankowski; Freshman year, Windthorst Berghoff and Jeremiah Holly; Fourth year High A, Edward Walsh and Albert Koch; Fourth year High B, Louis Moorhead and James Fitzgerald; Third year High A, Paul Chilefski and William Dooley; Third year High B, Raymond Bellock and Ralph Byrnes; Third Commercial, Bernard Martin and John Morrissey.

On February 21 a new member, Mr. John T. Benz, was admitted into the Sodality, with a service which was simple, but solemnly impressive. The one hope entertained by Father Dinneen is that the present enthusiasm will suffer no decrease for the remainder of the year.

Progress is the watchword of the Loyola Literary Debating Society. The energetic members have been quietly, but persistently, absorbing argumentative knowledge in profusion from this exclusive school. Learned debates, appropriate declamations, profound essays have been rendered before large gatherings week after week, without interruption, indicating that unflagging energy has prevailed. A public debate has been scheduled with Austin High School, and though arrangements have not as yet been completed, it is thought that the event will take place early in May. One of the greatest difficulties to be encountered this year is the selection of a debating team, because of the ability that has been thus far manifested by the majority of the members. Father Spalding is highly pleased with the work done so far and expects the coming debate to fittingly exemplify it.

The Junior Sodalists have thus far followed closely the footsteps of their older fellows in the matter of attendance and devotion, under the able guidance of Father Trentmann. The officers for the second half are: Prefect, Michael Ryan; first assistant, James Larkin; Sacristans, William Ward, Timothy Shigrue, Clarence Murphy, John McNamara; secretaries, Earl Coppinger and John Kehoe. Consultors—Second High A, Walter Groves; Second High B, Arthur Schmidt; Second High C, Leo McGivena; First High A, Edward McHugh; First High B, Thomas Suldane; First High C, Clarence Walsh; First High E, Edward Maher; First Commercial, Elmer Archer; Second Grammar, James O'Neill.

PHILIP J. CARLIN, '11.

Music and Song.

Inspired by the ambition to make this year's concert a splendid and artistic musical success, the members of the various musical societies of the College have been rehearsing since the holidays with unflagging zeal. And so well did they advertise their ambition that on the night of March 9th, Ziegfeld theater was filled by a critical and expectant audience.

THE CONCERT OF
THE MUSICAL
SOCIETIES.

Built within the last year and intended as a new home for music recitals the hall, in our notion, is one of the best in Chicago, both for artistic design, beauty of construction and perfection of acoustic properties.

It is peculiarly adapted for concert work and should prove a most delightful locale for future functions.

The orchestra, Mr. Pribyl conducting, opened the program with the *Normandie Overture*, which contained several trombone solo passages ably rendered by Mr. T. Elmer Dunne. The men played with an assurance and perfection that evidenced their high musical ability.

This selection was followed by a couplet of brief songs rendered by the Academic Choir. The first, "*All Through the Night*," was one of those dainty and sweet Welsh folk songs which are ever pleasing to the ear. The second was Nageli's "*Life Let us Cherish*," full of melody and delightful rhythms. The third number Ch. de Beriot's "*Scene de Ballet*," was a violin solo by Mr. Elmer J. Spiegel. Ever since his first appearance at College Mr. Spiegel has been intimately connected with the music department in solo capacity. His success on this occasion was notable, and in spite of his evident reluctance, he could not refuse the encore which the generous applause demanded.

The College Glee Club, our ever popular entertainers, succeeded him in their first appearance of the evening, and under Mr. Sumner's direction, sang Clough Leighter's melodic African love song "*My Lady Chloe*." The music is soft and pretty and made such a favorable impression on the audience that repetition was necessary.

The next selection was a solo sequence on the 'cello by Mr. Arthur H. Heinickel, a member of the Thomas orchestra. Both the "*Berceuse de Jocelyn*" and the "*Invocation d'Electra*" with their sympathetic and artistic interpretation, were delightful as 'cello music ever is when well rendered. Mr. Heinickel was accompanied

on the piano by Mr. Ernest Sumner, the director of the College Choirs.

Then followed a violin solo, "*Souvenir de Moscow*," by John Vesely, a pupil of Mr. Pribyl. Mr. Vesely proved himself a musician of talent and was heartily encored. The first half of the program was closed by selections from the opera "*Il Trovatore*," capittally rendered by the orchestra.

After a brief intermission the orchestra reappeared to open the last half of the program. Their selection was a classic, the beautiful, deeply impressive, celebrated "*Marche Funebre*," by Chopin. Their rendition was tonally smooth and perfect, the interpretation carefully considered and the artistry superb.

The entire College Choir arose at the conclusion and sang four unaccompanied motefs. The first was the Easter hymn from Liszt's Oratorio "*Christus*," foreshadowing the glorious festive season soon at hand. The second was a Gregorian chant "*In Memoriam*," the third a hymn of the 15th century, "*Alla Trinita Beata*," the last was the Palestrina "*Gloria Patri*." In all four songs the careful training which the vocalists had received from Mr. Sumner was very evident. The voices were well blended and the tone quality rich and smooth.

Danbe's "*Invitation to Valse*" was then given under Mr. Pribyl's direction by his violin class of twenty pupils who performed most excellently.

Then followed the crowning feature of the program, the Sanctus and Benedictus from Gounod's mass of St. Cecilia in the execution of which all the musical societies participated. These beautiful, tremendous sacred choruses were rendered with a depth of feeling, correctness of interpretation and volume of tone that were perfect beyond criticism.

The soloist was Master Gerald Heffernan, the possessor of an excellent soprano voice of richness and broad compass and whom we hope to have the pleasure of hearing frequently in solo capacity. Only a man of much experience with male choirs could have evoked the excellence and perfection which the college choirs have attained and we take this occasion to congratulate Mr. Sumner on the splendid work he has accomplished.

The last number on the program was the College song, "*Ignatius Name*," written by Fr. Burrowes, S. J., the president. All the societies united in rendering this number and when the chorus was reached the entire audience joined in the singing and thus was concluded the program.

The musical societies of St. Ignatius have added another splendid success to their history and have established a new and higher concert standard of which they may well be proud.

L. FREDERICK HAPPEL, '11



Dr. John J. Killeen of the class of poetry, '92, who has a large practice in the vicinity of the College, intends to specialize in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat and for that purpose is at present attending special classes at Harvard University.

The death of Donald McCann during the first week of February, after an illness of almost a year, brought grief to the hearts of his numerous friends at St. Ignatius. He was taken sick in February, 1909, and compelled to leave school, but no one at the time entertained doubts of his speedy return. Over-devotion to studies and sacrifice of exercise had undermined his health seriously, and he could not shake off the disease which caused his death early in February of this year. He entered the high-school department in September, 1908, and passed into the special class at Christmas, displaying marked talent in his studies. He was a fervent member of the Senior sodality and noted through the college for his remarkable piety and religious zeal. His example was of the highest kind and an influence on all who knew him. May he rest in peace!

It is our happiness to chronicle the ordination to the holy priesthood of Hector Brosseau, class of 1905. Fr. Brosseau was ordained in Montreal, Canada, on December 18th, 1909, and celebrated his first solemn high mass in St. Louis Church, West Pullman, on Christmas day. There were two sermons delivered during the course of the ceremonies, the one in English being preached by the Rev. E. J. Gleeson, S. J., Fr. Brosseau's former professor at St. Ignatius. Early in January Fr. Brosseau started for his new field of labor in the diocese of Pembroke, Canada, where the COLLEGIAN entertains earnest wishes that success may crown his efforts.

Among the aldermanic candidates at the approaching election, there appears the name of a prominent alumnus, the Honorable Nicholas Finn, who is just completing his fourth term as a representative of the Nineteenth ward. He has been again nominated

for the office and the COLLEGIAN hopes that Mr. Finn will receive by reëlection the approval his honorable career merits.

George Keckeisen called at the College in February to visit his former professors. He is now in the employ of the Metropolitan Trust and Savings Bank.

The marriage of John Prendergast to Miss Kettelle, on Easter Monday, March 28, was an event of joyous interest to their numerous friends and well-wishers among the Alumni, whom the COLLEGIAN desires to join in extending felicitations.

It is with pride that we note among the names of the alumni, those of two Bishops, Dr. Edmund M. Dunne, and Paul Peter Rhode. Bishop Rhode was the first alumnus to be raised to a position of honor among the hierarchy, being consecrated Auxiliary Bishop of Chicago by Archbishop Quigley in July, 1908. His activities among the Polish Catholics of Chicago have been most successful and most pronounced, and his efforts to unite the Polish youths for self-culture and advancement, are most laudable. In the spring of 1909, Dr. Dunne, at that time Chancellor of the archdiocese, was mentioned among others for the vacancy in the Peoria diocese, created by the resignation of Bishop Spalding, because of permanent ill-health which interfered with the discharge of his episcopal duties. Dr. Dunne was finally chosen for the post and consecrated Bishop, thus becoming the second member of the alumni to be an honor to his alma mater by being raised to a place of dignity among the hierarchy.

It is our sad duty to record the deaths of two alumni, Messrs. Healy and Austin Doyle, Jr., and of near and dear relatives of three alumni,—of the father of Leo Doyle, of the wife of Michael Naghten, and of that of Miss Loretta Bremner, sister of the Bremner brothers, to whose sorrowing relatives the COLLEGIAN extends sincere condolences.

On the evening of February 28th, an enthusiastic business meeting of the alumni was held at the Great Northern Hotel. It was the annual meeting for the election of officers and was very largely attended. During the course of the evening an executive committee was appointed to arrange the details of the annual alumni banquet which is to be held, this year, shortly after Easter. Enthusiasm ran high and in addition to this executive committee, another committee was chosen as a "boosting" committee, to advertise the banquet and promote the idea among the alumni so that when the event itself transpires almost the entire association will be present. After the banquet-discussion ended, the annual election of officers was held and the following gentlemen chosen to serve the association during the coming year: Pres.—Joseph H. Finn; V. Pres.—Ed. F.

Garraghan, M. D.; Hon. V. Pres.—Jacob F. Mehren, '70's; Rev. John J. Code, '80's; Leo J. Doyle, '90's; Edgar J. Cook, '00's; Rec. Sec.—George J. Anderson; Cor. Sec.—Thomas A. Guinane; Treas.—Payton J. Tuohy; Historian—Rev. Philip Furlong; Exec. Comm.—Robert I. Piggott, Edwin J. Stubbs, Frank H. Hill, Jr., John R. Moore, Thomas D. Nash, and Michael J. Ahern.

Just as we were going to press we received the account of the meeting held on Tuesday evening, March 15th, to discuss the banquet details. The alumni seem to have caught the spirit of expansion of their alma mater and are making strenuous efforts to outdo themselves this year and make the 1910 banquet the best ever. The executive committee of twelve on banquet details has been increased by a "boosting" committee of fifteen. These latter are advertising the function far and wide and are determined to shatter all previous attendance records. The united committees are holding weekly meetings to arrange details and tell us that the event will transpire on Thursday evening, April 28th, in the Great Northern Hotel. Other details have not been divulged, but it is quite evident that great schemes are under way and that big things will come to pass on the eventful 28th. The committee has requested us to make a general announcement to the alumni in this column, to watch for their notice and that if it does not arrive in reasonable time to kindly send in their new address! We shall publish a complete account of the banquet in the June issue and take this opportunity to wish the banquet committee and the alumni association an unparalleled success.

The Treasurer and the Recording Secretary have variously informed us that there are four hundred and seventy-eight members belonging to the alumni association, but are sorry to divulge the information that some are delinquent in attendance and dues, and have suggested the pertinent query—"Are you in good standing?"

The new and greater orchestra, as announced editorially in this issue, to be made up of alumni and undergraduates, is rapidly becoming an actuality. It is the desire of the Vice President of St. Ignatius to found another orchestra on the plan of combination between students and alumni, using the present college orchestra as a basis. He desires it to be an orchestra of strictly amateur talent, no professional musicians to be admitted to its ranks. He desires it to be representative of the new university, to be representative of the newer spirit of expansion. With this end in view, he has been conferring with Mr. Pribyl and running through the list of graduated orchestra men upon whom he wishes to call to join the newer organization. A committee of organization has been appointed to work the idea up among the alumni. This committee is composed

of old orchestra men and consists of Messrs. Kettles, Fuellgraff, Schneidwind, O'Donnell, Brosseau and Schmitt. There are at least thirty-two old graduates who are distinctly eligible for this newer orchestra and whom the Vice President is expecting to become members. The new organization will practice in concert one night each week and will be a prominent feature of all future programs. All alumni who desire to become members are earnestly invited to send in their names to the Vice President, Fr. Breen, as soon as possible, so that the roster of the organization may be definitely made out. The orchestra as so far completed contains forty-two pieces, these instruments representing both alumni and undergraduates. They are: 12 first violins, 8 second violins, 4 violas, 3 double-basses, 2 cellos, 1 flute, 5 cornets, 3 trombones, 2 drums, 1 clarinet and 1 piano, making a total of 42 pieces. This orchestra, this newer organization, has everything in its favor and the present prospects point most decidedly to success.

Among the Illinois students in the American College at Rome, the majority are alumni of St. Ignatius College. Last year it was announced that these young men were leading all competitors and carrying off nearly all the honors awarded. It was a source of gratification to every student and friend of St. Ignatius, and now it gives us great pleasure to be able to publish the names of these young men and the departments in which they have excelled. In Theology—Michael Cavallo and John Doody. In Philosophy—Thos. Friel, John Keating, Thos. McNicolas. In Dogmatic Theology—Thos. Conley and William Long. In Moral Theology—Henry Walsh, John Ford, William Rooney, John Lannon, William Long. In Canon Law—Harold Trainor, Michael Cavallo and John Doody. The COLLEGIAN hopes that these young men will continue to excel in their scholarships and congratulates them upon the splendid successes they have achieved.

WINDHORST J. BERGHOFF, '12.



Academy Notes.

Baseball soon!

Now that the dust has settled, what is your new address since the Christmas competitions? (P. S.—We wish to mail you your copy of the COLLEGIAN.)

Scareheads and lots of ink. Double extra. Very special. Terrible excitement. Awful devastation.—See third notice below!

The seismograph recorded a severe earth tremor last Tuesday. "Alcibiades" Carroll fell down two flights of stairs!

Were you invited to Joe Elliott's debut Monday, March 7, at 9 a. m.? On that day, date and hour he joined the long-trousered elect. Congratulations, Joe.

This is the third notice below! Refer back to the second above!

If you, gentle reader, are seeking to lynch me, just about now you can find me—in the British Honduras. The extradition laws are lax over there!

AFTER KIPLING.

A bubbling stream of H₂S,
Mixed well with eu-chlorine.
Will send the little chemist
To the land of dizzy dreams!

SUBTLE? OH, MY!

"Just a word about the school from a personal visit there Monday. No better discipline could be imagined and the people of X—— should be justly proud that their children can have just as good opportunities as if they lived in a town ten times as large, with the professor a graduate of 'Flatville' and the assistant principal a graduate of 'Blackwater.' The school board should be highly congratulated for being able to secure such an efficient set of teachers all around. The one thing lacking to make everything complete is a piano, but with the generous proposition made by the D—— Chr——, this difficulty can be easily overcome. Every pupil can get one new subscriber, paid one year in advance, and the piano is a reality. Now, the people of X—— are never behind when the interests of the school are at stake. So anyone, pupil, friend or parent, get a new subscriber, give it to the

school and when they have 125 all will be made supremely happy!"
—(The Lodgeville Argus.)

P. S.—The Argus is a northern state weekly. Ever read it?

"Man wants but little here below."
So sang an ancient bard.
Man gets but little here below,
And gets it good and hard.

And when that little he has seized,
The trusts all think he meant he
Wants more like that, and so they give
It to him, good and plenty.

SOME FICTION REVISED.

"Billy Whiskers," or Jim Fitzgerald.

"The Hoosier Schoolboy." I know it's a shame to uncover
this long-buried piece of near-humor, but Hunter does live in Elgin.

"The Man Without a Country," or Robbie Hogan. He lives
in Oak Park.

"The Little Regiment," or the First Honor boys.

"The Red Badge of Courage," or Second Honors.

EDWARD J. BARRY, '13.





Though the winter has been seemingly ages long, spring has triumphed at last, and brought with it the delight of delights, the national pastime—baseball. Not that the baseball candidates have waited until spring to don the mit and wield the ash, but that March has made out-door practice a possibility. The diamond is still in a state of excessive moisture, but every dry spot is nightly filled to its utmost capacity by aspirants for varsity honors. When the call for candidates was posted in February, it brought some thirty-five or forty men out to the cage to loosen up after the winter's inactivity. As only three positions were really open for competition, the rivalry was keen. After the preliminary straightening out of "kinks" in throwing-arms, light fielding practice was indulged in and then the "weeding-out" process by the coaches and captain Pechous began. A wealth of promising, but inexperienced material was set aside for next year and a working squad of real varsity timber started in to work with a view for the opening game on April 2nd. The cheerful feature about that squad is the number of veteran faces. Captain Pechous at third, Herman at short, Hankes and Ryan for the slab and left field, Shuster in center, Tom Furlong at second, Killian on first, and Stack and Doyle behind the bat. If there is anything that gladdens coaches and rooters alike, it is a varsity squad composed of men who have spent a couple of seasons together. Familiarity with each other's style of play, and wide experience under fire, are two of the invaluable assets that the 1910 varsity possesses. Right field and third and fourth pitchers alone will be new men and the material for these positions is most promising. The team as at present blocked out is decidedly well-balanced, thoroughly experienced, strong with the stick and fast on the bases. Seven of the nine men are "I" men of last season and last year's team was certainly one to be proud of. Consequently there can be but one conclusion about the results this year's nine should achieve. Joseph R. Dolan, of Senior Class, was appointed to the management, and



BOHUMIL E. PECHOUS
CAPTAIN LOYOLA UNIVERSITY BASE BALL TEAM, 1910



Bohumil E. Pechous, third-sacker last year, was unanimously elected to the captaincy. The Director of Athletics and Captain Pechous have been busied selecting among the various candidates and have chosen a line-up somewhat as follows:

Catchers—Stack and Doyle.

Pitchers—Hankes, Ryan, Cudihy, Benz and Zelezinski.

First—Killian, Bidwell.

Second—"Tom" Furlong.

Short—Herman.

Third—Pechous (Capt.).

R. F.—Carlin, O'Brien.

C. F.—Shuster.

L. F.—Hankes and Ryan.

Behind the bat will be seen the familiar faces of Stack and Doyle, who held down the receiving end so creditably last spring. Both have been thoroughly seasoned since April, 1909, and should quiet all fears of weakness in the catching department. Their throwing to bases has been steadily improved to a deadly accuracy and it is to be hoped that last year's fielding average will be sustained. On the rubber a formidable quartette of twirlers is prepared to do terrible execution in the enemy's ranks. Two of them are veteran stars of many campaigns. Hanks, the only side-wheeler of the four, is the dean of the staff, and with Jack Ryan, will bear the brunt of the work. As both are "sluggers" and superb fielders, they will alternate between the outfield and the rubber, since too valuable men to be kept out of the game. Cudihy, a newly-arrived senior from Creighton U., will most likely be the third regular and a most welcome addition to the twirlers' roster. Two newcomers to varsity activities, Zelezinski and Benz, are making a decidedly favorable impression and striving for berths in this exclusive circle. Both are good fielders and batters, and the one who does not make the box, will probably have an excellent chance for the outfield vacancy. Judging from the schedule, the slabmen will receive a thorough try-out during the coming months, and given splendid chances to attest their merits. At first, Killian, last year's regular, will most likely reappear, and aided by his experience and ability to "kill" the ball, should put up a warm argument for the place. Bidwell, another experienced newcomer and a man of much ability, is pushing him hard, and the position lies between these two. Tom Furlong, utility man last season, has become a fixture at the keystone sack, and on past performances should fill the place without any difficulty. At short the illustrious and redoubtable "Dutch" Herman, of the '08 squad, and who created a rather favorable impression at Notre Dame last spring, will step into the vacancy left by Tom Kevin, thus

removing all fears of weakness in that position. At the far corner Captain Pechous, the "find" of last season, will lead and direct the team. He has been hard at work since February rounding the squad into shape, and we extend to him the best wishes of the student body for a successful season.

In the outfield the right garden is the only position to be occupied by a new man. As we said above, Hankes and Ryan will alternate in left. Shuster, who held down center last year with such eminent success, will continue at his old station. In right field alone is there a vacancy, and a warm, interesting fight is being waged for the honor of filling it. Of the various candidates the two who have so far given the most indication of leading the race are Phil. Carlin and Tom O'Brien, but the job is by no means settled, and the man who finally succeeds will most assuredly have merited it richly. Ability with the stick will be a prime factor in deciding the struggle, which should prove a source of much interest during the preliminary spring practice.

The manager, Mr. Dolan, has been busily engaged in drawing up a schedule, and has secured some interesting games. While not entirely completed at the date of going to press, the list is substantially as follows, games being at home unless otherwise indicated:

- April 2—West Ends, at West End Park.
- April 7—Lake Forest, at Lake Forest.
- April 14—Armour, at Ogden Field.
- April 16—Hibernian Bank.
- April 21—St. Viateur's, at Kankakee.
- April 28—St. Procopius, at Lisle.
- May 5—Racine, at Racine.
- May 7—Alumni.
- May 12—Indiana.
- May 14—P. and S.
- May 19—Chicago, at Marshall Field.
- May 21—Dubuque (St. Joseph's).
- May 26—Marquette.
- May 30—Y. M. S.
- June 2—Rensselaer (St. Joseph's) at Rensselaer.

Negotiations are about completed to fill the three vacant Saturday dates. Rensselaer has been practically settled for an extra home date in May, in addition to the one in June. Games with St. Louis U. and Bezdek's U. of Arkansas team when they swing around the Northern circuit are being planned for, and a game with Northwestern may be slated for the first week in June. The schedule, when officially completed, will present a thorough test of the var-

sity's ability, and we feel confident that June ninth will mark the end of a fresh series of triumphs for Crimson and Gold on the diamond.

Though those dazzling luminaries of the "big" team, bid fair to eclipse all the lesser stars of the college baseball firmament, still the latter refuse to hide their light and intend to make a strong bid for student popularity. In the high school department the vast numbers of devotees to the great national pastime are organizing into leagues, drawing up schedules and otherwise indicating an activity that argues well for the 1910 season. So many men are out that two separate and distinct leagues have been organized, a major and a minor. The first league embraces the fourth and third year of high school and such members of the college classes as wish to play ball during the noon recess. No class teams will be organized, but six nines will be selected from the names on the gymnasium roster, thus producing an even balance otherwise scarcely attainable. A schedule for these will be then made out and posted. Games in this division are to be played on the main diamond. Everything will be conducted in strictly big league style with a "local" commission, staff of umpires, etc., etc., and a pennant, of course, going to the victorious squad. A deal of interest is being manifested and the league should enjoy all the success of previous seasons.

Another important item is the *High School Baseball Team*. This team is a departure in local athletics and will take the place of the second team which has flourished heretofore. Previously the disappointed candidates for varsity honors in baseball, were formed into a second squad to play the lesser colleges which the first team schedule could not accommodate. This year that will not be done. Instead a strictly **high school team, chosen from the men** in the high school department, will launch out into city high school circles. The same requirements as are demanded for playing on the varsity will be demanded of this team. They will have their own coach, their own uniforms and most probably will be awarded the high school monogram in June. Games are to be scheduled with various city teams, preferably high schools and academies, and several short trips will be made in the course of the season. All members of the high school department are eligible for competition provided they are in good standing. A call for candidates will be issued shortly and nightly practice taken up on the second diamond. The venture gives every promise of being a tremendous success, and has evoked widespread interest in the high school department. A splendid response is anticipated to the first call for candidates, and a still more splendid team is expected to be evolved from those candidates. There is some fine baseball material in the college which has not yet attained

to varsity proportions, and it is from this that the team will be drawn.

The *Minor League* will comprise the classes from second year high down, and will play on the second diamond. No class teams will be organized in this section either, but seven teams will be selected from the general gymnasium list to preserve better balance and distribute talent more evenly. The games are to be played at noon hour and a prize contended for as in the major league. Past experience has proven that some of the hottest games of the season transpire in this section, and its supporters are eagerly awaiting the starting gun.

Innovations are being made with a startling regularity in high school baseball this spring, changes which promise to lend added zest to the pursuance of "the American delight." Truly "the old order changeth." The very latest of the late innovations is the "Thursday Morning League." And this is a league in real earnest—it is even to have uniforms. As the name indicates, the majority of the games are to be played on Thursday mornings. However, they are not to be restricted only to Thursday. Other week-day evenings are to be utilized on the second diamond as well, since the schedule calls for twenty mighty interesting games. Membership in this league is to be confined to the first year high school and grammar classes, and from these are the teams to be chosen. Two divisions are to be formed—a senior and a junior. Each is to contain four teams called the "Laurels," "Superbas," "Loyolas" and "Elites"; "Tigers," "Eagles," "Lions" and "Panthers," respectively. A pennant will be awarded to the champions who will be decided in a series of contests between the leading teams of each division. The teams are to be uniformed in very attractive and neat little uniforms in which blue-gray is the predominating shade, the various nines being differentiated by the colors used in the trimming and in the stockings. A staff of umpires has been selected from the high school students, and in fact everything is being conducted in strictly professional style. The members of the league are very proud of the innovation which has become their especial property, and are holding some very enthusiastic organization meetings.

THE GYM. EXHIBITION.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, March 2d, the entire student body assembled in the college hall to witness the ninth annual gymnasium exhibition. From the opening overture by the orchestra to the exercises on the mat, which concluded the program, interest was not once allowed to flag. The gymnasts went through strenuous exer-

cises on the parallel and horizontal bars, tumbled and performed feats of agility for two very pleasant hours. Besides the gymnasium class from the college, five alumni participated, the instructor himself, Mr. John K. Moore, being an alumnus and probably the best all-round athlete that ever wore maroon and gold. There were four clowns who kept the audience convulsed by their clever pranks and pantomime. Mr. Ralph Hoberg, another alumnus, being the leader of the troupe, which comprised Messrs. Brady, Sheehy and Harrington. The orchestra opened the program, with an overture, followed by some splendid exercises on the horizontal bar. The high school class then took the stage in a pleasing exhibition of club-swinging which displayed careful training and which was heartily applauded. Then followed exercises on the parallel bars, succeeded by Mr. J. J. Jennings in a series of humorous songs which captivated the fancy of the audience to the extent of numerous encores, generously responded to. Next came a series of exercises on the buck, very creditably performed, followed by one of the most humorous and entertaining bits of pantomime given at the gym exhibitions in some years. Mr. Ralph Hoberg was the actor, presenting a pantomime base-ball game in a decidedly admirable and very clever and entertaining fashion. It was not overdone, was very accurately interpreted, and was consequently highly interesting and enjoyable. Mr. Hoberg has established a reputation as a clown at the various gym exhibits that makes his presence on the program an assurance of some genuine fun, fun which the audience never fails to enjoy. Exercises on the mat concluded the program in a grand pyramid composed of the entire gymnastic troupe. The exhibition was repeated on the following Saturday, March 5th, for the pupils of the various parochial schools and was as successful as before.

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY, '10.



WE NOTICE among our exchanges numerous editorials on "College Spirit." If they are not in the form of an ardent appeal to sentiment to turn out and "root" for the team, they are ponderous dissertations on what college spirit really is, what it involves in the shape of duties and what nobility of character it instills. College spirit is an excellent asset, but we must complain that the enthusiasm is unequally distributed by the students. Football gets too much. Baseball receives a surfeit of it. The effort to publish a good college magazine receives the least. The college magazines in general show plainly that they are not getting the support which they deserve. Certainly the fostering of literary talent is sufficiently interesting and important. Perhaps if the editors were to display some such activity as that displayed by the leaders of other branches, the college magazine would receive the aid and appreciation which it deserves. We would then have better college journals—journals more readable and more interesting.

We are ever ready to welcome any new exchange. Wherefore, the advent of the "Randolph-Macon Monthly" to our desk after an unaccountable absence was hailed with delight. The March issue opens with a story, "A Man—A Memory," which, to our mind, is a trifle distraught. It is written with all the style, grace and efficiency that characterizes all the Monthly's publications, but the plot is melancholy; the situation unnatural. The young lady such as the author describes would be incapable of such eradication of pride and feminine reserve. The efforts of the author were worthy of a better cause. "A Message From Eternity" is a superb piece of imagination. It is excellent in point of construction, diction and situation. However, it contains no instruction, either moral or scientific. The poetry breathes too much of the spirit of Venus. "A Definition" is the cleverest thing we have seen. "Stratford-on-Avon" is the most complete and consistent article in the issue. Even a hasty perusal affords sufficient satisfaction to appreciate the efforts of the author.

THE
 RANDOLPH-
 MACON
 MONTHLY.

The publications of the gentler sex are, for the most part, replete with verse. The February issue of the D'Youville is an exception. Very little verse appears, but what does is of a meritorious character. The editors of the D'YOUVILLE D'Youville are not apprehensive because of lack MAGAZINE. of material, judging from the size of the present issue. "Literature and Its Preservation" is a well written article. The conclusions are logical and the observations display a valuable fund of information. "Blanche of Castile" is the next best article. Besides being a good historical essay, it has the merits of a charming style and correctness of diction. The fiction is much better than that which previously appeared. "Who Was the Architect?" is a cleverly written story. It is tasty and well put together, having the most charming characteristic of the short story, the snap finish. The other stories are of rather mediocre merit.

The February number of the Mountaineer has earned a place among the elect. It is the most consistent magazine on our exchange list. It is always serious; it lacks the frivolous precipitancy of youth and nothing is printed THE MOUNTAINEER. which is not distinguished for some literary virtue. The essay on "Francis Thompson, Poet," besides having the honor of being a prize essay, contains the qualities which would make it a prize essay among prize essays. There is evidenced great patience of research, clearness of judgment and a learned appreciation of the beautiful in life and poetry. "The University of Mexico" is a good article and deserves special mention, not only on account of its construction, but because it deals with a work that is most important in the affairs of education and progress. The Mountaineer could well afford to print a few verses. Surely the Mountaineer has a poet in its fold!

Following in the wake of "Harry Russell, St. Cuthbert's Shadows Lifted, etc.," comes another estimable work from the talented pen of the Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., "The Making of Mortlake." This latest production sustains the enviable reputation that Fr. Copus made for himself in his earlier works. In it he once more depicts the ideal, American, Catholic youth who forms the basic character of all his earlier novels. The hero of "The Making of Mortlake," Franke Mortlake, is a real, genuine American boy. He has an energetic spirit, a generous and kind, though impulsive nature, mixed with almost incorrigible spirit of good-natured mischief. He has the faculty of getting into serious scrapes through the energy and effervescence of his spirits. He finally becomes entangled in a web of strange circumstances which threatens utterly

to ruin his reputation. Happily, throughout his college career, he has chosen his friends from among the very best of the students, strong, manly, noble characters. Through the efforts of his chum, Jack Bramleigh, he extricates himself from his hazardous position and the experience has the effect of purging the weaknesses from his character. "The Making of Mortlake" is a thoroughly enjoyable story and one which we most heartily recommend to our readers. ("The Making of Mortlake"; 85 cents; Rev. J. E. Copus, S. J., Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago.)

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To this end, therefore, contributions are solicited from all our *students* and *alumni*. Each contribution must be accompanied by the name of the author, but, should he so desire, his name will not be known to any one except the Editor-in-Chief.

The Business Manager has, with great care, procured the advertisements in this magazine, and he most cheerfully recommends them to St. Ignatius College students.

Whenever possible we ask that you deal with our advertisers, and mention The Collegian.

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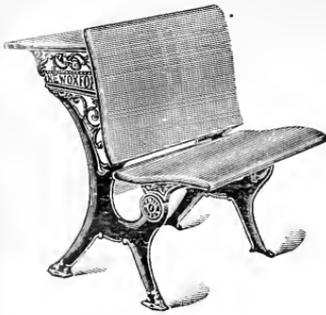
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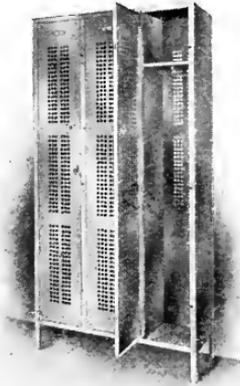
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Loans and Discounts - - - -	\$2,175,418.08
Overdrafts - - - - -	562.07
Banking House - - - - -	37,000.00
Bonds and Stocks (Market Value, -	52,283.33
Cash and Checks for Clearing House	259,866.16
Due from Banks - - - - -	280,418.66
	<u>\$2,805,548.30</u>

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock - - - - -	\$ 200,000.00
Surplus (earned) - - - - -	50,000.00
Undivided Profits - - - - -	31,797.20
Reserved for Taxes and Interest -	6,749.73
Deposits - - - - -	2,517,001.37
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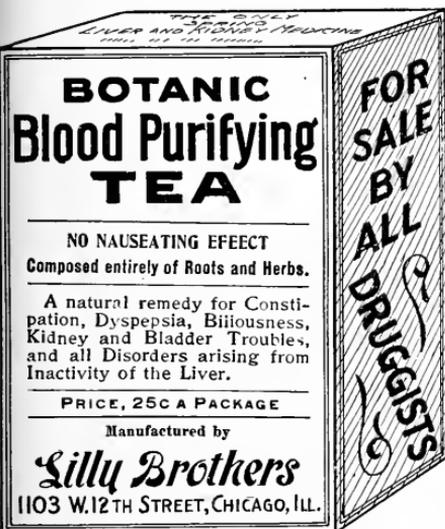
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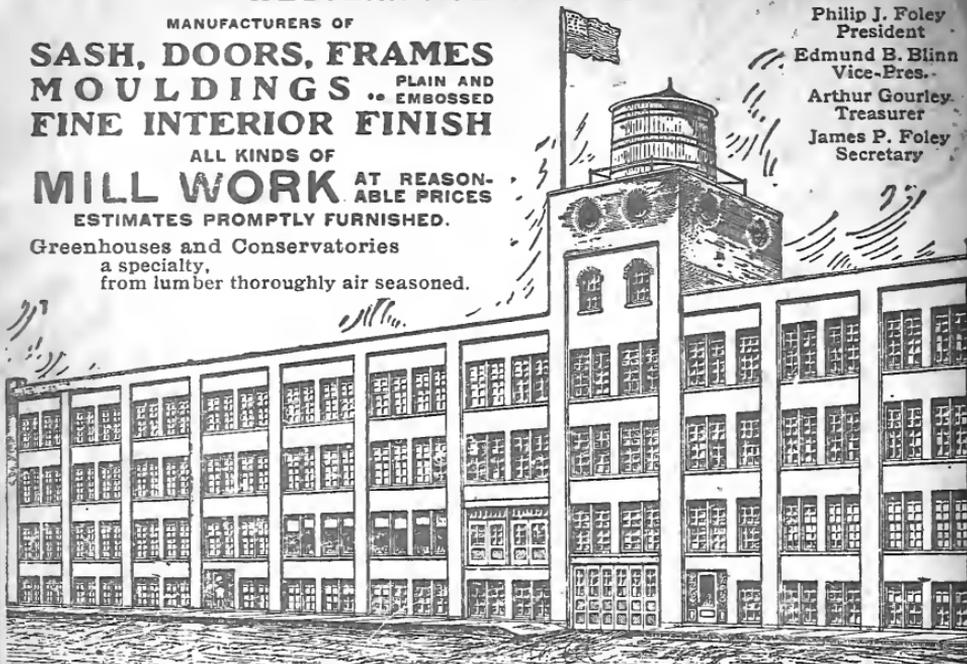
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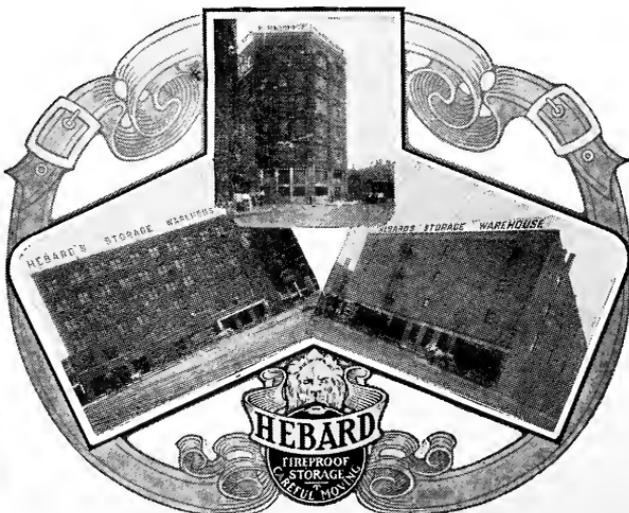
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Volume 9

Number 4

Chicago, July, 1910

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The St. Ignatius Collegian

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Chicago, Ill., July 1910.

No. 4

Night

A. BOWE

Night! Night!
Thy curtain falleth o'er the battle-field,
And armies yield,
And men of might
Rest they and sleep.
Black hillsides mothering their sheep
Murmur thy litany.
The coasts of Brittany
Hush their wild sea-shouts;
For it is night,
All-conquering night.

Thou father of weak doubts,
Thou shadow of an aged sinful earth,
Some would in mirth
Gild up with quick-quenched light
Thy cisterns that affright
Their weaker souls.
Where darkness rolls
They are not; and the mist
That sweetly slips her raiment o'er
The flapping sea and verdured shore,
In her blue-silvered ear
No prayer of theirs would hear,-
If e'en she list.

I would not stand with these;
But 'mid the trees
Prest with thy shrouds
Wist I to watch the passing clouds,-
Mid these great skyey limbs
Abreathing hymns;
Mid stolid oak,
And such like folk,
That seem to nod
And whisper—God.

I've seen the cotter as thy shades drew on
Thinking and dreaming of the next
bright dawn,
With fervent clasp and upturned face,
A sturdy picture of a sturdy race,
Lay down the implements of sod,
And speak with God:
Full well my flocks I love,
Full well the skies above
Full well the God that wields
His broad sceptre o'er my fields.

An awful drawing back this Night
Unto the Primal Dusk before the Light.

The Reaping

THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY, '10.

"The tissue of the life to be
 We weave with colors all our own,
 And in the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown."

The volume of Whittier trembled in the strong, graceful hand of the gray-haired reader who held it. The printed page faded and he sat staring into space, murmuring over and over the verses,

"In the field of Destiny
 We reap as we have sown."

Did the harvest he was building have to be reaped beyond, or was he beginning to reap it here? Was the tissue he was weaving a tissue that would cloak his failures, his transgressions? Was his harvest in the future to be less even than now? Was the fruit of the seed he had planted to turn to ashes at the touch? What *would* be his reaping? When would the harvest come? Oh, if he could only answer those questions! Oh, if he could only look into the future and behold his harvest perhaps life wouldn't be so bitter, wouldn't be such an empty, hollow mockery now! What did it matter that he was a money king? What did it matter that he was a giant even among giants in the financial world? What did it matter that men feared him in his power to crush, worshipped him as Mammon, respected him for his success and cursed him as a king? Success, that was the word that left such a bitter sting. Had he *been* successful after all? Measured in heaps of dross perhaps, yes, but measured in love and happiness and the career of his only son, no. The sun of life was sinking to the horizon, the clouds were gathering, all that he had left, all that remained on earth was the eclipsed glory of that darling boy. For it was eclipsed. Perhaps it was the father's fault, certainly it was the son's. Both had been wrong, both had been impetuous. They had sowed the whirlwind, the reaping was yet to come. Sitting there tonight in his library, the soft light diffusing the circle of darkness about him with a mellow glow, the stern old man felt crushed with the weight of his sorrow and the bitterness of years. If he could only reconstruct the past, if he could only begin it all over, how differently he would weave the tissue, how differently he would build the fabric that his blundering feet had torn and rent asunder. Strange that

those verses of Whittier should so start him back upon the path whose gate he had thought closed forever. Perhaps it was remorseless destiny driving him to an issue he was afraid to face. Perhaps it was the reaping that he feared. The measures seemed to dance before his tortured vision, he could not shut them out, like a warning wail of the Fates they sang into his ears,

“We reap as we have sown,”

and in the depths of his bitterness and misery, with the outward sham and pretense of success of his wrecked life mocking and jeering before him, he sobbed out his sorrow in an agony of loneliness, despair and grief.

* * * * *

The passionate tempest subsided quickly and still those haunting thoughts would come. He felt better now, he felt stronger, better able to face the past, better able to inspect the harvest he had reaped. His mind traveled back to the early days of his boyhood and to the things he did not understand—then. He remembered how often his father did not come home for dinner in the evening and how fiercely his mother would strain him to her breast and kiss him good-night, to greet him with haggard face and reddened eyes in the morning, telling him not to disturb papa because he was sick. He did not understand then the rumble of carriage wheels in the early morning, the stumbling steps and queer jumbled speech, the slammed doors and his mother's tears. He knew now. Oh, God, why did it have to be visited in his son, his darling boy, the joy and pride of his earlier manhood, the boy he had looked forward to, worshipped and idolized as the glory of his declining years. He was a manly fellow, loyal and devoted, but, oh, the curse that had seized him. He was reaping the whirlwind of a truth, and the harvest was one of fearful cost. He had tried his best to educate the boy to man's estate after mother left so long, long ago. He had not weaved the tissue well, but he had tried and perhaps after all a trial was better than not to have striven at all. His mind traveled back to commencement night at the big university in the east. His son, his boy, had delivered the class oration, had given the valedictory and his fond father's heart could conjure up every detail of that never-to-be-forgotten scene. The world was smiling and at peace, the future was tinted with the rose colors of dawn then, his best days were but begun. He had had a party of great men, money kings, railroad kings, and statesmen, all chosen friends, down with him at commencement, and they had listened in friendly toleration to his fatherly boasts about his only son. They knew now how destiny had treated him and it was their pity that he hated worse than all. How could he foresee that the curse of one generation would be

perpetuated in the next. How could he know that the son of the sower would reap the whirlwind in his own darling child. It was bitter, it was hard, it was cruel, and he remembered the tempest of hate, the storm of rebellion and blasphemy of grief that had surged up in his crushed and stricken soul the morning after commencement, when his eyes were opened by a note from his son. He had gone back into New York and when the afternoon mail came in he had found this note and torn it open with trembling fingers. The lines danced and reeled before his blurred eyes and it was with difficulty that he had at last read it through. Parts of it now he could recall as though it were yesterday:

"In justice to you, who have given me my education, I must confess what a miserable coward and a sham I have become. Father, hear me with justice, I beseech you, and don't judge me till I have done. Drink has cursed me and I've become a slave to it. I've been intoxicated, I've squandered my time and wasted my talents, and now I cannot bear to come to you till I've mastered myself, till I've succeeded. I feel like a cur to have treated you so and deserve any punishment you can inflict. All that I ask is a chance to go away, fight it out with myself, and when I've won, to come back to prove to you that I can be a man."

After all, he couldn't be hard with the boy. His own position admitted of no defense. He was reaping the whirlwind and the bitterness must be his alone. Thus were his thoughts tonight. Those years ago he had not so thought in the first unreasoning fury of his rage. He could not forgive then, he cursed the boy, he blasphemed to Heaven in the wild frenzy of his cruel disappointment, and stopped not to think that he was only reaping the harvest. The boy had gone to South America and his father's letters followed him there. They were letters of bitter denunciation, letters of anger, letters unreasoning in their demands and accusations, letters that no boy could get and long restrain his feelings. An outburst had come and then a long and bitter silence. That was the last cruel blow, and the father, shutting up within his stern and cold exterior his grief and bitterness and sorrow, threw himself into the vortex of business, determined to crush out all memories of his son, to put him out of his life forever. His efforts were an utter failure, of course, as such efforts always are. His was the harvest, his was the reaping and he must eat the bitter fruits. Men on the Exchange noted the difference in his attitude, his proud silence and cold reserve. They noted at times his abstraction and the looks of bitterness that flashed across his face, only to be hid again in an instant. And then was noted another change. His remorselessness in business. He crushed and trampled and slew, and his enemies began to fear him with a mortal fear. He amassed a fortune, but still he persevered. He blasphemed

in his secret soul that there was no God and set up Mammon as his king. He lived for wealth and the fame that wealth would bring. He became a power, a leader in the community of money, a man to be loved, to be hated, frowned upon and cursed, a man who crushed, who smote, who slayed, and he reveled in it all. He was taking toll from the world for what the world had taken from him and was demanding a fearful price. There were no limits to his seeking and his interests had ramified till his name was whispered in the inner circles where the wheels of government revolved, as one to conjure with, as one whose interests it were good to consult, as one whose help should be enlisted. He was attacked and reviled and cursed. He was reported as fabulously rich. He was held up as the ideal of success—he whose greatest life work had been a failure. His home had become a dark and gloomy castle wherein one room was a shrine. It was the boy's old room. His nursery when he was a mere infant, his room in earlier manhood, his shrine now that he was departed. The father relaxed that far, but no further. He had forbidden the mention of his name. And then one day had come the letter which he had forbidden ever to be written. True to his resolve, he had laid it aside in a drawer unopened. Twice within the next hour was it taken out and sternly gazed at, and that night at home alone in his library it was torn open with eager and trembling fingers and read in a rain of tears. His boy was succeeding and winning out in his fight. He had taken another name—a name his father recalled with a start that was being mentioned with increasing frequency as one of the coming men of the South American republics. He was shaking off the curse. *His* harvest was becoming one of grain and the father groaned in agony at his own futile reaping of the husks and weeds and cockle. Thank God his son was becoming a man. He had not answered because he could not trust himself. He waited until the silence became nigh unbearable and then almost broke down his stern resolve not to write. That night there came a telegram to him in his library—"Have failed again. They've thrown me for a loss. Will come back when I've fought it down." And now his father's heart realized for the first time the struggle. He saw now for the first time what that awful upward climb must be and groaned aloud in his misery. His eyes were opened to a clearness of vision he had never had before, and in the days and weeks and months that succeeded his suffering was an agony, until tonight his bitterness had overwhelmed him. Why had he had to reap such a harvest? What had he done to be so afflicted? How did he merit this awful disappointment, bitterness and sorrow, this life whose outward success made harder its inward failure and disgrace? Had he sown so badly that this should be his reaping? Had he planted seed whose fruit was bitterness and death? Had he

woven a texture whose tissue would not cover his transgressions when the final reckoning must be made? The colors of his weaving had been the colors of death, his design had been woven awry and now in the field of destiny his reaping was at hand. He suddenly felt old and weak and aged, he groped out into the darkness with clutching hands and the volume of Whittier slipped into his lap unnoticed. Somewhere away off in the depths and recesses of the silence a bell tinkled and was silent again, a door opened and closed and stillness once more dropped down upon the rooms. His sorrows and his griefs, his despair, his failure, his bitterness were flooding into his soul in a torrent, sweeping all before them. His torture was intensified by the leering, mocking spectre of success dancing like a demon of Hell before him, and great sobs rent his very inmost being. His utterance was choked. He could not find expression for the mastering grief within him. Gradually there crept over him the sense of a presence, the sense of a being whose person shed peace and love and quiet upon him, and he gazed around. There, standing quietly behind him, his face suffused with the light of love and the joy of a last home-coming, stood his boy, his son, the harvest in whose reaping he now felt happy, and with a glad cry of joy and love and forgiveness he welcomed him in his outstretched arms!

“Towards Evening”

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

The night-shades are blending,
 The harvest is done,
 Day service is ending,
 The night-shades are blending,
 Black shadows impending,
 The life web is spun.
 The night-shades are blending,
 The harvest is done!

Bliss Carman

ONE of the sweet singers of the sea and tide is Bliss Carman. So readily, however, do Grecian lyrics and anacreontics flow from his pen that this, a secondary power, effectively rivals the primary. Among his sea volumes are "Ballads of Lost Haven" and "Low Tide on Grand Pre." Not that these include his whole inspiration of the great North Sea, for all through his works runs the low sea dirge. He is a Canadian by birth and graduate of the New Brunswick University and of Harvard University in our own country. Many years were spent in private study at Edinburgh. He has been editorially connected with the *New York Independent* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. The introductory poem of the Ballads of Lost Haven:

I was born for deep-sea faring ;
 I was bred to put to sea ;
 Stories of my father's daring
 Filled me at my mother's knee.

* * * * *

The Gravedigger, the second ballad, bears a striking resemblance to Longfellow's Reaper, in the mercilessness with which Death pursues ships to lay them low.

Oh the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
 Went out and where are they ?
 In the past they made, they are delayed
 With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far
 As the ships of long ago ;
 And the ships of France they led him a dance
 But he laid them all arow.

But though he delves so fierce and grim
 His honest graves are wide,
 As well they know who sleep below
 The dredge of the deepest tide.

Then hoy and rip with a rolling hip
 He makes for the nearest shore
 And God who sent him a thousand ship

Will send him a thousand more ;
 But some he'll save for a bleaching grave
 And shoulder them in to shore,
 Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
 Shoulder them in to shore.

The Yule Guest is the simple sea tale of Yanna, Adrianna, waiting in her empty home or "Garvin, bonny Garvin," late put out to sea.

Child of the low-voiced people
 Who dwell among the hills,
 She had the lonely calm and poise
 Of life that waits and wills.
 * * * * *

Then Yanna by the yule log
 Starts from her dream to hear
 A voice that bids her brooding heart
 Shudder with joy and fear.

"O Yanna, golden Yanna,
 The Adrianna lies
 With the sea dredging through her ports
 The white sand through her eyes.

O Yanna, Adrianna,
 Loose hands and let me go.
 The night grows red along the East,
 And in the sifting snow
 I hear my ship-mates calling,
 Sent out to search for me,
 In the pale lands beneath the moon
 Along the troubling sea.

While he sings well of the sea, we notice, however, the fatalism of the watchers of the tide, as in "The Nancy's Pride." Phantom ships and the wraiths of the missing men play an important part in the songs of all singers of the sea. The quiet acceptance of the inevitable on the part of the sailor's wife signifies, not the lack of feeling, but its presence. Youth grows into mature hardihood in this severe school, as in "Arnold, Master of the Scud." Showing this same fatalism and inevitableness are the other poems of this volume, "King of Ys," "The Shadow Boatswain," "The Master of the Isles."

Carman's sea inspiration does not end with his sea volumes. Rather "The Great Mother," as he calls her, penetrates all his work,

“and is bone of his bone, breath of his breath.” One of the notable poems in this regard is the poem entitled “The White Gull,” contained in another volume of his poems “By the Aurelian Wall.” This poem was written for the Centenary of the birth of Shelley. The mental lawlessness of Shelley finds a counterpart in the untrammelled tides of the sea. The scheme of verse is aptly suited to the genius portrayed, following no hitherto established standard of rhyme and flow.

Up from the idling reef-set bell
 The tide comes in;
 And to the idle heart today
 The wind has many a thing to say
 The sea has many a tale to tell
 His younger kin.

The gray sea horses troop and roam;
 The shadows fly
 Along the wind floor at their heels;
 And where the golden daylight wheels
 A white gull searches the blue dome
 With keening cry.

The white gull in the poem is Percy Bysshe Shelley, tameless and free.

Surely thou wert a lonely one
 Gentle and mild;
 And the round sun delayed for thee
 In the red moorlands of the sea
 When Tyrian Autumn lured thee on
 A wistful child.

To rove the tranquil vacant year,
 From dale to dale;
 And the great Mother took thy face
 Between her hands for one long gaze
 And bade thee follow without fear
 The endless trail.

Thine was a love that strives and calls
 Outcast from home,
 Burning to free the soul of man
 With some new life. How strange a ban
 Should set thy sleep beneath the walls
 Of changeless Rome.

We have in these lines a trace of what is best in Swinburne. As said above, the strange scheme of rhyme and rhythm is strangely suited to express the tameless ways of the untrammelled gull.

Some of the other elegies of this book are addressed to John Keats, Richard Lovelace, Phillips Brooks, Henry George.

Were Carman's fame to rest merely on his sea-poems, his place, if not among the great poets, at least among the minor poets, might be assured. But he adds to these his "Pipes of Pan," dealing with the Grecian myths.

Some of the poems in this volume are "The Last Dryad," "Daphne," "The Dead Fawn," "A Young Pan's Prayer," "Marsyas." Pan in the "Pipes of Pan" is treated with all the disrespect and sly humor that has become inseparable from the fleeting deity of the Valley of Therape. The origin of the famous pipes that he plays upon is made the subject of this poem. Carman has undoubtedly been influenced in his Greek inspiration by Shelley, Keats and Mrs. Barrett Browning. A certain sylvan deity, much beloved by the satyrs and spirits of the world, was Syrinx. Pan in god-like fashion wooed her with many compliments. Without stopping to hear him she ran to the river and called upon the water nymphs for protection, and she was turned into a reed. As Pan sighed over this sudden loss, such a mellow music proceeded from the reed that he cut it, and formed it into the Syrinx, or the reed instrument that is so much associated with the musical god.

Call I did, with only laughter
Blown back, as I hurried after
Till I reached the riverside
Where I last had seen her glide
In among the reeds and there
Lost her. So the chase has always proved
And Pan never yet has loved
But the loved one all too soon
Merged in music and was gone.

* * * * *

Then a swaying river reed
From the water, for my need
In a dream I blindly drew,
Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew
Such a music as was played
Never yet since earth was made.

"Marsyas" tells the old story of the youth recovering the reed, whereon Athene played. Athene, fingering a reed, blows from it

divine music, but as she blows, in the clear stream she catches a glimpse of her distorted features and throws into the river the wood-pipe. Marsyas recovers the reed as it flows along.

Stooped and picked it from the water; put the treasure-trove to lip;
Blown his first breath, faint yet daring; felt the wild notes crowd
and slip

Into melody and meaning from each testing finger tip.

Then, ah, then, had mortal spirit sweep and room at last to range
The last limits of creation and the borderlands of change,
All earth's loveliness transmuting into something new and strange.

All of beauty, all of knowledge, all of wonder fused and caught
In the rhythms of the music, weaving out of sense and thought
And a touch of love the fabric out of which the world was wrought.

Bliss Carman has been influenced in his sea-tales by Longfellow, and in his tales of Greek myths by Shelley, Keats, Swinburne and Mrs. Barrett Browning. His thought in the sea-tales is one of fatalism and inevitableness and in his Greek myths by the belief in the final triumph of beauty and art.

M. D. R.



Flexner's Methods



URING the first week in June, Mr. Abraham Flexner, secretary of the Carnegie Fund for the Advancement of Knowledge, gave out a report in regard to the standing of the medical colleges of the country. He finds things in a most deplorable state. Several medical colleges have an income less than two thousand dollars; one institution kept its entire equipment in a small box under a table—and lo! when the box was opened, it contained five empty jugs. Mr. Flexner claims that his report is the result of a long personal inspection of the schools criticised.

Just what this personal inspection consisted of in most of the colleges the writer has no means of ascertaining; but he is familiar with the inspector's methods in regard to three medical colleges, located in different cities. If Mr. Flexner's work throughout the country were as hasty and superficial in the other colleges of the country as it was in the case of the three referred to, then his report is absolutely worthless, and the author merits the severe censures which he has received throughout the land. The writer has received the information which he gives herein, not from vague reports, but personally from the men, in two cases doctors, who accompanied Mr. Flexner in his inspection.

College No. 1—Mr. Flexner arrived at the school at a quarter to twelve, and after some minutes spent in the dean's office, asked to see the college. It was explained that the classes had just been dismissed. The visitor was asked to return in the afternoon, or on the following morning. He excused himself on the plea that he wished to inspect another medical college in the afternoon and leave the city on the three o'clock train. Whether this second inspection was made and the honorable visitor caught his train the writer does not know; but he does know the relative location of the two medical colleges and the depots. Presuming that Mr. Flexner took a most hasty meal and that he violated the speed law in reaching the second medical college and the depot, the writer can figure out but a very short time for this second inspection. In regard to the first school, after some persuasive arguments, Mr. Flexner was induced to visit one of the laboratories. It was a new laboratory, of which the authorities were justly proud. The door swung open, the inspector gazed for thirty seconds—and now he marks this school as one of those which should go out of business.

School No. 2—Mr. Flexner arrives when the school is in full session. He is invited to visit the classes, but pleads lack of time.

The doctor who acts as his chaperon has been teaching in medical colleges for twelve years. The writer knows him as a most gifted professor. He is the author of a book on the anatomy of the brain. His private laboratory contains a wonderful collection of specimens, cross-sections, etc. The scientific visitor could only give this laboratory a hurried glance. Most of departments of the college did not even get the hurried glance. And now listen, ye men who seek to uplift the medical teaching of the country—Mr. Flexner says in his report that the medical school in question has no work in anatomy worthy of the name.

School No. 3—Mr. Flexner varied his program and arrived during vacation, some weeks after the school had closed—after all medical schools of the country had closed. An inspection of the work of the school was impossible. Mr. Flexner departed with no apparent effort to learn anything about the institution, and leaving those who met him under the impression that the visitor simply wished to be able to state in his report that he had visited the various schools of the country.

I seriously doubt the story of the five empty jugs!

The Anarchist

AUG. J. BOWE '10.

I.

Grim: Sullen: Soul-less.
 Ere his soul should rest
 In its last haven.
 The victim of a mind not strong enough,
 The victim of a greed too strong,—
 And circumstance—
 They call him "anarchist"—
 Him that but yearns
 Wildly and without law,
 Vengeful rather than just—
 To right the Titan wrongs that bore him down.

II.

He only loves;
 But in a strange, sad way,
 That Unbelief—
 Thinking without his God,
 Hoping with naught to hope,

Has wrought in him.
 We call it Hate.
 Black, oozing hate
 That merges his dull soul
 Into the smudge of half the universe.

III.

The underhalf—they that are trodden on.
 This monstrous jade,
 This thing of night,
 Swings her black arm across the sky
 Snatching away an Idol, fair, or twain.
 The people shout.
 And she is Anarchy,
 Full-fledged, black-plumed,
 Shaking the seats of Power.

IV.

And this old man,
 Broken and pitiful,
 Scans the cold cheek of a relentless world
 For one life-giving tear—that is not there.
 Turns to the dirty, greasy argument
 He calls his creed,
 Turns justice wild,
 And deems it right.
 Revels quite philosophic in this hate,
 His little wrongs
 Deep in his heart avenged.

V.

And if he hath
 No ear to hear the music of kind words,
 If years have come upon him without love;
 Blame not so much his creed,
 That only reaps the ill that wrong has sowed.
 Look in thy heart,
 Believer in Christ, and listener
 To Sinai's Thunder;
 If thou hadst read thy creed aright, my friend,
 Haply this hour,
 Years without love, would not his portion be,
 Nor thine the dread of his avenging arm.

The University Gift



ANNOUNCEMENT was made on Sunday of two donations to Loyola University, one of \$135,000 made by Mr. and Mrs. Henry De Jonghe to the college, and the other of \$60,000 by the faculty of Bennett College, the medical department of the university, for new laboratories and equipment for that department.

The De Jonghe donation is to be divided as follows: \$100,000 for new university buildings, \$25,000 for a new parochial elementary school, and \$10,000 for scholarships in the university. Mr. and Mrs. De Jonghe will leave within a few days for a European trip, and the donation will be available upon their return to this city in about two months.

The \$60,000 donation to the medical department will enable the faculty to put the school in what is known as class "A" among the medical colleges of the state. Modern laboratories will be built and five professors, who will give all their time to the work, will be added to the faculty, making it one of the strongest among the Jesuit schools of the country. The religious order now has colleges at Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Milwaukee and Washington, D. C., and is building new ones at San Francisco, Boston and New Orleans.

The announcement of the De Jonghe donation was made by the Rev. J. R. Rosswinkel, S. J., of St. Ignatius Church, through whom the donation to the university was made.

The next building on which work will be begun will be the Science building. There is a prospect of having this new building ready for next year's class work. (New World.)

The Green-Garden Romance

A. BOWE, '10.



STRAGGLING, sandy road, that sneaks out of the vegetable patches, dodges a tavern, an old-fashioned general store, and a few lonesome houses, and drags away again into the cabbage patches, is about all that is left of Green-Garden. In the early days, run the chronicles of the district, the French attempted to settle in this quaint spot, but the phlegmatic and repellent nature of the original settlers quite baffled their more congenial spirits, and after a few unsuccessful years the last of them had moved southward and left Green-Garden to the Dutch and their onion gardens.

It seems, to look over the rough crowd that shuffles through the bar-room of a Saturday night (and all Green-Garden is there) that their lives and ambitions are as commonplace and rude as the very onions they are so proud of. The only humanity in them leaves ere they have ceased to be children. As their hands grow their minds warp. The men become fleshy and bibulous, the women gaunt and miserly; sometimes it is the other way, but it is no better. Amid a scenery that would be an inspiration to another race, these men, and their fathers before them, have lived their quiet, selfish, homely lives, that live only on gravestones.

I have found a romance among these people—in a house along this stragglng road, in hearts quite like those about them, only ennobled a bit by a memory, one of gratitude. Sometimes there are many things, sometimes only one thing, that raise up the heart; sometimes something joyful, sometimes sad; sometimes a pageant, more often a mockery. My romance has but one sad mockery.

It is the morning of Decoration Day. There is, perhaps, one in the little village that sees the run rise this morning. She watches it as the gray cloud-banks of the east are flooded with light; she watches it as it rises, burning its finger into the dull dampness of her dwelling. She is the queen of my romance. The years have given her a silver crown. She sits among the high-backed chairs of half a century ago, with the dignity of an empress.

Her glance travels slowly to two old chromos that hang side by side against the great dark wall. Like their surroundings, they are of a day gone by. The art in them seems to be the prototype of our comic supplement. The first presents, in many colors, a young man of gallant figure, whose hair by some artistic license seems to stand on end, and whose mustachios are curled to a mathematical nicety. The original might have been almost anybody with a

straight nose and an affectation for the military. Beside it is a young lady done in such a way that if an old master had been the responsible party it would have been art; but being merely the work of a traveling jobber, we must be content to call it a daub.

There is a story in these pictures, a story of the War Time, when my queen was not yet crowned with silver, and her heart untouched by the magic of romance.

There had come into these parts a man of many professions, of knowledge far beyond his years. For some purpose or other, best known to himself, he took employment in the general store of one H. Feldenspar, the notary, the supervisor and the village magnate. The company was agreeable, and he remained. Feldenspar had a large and buxom family of daughters, that he was carefully doling out to various young proprietors of vegetable patches. The eldest of them clerked in the store and thus picked up an acquaintanceship with the stranger, that deepened as the months rolled by. She sits today in her regal robes—our queen. The stranger pressed his attentions with the ease of a courtier, and when the War broke out there was something like an engagement between them, all unknown to Feldenspar.

Among the first to be drafted from Green-Garden was the stranger. Shortly after, old Feldenspar encountered a strange situation. He had found the man of his choice, and his daughter (our romancer) refused to marry him. The proposition was unthinkable; but difficulties only made life interesting to the old man. He had sold horses to farmers when they neither wanted or needed them, and the world had come to a pretty pass if he could not make his own daughter take the husband she needed, even if she didn't want him. She took him.

Another year found the young husband at the front. A gaudy colored missive reached the stranger one day and told him of the whole affair. The letter was from old Feldenspar, who still held his erstwhile employe in high esteem, being ignorant of the connection between him and the daughter. There was a postscript from her, wishing that the stranger would make things nice for her "little Fritz."

They did meet—at Donnelson. They had known each other back North, but not intimately. After a few strained remarks they parted. The stranger felt a little bitterness, that it was not in him to restrain. He recollected every detail of the little fellow that had bested him in love. He tried hard to think that the little "cuss" was white-livered; in fact he quite persuaded himself of it, although he couldn't just recall incidents and encounters in the previous day to justify his opinion.

They met again in the heat of battle. A company of Dutch were charging. They raged man on top of man into the valley where the enemy were gathered. The stranger was in their midst like a giant among children. To the fore little Fritz was ramming his bayonet into a rank of men. They were on him, ten of them, bayonets fixed and aimed with deadly accuracy. The stranger wavered behind him like a ghost; then rushed, mad as a tiger, against the line of weapons, and with a Titan's strength hurled back to safety the little warrior of Green-Garden.

They buried the stranger at home.

Our queen's romance had just begun. Fritz came home a braver but not a wiser little man than he had left. His spouse saw to it that his failing should not be extravagance. By dint of shrewd bargains and hard work she became the wealthiest landowner in the neighborhood. The memory of the stranger had a curious effect on her. She felt it a tribute to herself, and it ennobled her. She lives to honor his death.

With each reverting thought she gathers her skirts more proudly about her, and eyes the sleeping village with a supreme contempt. Isn't today his day? She can't understand that her debts are not their debts, nor her return theirs. They are the people; let them sleep. They have no debts to pay.

The town will wake up close onto noon to prepare for a picnic. The thought horrifies her. At any rate the minister will preach for her—she pays his salary. Little Fritz, a wizened old man, trails down the road beside her. They are seated comfortably and lonesomely in an empty church, the preacher, a foreigner with massive whiskers, discourses somewhat vacantly on the Civil War, other wars, and bloodshed in general.

Highly satisfied, the old couple journey religiously on to the cemetery. She, our queen, gazes at the passersby in stony silence. They all feel that she is telling them: You should be going there too. There are some lilacs and a flag beside the grave. She arranges them reverently. She seems to caress the little stone. There is a hand pointed upward upon the stone. She likes to think it means something. Perhaps it does.

Soracte

(FROM HORACE.)

See! tall Soracte white with snow,
That presses down the groaning woods;
See running brooks, whose onward flow
Is chained by icy winter's moods.

Heap logs upon the hearth, drive out
Sharp winter from our happy sill;
Good Thaliarch! let bounteous spout
Rich wines, which Sabine vessels fill!

The rest intrust to Jove; the winds
That, battling on the fervid seas,
Contend in strife, when his will binds
No more shall rock the old ash-trees.

What will the morrow bring, ne'er care
To ask, but count as gain the day
That chance may give, the tripping fair
In dance, scorn not, nor love's sweet play,

While sullen age is far from youth.
Enjoy the campus and the walk;
Each at its hour, or else forsooth,
'Neath starlit sky the whispered talk;

The grateful laugh that erst betrayed
Where hides the girl; the surety
From rosy arm or finger preyed,
That now resists, reluctantly.

ALPHONSE ZAMIARA, '12.

Address

DELIVERED AT COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE MEDICAL
DEPARTMENT.



R. PRESIDENT, gentlemen of the faculty, fellow classmates, ladies and gentlemen: Since time immemorial the idea of a commencement has been synonymous with the laying aside of student days and the granting of a diploma has been looked upon as a decree which forever divorces the recipient from books, lectures, quizzes and clinics. This idea has not been confined to the minds of the laity, but, I regret to say, has been entertained by many students. An idea more erroneous and harmful would be hard to imagine, as the science of medicine is a monument to ceaseless and devoted study, to the proving of new remedies, the discovery of new agents and the perfecting of operative technic. Its advance has been marked by lives devoted to its service, by years of patient search, to the end that mankind might benefit and the ills that flesh is heir to be reduced in number and seriousness. He who enters the profession must forever abjure any idea of a life of ease and be prepared to make every case in which he is called a lecture, every pulse beat a quiz and every symptom an examination. The diploma which we receive this evening will shrink from this hour, to be superseded in a few brief years by a fairer and ampler parchment, already in the making, and signed by old Father Time himself, as president of that great university in which experience is the chief instructor.

We should consider that we are just entering the freshman year of what will prove to be the hardest and most exacting curriculum we have ever faced. Medicine is based upon a firm foundation of science and each day sees some patient worker adding new truths to the already large fund of medical knowledge, and thus bringing to more even terms the struggle between the physician and his arch enemy, disease. Medicine is broad in its scope and makes use of anything, from any source, which can be of the slightest use in the treatment of disease. It learned from a monk how to use antimony, from a Jesuit how to cure ague, from a sailor how to treat scurvy, from a dairy maid how to prevent smallpox. It borrowed moxa from the Japanese and was taught the use of lobelia by the American Indian. It stands ready today to accept anything from any theorist, from any empiric, who can make out a good case for his theory or discovery. The names of Harvey, Jenner, Pasteur, Lister and other great scientists, who by their devotion to the cause of

humanity, have made easier the work of the physician and by the promulgation of new facts dispelled the superstition which surrounded the practitioner of old, stand out like golden mileposts and mark epochs in the progress of medicine. We should be thankful for such as these and take their lives as an inspiration by which to shape our own, so that we may obtain that full measure of success in this, our life work.

As we stand here tonight on the threshold of this great school whose doors swing wide to admit us, we should not be unmindful of those to whom we owe this, our novitiate, and who now stand sponsors for us. It is to you, Mr. President, and the faculty of the Illinois Medical College, that we turn as do children leaving home, and pour out the sincere gratitude which we feel. By your patience and forbearance you have made possible this occasion, and the hours spent under your tutorship are fragrant with the scent of tender memories. Our best wishes accompany our farewell.

To you, dear friends, who have sacrificed the companionship of husband, father or son, and who have shared with us our disappointments and our joys, we thank you for that ever-present, though silent, encouragement which comes as does a benediction, causing weary hearts to revive and hope to spring up and blossom.

And, fellow classmates, here at the parting of the ways let us exchange one last handshake and farewell. Let us resolve to be true to ourselves, true to our teachings and true to our alma mater. Let us go out into the battle tonight taking with us as our watchword the motto of our class: *Digni Simus*, be worthy; and let us so shape our lives that when we come to stand before the Great Judge on that final commencement we can with honest hearts exclaim: "I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith, I have finished my course."

E. V. YOUNG, M. D.



The St. Ignatius Collegian

THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, published quarterly by the Students of St. Ignatius College, Chicago, Ill., is intended to foster literary effort in the students of the present, to chronicle College doings and to serve as a means of intercommunication with the students of the past.

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Editorial.

In Parting.

Commencement, the end of so much and the beginning of so much more, is at hand, the moment for which we have striven and struggled so long has come and the parting of the ways now lies before us. And with it all has struck the hour in which we must say our last farewell and drop out of college life into the new and the unknown. Saying that farewell is a hard, a mighty hard task. It is a task we would leave to others to perform which others will not perform. With this issue of THE COLLEGIAN five editors depart for their particular spheres of wider activity. With this issue comes the separation of ties formed throughout happy years of companionship of editorial camaraderie. That separation denotes, however, more than a mere sunderance of connections, it means the leaving of a work invaluable for the experience it gives one and incalculable in the benefits it presents. It denotes a cessation of editorial labors for THE COLLEGIAN that have come to be an integral part of those editors' college career. In parting, these members of the staff wish to express from the fullness of their hearts the sense of enjoyment and benefit which they feel themselves to have derived from connection with THE COLLEGIAN staff. They wish in parting to address a few words to the student body in general, a few words which they hope will be taken seriously to heart. There is nothing aside from the regular studies in the course which gives the student more breadth of thought, mastery of ideas, fluency and facility of expression and wider range of knowledge and experience gleaned from exchanges than work on the college

journal. To add the thousand and one minor details of proof-reading, copy correction, arrangement of contents, artistry and finish and tone is mere superfluity. They are things with which we all are familiar. But it is with regret that the staffs each succeeding year note a decrease of interest on the part of the student body in their college paper. In the case of our own well-beloved sheet, issue after issue, year after year, nothing but editors' names are signed to the stories, essays and other contributions. The subject has been discussed editorially *ad nauseam*, but the cause, the indifference of the students themselves, has never been removed. Students of St. Ignatius possess ability. They surely have the time, We are afraid they have not the interest. It is a mistaken notion that the editors are appointed merely to write the paper. A glance at any big university journal would speedily convince the objector that that is not the case. They are simply the board who govern the magazine. You, fellow students, are the stockholders in the company and should be vitally interested. We hope in parting that the years to come will see a greater university, a greater college journal, a greater student body and a greater interest on the part of that body in their college paper. We hope that THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN of years to come, whatever be its name, will contain articles by the student body in general, will be loyally supported by that body and that its proud record will be continued and sustained as we feel sure it will. We hope that as a journal it will no longer contain monthly complaints in its editorial columns of student apathy, but will continue the worthy literary representative of a great and famous university.

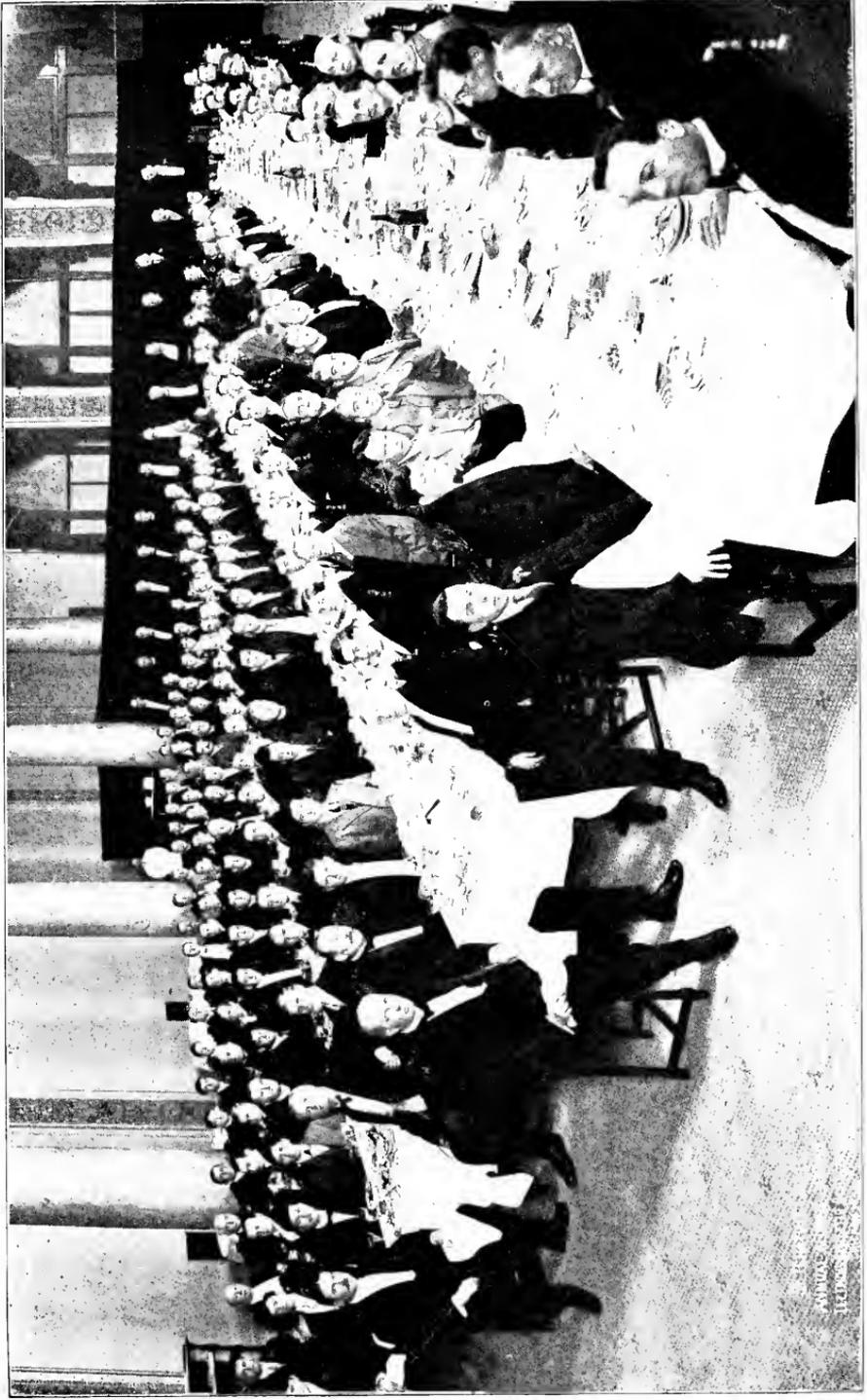
T. Q. B.

The Future.

At commencement two vistas stretch out before us, the vista of the past and the vista of the future. The vista of the past looks down on nine completed volumes of THE ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN, upon a steady rise in tone and quality and perfection. The vista of the future stretches out to a university which we confidently predict in ten years of steady, consistent, conservative growth will be one of the greatest in Illinois. It stretches out to the activities of this great university, to its future with new buildings, a larger plant, widened collegiate endeavors and a greater university spirit. It stretches out to the thing which concerns the gazer most, the literary side of it all. It stretches out to the college journal, whatever be its name. The present ST. IGNATIUS COLLEGIAN will beyond doubt retain its name and preserve its reputation as such for many years to come. Some day it may become the Loyola University Journal, the Loyola Chronicle or whatnot, but it is not with this

that we are concerned. It is more with an increased frequency of issue that we are interested, and we hope that this consummation will soon occur. With the change from the collegiate to the broader university policy, a change undoubtedly will occur in the college paper and it is with this change that we wish to dwell at present. For nine years THE COLLEGIAN has been a quarterly and has built up a reputation as such. With the incorporation of the university and the opening up of a vastly wider field of representation in regard to departments, we venture to advocate an increased frequency of publication. Now THE COLLEGIAN comes out at such widely separated intervals that not only do our contemporaries occasionally inquire why we haven't exchanged for the last issue, but our subscribers write in in indignation to know why last issue wasn't received, with various sharp shafts directed at the efficiency of the circulation manager. But all this is not so much an argument as the one which is obviously found in the attitude of the student body. To sustain interest in the literary portion of the magazine and to encourage contributions is a difficult task in a quarterly. The exhorted have too much time in which to forget between exhortations. We venture to advocate in the near future an increase in the number of issues, gradual at first to be sure, then working up till it becomes a monthly from October to June. We do this in the spirit that it will militate for the paper's success and against its being less representative than its sister sheets. We feel that more numerous issues would mean an increased interest on the part of the student body in the matter of contributions, would mean a greater advertising medium for the work of the new university itself, and would bring the paper more frequently to the notice of its contemporaries, thus from all points of view enlarging its sphere of influence and increasing its power as a student organ. We realize and admit the difficulties in the way, but deny that they cannot be overcome. We grant that the innovation will have to be gradual, say five or six issues for a year or so, gradually increasing each year. We urge this because we feel it is for the paper's greater good. We presume to advocate it as for the greater representation of the student body and as in keeping with the incorporation of the university and the opening up of a greater field of endeavor. We think that a greater COLLEGIAN, a greater university journal, would be only in keeping with the greater university and think, too, that this greater journal could only be accomplished by an increase in the number of publications. We are vitally interested in its welfare and presume to think the suggested increase will work for that welfare, a welfare which we pray that the future may each successive year increase.

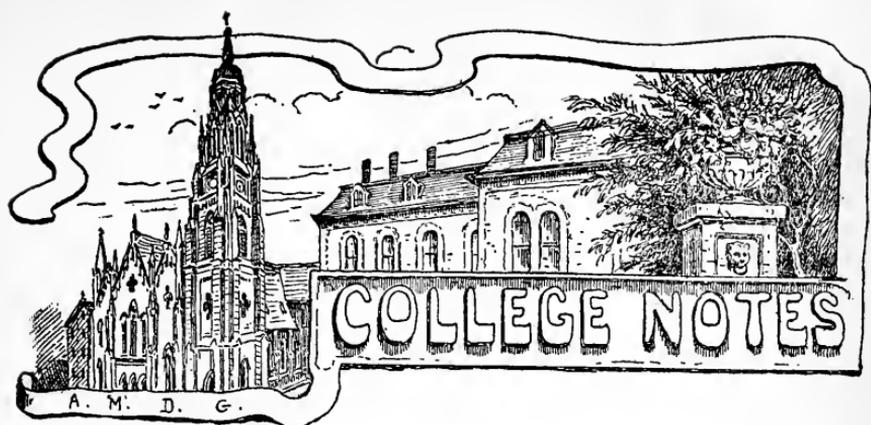
T. Q. B.



Banquet Alumni Association at Illinois Athletic Club, April 28th, 1910

AMERICAN
HISTORICAL





Having done with all the entertainments, contests and debates of the last quarter, it is almost too much to ask us to write about them. Not only have the affairs of St. Ignatius College been progressing rapidly but many things of direct influence upon our new university have transpired since THE COLLEGIAN has last gone to press.

Notable among these is the affiliation of Bennett Medical with our medical department, the Illinois, bringing up the total number of students in that department to 450 students. But first, to some of the internal affairs of St. Ignatius.

On the eve of May 7th, before a large and interesting audience the annual Oratorical Contest was held. The subjects were well selected, the speeches carefully prepared, and the delivery excellent. The first speaker of the evening was Mr. J. Sullivan. Mr. Carlin followed him with an interesting and strong appeal for more religion and education. The next speaker was Mr. J. F. Reeves, who dwelt upon the condition of the church in France. Mr. Higgins then made a fiery denunciation of the present immigration laws, which was followed by a finely written and eloquently delivered speech on the "Press" by Mr. Irwin J. Hasten. The last speaker of the evening, Mr. Wm. O'Brien, argued impressively in favor of the existing immigration laws. After a well-rendered selection by the "Glee Club" the judges announced their decision in favor of Mr. Wm. Higgins.

On April 21st, at Association Hall, the annual John Naughten Debate was held. The subject chosen for discussion was the practicability of prohibition. The speakers against prohibition were Messrs. Gaughan and Reeves, the speakers in favor of it Messrs. Carlin and Bowe. Fifteen minutes were allotted for first speech, and five for

the rebuttal. Mr. Geo. V. O'Connell, vice-president of the Debating Society, acted as chairman. Mr. Gaughan argued in his usual convincing manner, displaying a deep insight into the question and a remarkably cool head at debate. Mr. Carlin followed him with an eloquent speech in condemnation of the liquor traffic. Mr. Reeves captivated the fancy of the audience with his humorous remarks on prohibition in the United States. Mr. Bowe closed the arguments for his side by demanding that prohibition be considered seriously. The debate was awarded to the affirmative, Messrs. Gaughan and Reeves; the John Naughten medal to Mr. Reeves, with Mr. Gaughan a close second.

The three higher classes were represented at the Elocution Contest on May 12th by six speakers. Mr. Hasten opened the contest with "The Boy Orator of Zapata City." THE ELOCUTION CONTEST The piece is an interesting one, full of opportunities to display emotional and oratorical ability, and received full justice at the hands of Mr. Hasten. Mr. Bowe followed with a selection from Shakespeare's Richard the Third. Mr. Graham rendered "Kissing Cup" with usual enthusiasm and to the unstinted applause of the house. Mr. Higgins recited "War Times" with much pathos and feeling. Mr. O'Brien followed with an exquisite rendition of "Whispering Bill." Mr. Gaughan closed the programme with a selection entitled "The Honor of the Woods." The boat race and the surrounding circumstances portrayed in the piece brought out with a clearness and vividness on the part of the speaker that held intense the interest of the audience. The medal was awarded to Mr. Wm. O'Brien.

Perhaps the most widely heralded event of the school year was the College Play. Through the unremitting efforts of Fr. Spaulding, S. J., and Mr. McGillen, the dramatic instructor at the College, the Fine Arts Theater was secured for Saturday afternoon, May 14th, and Monday evening, the 16th. The performance was Julius Caesar. The cast acted well together. The scenery and costuming were of the best and the general effect produced was indeed satisfactory.

Mr. Gaughan, as Marc Antony, was easily the star of the performance. With a part of cameo perfection, and a presence and voice admirably suited to it, Mr. Gaughan surpassed anything that has been done in St. Ignatius College dramatics for the past six or seven years.

Mr. O'Brien played Brutus with a convincing earnestness that carried his scenes along excellently. The "Suicide of Brutus," for

example, and the "Ghost Scene" were played with a remarkable impressiveness.

Mr. Lusk, as "Caesar," was imperiously forbidding. Although handicapped by having no distinction in costume above the rest of the cast, he kept the upper hand of things very ably indeed, until his unfortunate demise in the third act.

Mr. Beesley displayed much judgment and emotional ability in his handling of the role of "Trebonius."

Mr. Sullivan's conception of the part of "Casca" was excellent, and added much to the general effect of the production.

Others that deserve mention are Mr. Herbert, for his artistic work in the difficult part of "Decius"; Mr. Higgins, for his fiery and eloquent "Octavius," and Messrs. Carey, Carlin and Amberg, for their respective renditions of the parts of "The Soothsayer," "Servius" and "Metellus Cimber." The part of "Cassius" fell to the lot of Mr. Bowe.

On the whole the performance did great credit to the ability both of Mr. McGillan, the dramatic instructor, and the students who worked so hard to make it a success from an artistic standpoint.

The Rev. John B. Hayes, S. J., an educator, an author, and the founder of many Catholic societies throughout the West, died May 25th last. Fr. Hayes was a native of Cork, Ireland. Coming to this country, he was soon stationed at the Holy Family Parish. He has been here for thirty years, during which time he has been active in the cause of temperance, and the dispensation of Catholic literature throughout the community. Some of the societies that he organized for parish purposes have grown to nation-wide prominence. Fr. Hayes was eighty-two at his death, but still working industriously with his pamphlets.

The funeral services were held in Holy Family Church before an immense gathering. Interment was at Calvary.

Fr. Dinneen, S. J., founder and promoter of the Eucharistic League at St. Ignatius College, arranged for a formal celebration of the Feast of Corpus Christi by the members of the league and the rest of the students as well. The College Choir, under the direction of Mr. Summers, sang several numbers. The

Rev. A. J. Burrowes, president of the college, preached an eloquent and interesting sermon on the "Meaning of the Eucharist."

Services were concluded with benediction.

In the very first days of June was announced the gift of \$135,000 to the new Loyola University by Mrs. Henri De Jonghe of this city. The money will be spent in the department of Arts and Sciences on the North Shore. One hundred thousand, says Fr. Burrows, will go toward the erection of an Administration Building, twenty-five thousand in a Parochial School for the North Shore Church, and ten thousand toward the maintenance of Scholarships in the new institution.

So we close our chronicle, for the last time, with Loyola University well on its feet, and even before the establishment of her School of Engineering, the second greatest Catholic University in the country in point of attendance, and with prospects and standing that give assurance that it will not be long in outdistancing St. Louis.

But we must hurry to the First Annual Commencement of Loyola University.

A. BOWE, '10.

Societies

This last issue marks the close of the second prosperous year in the existence of the Wyspianski Literary Circle, which was organized two years ago to focus the special interests of the Polish students attending St. Ignatius College. Its aim is to give its members facility in speaking and writing the Polish language, and to make them more closely acquainted with the eventful history and rich literature of Poland.

Success has thus far crowned its efforts, and it can look back over its past labors with the assurance that it has made rapid progress towards the attainment of its end. Every meeting has been well attended, more than three-fourths of the members being generally present. The literary programmes have been interesting as well as instructive—interesting for the choice of attractive subjects and subject matter in the essays and debates; instructive for the ability and diligent care shown in their preparation and composition. The passages and shorter poems from classic writers of poetry, selected for declamation, have been, on the whole, interpreted with feeling and true insight. The critiques on the various programmes—brief, pithy compositions, pregnant with wit and humor, besides enabling the members to form an adequate opinion of the literary qualities of previous meetings, have tended greatly to render the gatherings both sociable and pleasant. On occasions when discussion was open to the house, spicy talks from individual members have

been frequent; and the real eloquence manifested in some of these extempore efforts has alone been sufficient proof of the Circle's progress.

Moreover, on Friday, May 20th, at the twenty-ninth and last meeting of the year, it was finally decided to begin a library, and buy some of the works of the most noted Polish authors for study and criticism at the weekly gatherings; and it is hoped that this innovation will be a considerable help in the work of the Circle.

With a successful year passed, and the prospect of enjoying the ability and experience of nearly all its present members in the year to come, the Wyspianski Literary Circle has undoubtedly a bright future before it.

The officers of the Circle this year were: John Zelezinski, president; Stanislaus Rudziewicz, vice-president; Alphonse Zamiara, secretary; Joseph Karabasz, treasurer; Francis Warzynski, librarian; Francis Opila, censor; committee on debates, Thaddeus Zamiara, chairman; Alphonse Zamiara, Francis Opila.

The last term of the year is ever a hard one for the news-seeker in the domain of societies, and his results are meagre at best. The diamond, the tennis court, the golf course and springtime have a subtle lure that is irresistible. Indoor work becomes slavery, and nowhere is this felt more keenly than in the society world of college. As a result, little is left to record for the last term's work in the societies and mere generalities will describe the situation best.

In the Sodalities the last term's work was confined to the regular weekly evening exercises, with a course of lectures by the directors, Frs. Dinneen and Trentman. The spirit of piety, fervor and devotion manifested by the members of both Senior and Junior Sodalities, even into the warm, distracting days of spring, was splendid and edifying. In both organizations every seat was filled at every meeting and the work accomplished and the results achieved spoke volumes for the zeal, both of directors and of sodalities. Particularly during the month of May was there shown a laudable earnestness in promoting the honor of the Mother of God, and when the final exercises were held the last week of May, both directors commented with evident sincerity and feeling on their satisfaction at the work accomplished, their gratification at the spirit manifested and the benefits and blessings which would undoubtedly accrue therefrom. In the closing sermon of the Senior Sodality Fr. Dinneen publicly thanked the officers for their zeal and efforts during the year, praised the members of the Sodality for their fidelity and devotion and expressed a hope that the good work begun there might be continued and extended into wider fields. Fr. Trentman spoke to similar effect

in his closing address to the Junior Sodality, whose Sodality has done such splendid work all year. Taken in its entirety, the year has been one of remarkable success for both organizations, and it is our earnest hope that their success may be permanent and lasting in its benefits.

We must not forget the Eucharistic League in summing up the general work of the societies for 1909-10. This organization, this league of weekly communicants, has grown and prospered as no other association ever has in the history of the college. Its glorious motive and sublime purpose have assured its success from its inception and now, at the closing of the school year, nearly three hundred students are enrolled under its banner and wear its symbol of Faith. It is a society whose membership should include every student in the college and it is a society whose sphere of influence will be most powerful in the future. It is an assured and permanent organization and its button should be the proudest emblem in the possession of every St. Ignatius student. This society, shortly after the day itself, observed its great festal day of Corpus Christi with appropriate ceremonies and strict solemnity in the Upper Church. Fr. Burrowes preached an eloquent and forceful sermon on the graces and benefits of frequent communion, and solemn Benediction was given, the choir rendering the hymns.

In the debating societies, little real work was accomplished after the last weeks in April, and about the second week in May both societies adjourned "sine die" to expend their energies in more pleasant and attractive fields. In the DEBATING SOCIETIES Chrysostomian attention was about equally divided between prohibition, restriction of immigration, and woman suffrage as being the most absorbing public topics of the moment. The sessions were rather spirited and a keen interest was taken in the debates despite the distracting knowledge of warm diamond battles being waged elsewhere whose call was more irresistible than that of the Demosthenic struggles taking place on the House floor. In the Loyola "Lit." the debates waged with all their wonted fury. Every subject of possible interest and attractiveness was selected for discussion and the secretary was never forced to investigate whether or no there was a quorum. This junior society has developed much talent in the terms just finished and the coming year should prove one of great interest in regard to interscholastic debates. In the Chrysostomian, we hope to see the intercollegiate debate idea, inaugurated this year, become a reality next fall and winter. It means hard work and lots of it, but the results in the end should justify the labor expended, as there is no form of student activity more interesting in the winter months than intercollegiate debates.



ALUMNI BANQUET.

“For they are jolly good fellows,
And we’re glad to see them here!”

With jest and song and reminiscence, the long years thrown behind them as if so many hours, the members of the Alumni Association of St. Ignatius College gathered at the Illinois Athletic Club on Thursday evening, April 28th, for the annual alumni dinner. The assembly was one of the largest for the banquet in years and joviality and good-fellowship reigned supreme. For weeks previous the banquet and “boosting” committee had been hard at work arranging and promoting details, and the success of their efforts was attested by the gathering that balmy April evening. The dinner itself was informal and from cotuits to demitasse a positive delight. Old acquaintances were renewed, old times recalled, old memories of school days conjured up and recounted with relish, old boys mingling with the later generation in the universal spirit of alumni camaraderie. That

“It’s always fair weather
When good fellows get together.”

was amply and abundantly shown in the good spirit and feeling of a jolly reunion that heightened as the evening drew on, only hushed when the toastmaster, Joseph H. Finn, arose in his place at the head of the speakers’ table to express his opening remarks and introduce Judge Jesse Holdom, the first speaker of the evening.

Before beginning his address Judge Holdom paused to comment on the splendid assembly and to caution his hearers that he was not an alumnus, though his subsequent speech breathed the fervor of an old graduate loyal to his Alma Mater and proud of her son’s achievements. Judge Holdom chose for his topic, “Jesuit Boys In the Life of the City of Chicago.” He dwelt on the prominence of St. Ignatius men in all lines of activity, of their leadership and their success. He paused to pay tribute to Nicholas Finn,

Frank Donahue and R. T. Doyle, who had been associated with him, enlivening a brief political history of each with flashes of quiet humor. He passed on to the ideals and results of Jesuit education, ideals that have resulted in success and results shown in the history of the Catholic people. In conclusion Judge Holdom appealed to the alumni to profit by their mental, moral, religious and patriotic training, and ended with best wishes for the new university and for the continued success of Jesuit education in Chicago.

The next speaker to be introduced was Rev. Francis A. Purcell, D. D., rector of the Cathedral College. Dr. Purcell chose for his theme the importance of the new university movement and its assured success in the hands of Jesuit educators. Fr. Purcell began by dwelling on what the Jesuits had done in educational and other lines, commenting on their courage in facing danger. He intimated that they had found danger in their present field, a danger in the shape of universities diffusing knowledge dangerous to faith and morals. He dwelt on the destructive force of materialism in education and applied it to the scientific departments of our greater universities. He stated that the teaching was not open and acknowledged, but covert, to pervert and dull principles of faith. It was a war of science against natural and revealed religion. The student found in the literature of these sciences things contrary to faith to whose influence he gradually yields and under whose influence his faith was lost. He stated that the Jesuits were about to inaugurate a university in Chicago where science in all its Catholic aspects would be taught, and in conclusion expressed sincere hope of its great and ultimate success.

Judge Thomas B. Lantry followed as the third speaker of the evening with another phase of education as his theme. Judge Lantry opened his remarks with reminiscences of old days and of the Alumni Association of which he was one of the earliest members. He then launched upon his theme of Jesuit education, in the beginning discussing it in its more general aspect as an educational system. He described the earlier general history of the Jesuits in education, demonstrating that the Jesuits had ever been the foremost educators of their time. He then took up their "ratio studiorum," or course of studies, and described its effectiveness and adaptability to the conditions under which it had ever been employed. He paused for an arraignment of this age as one of materialism, not intellectuality, in education, and that the universities were merely endeavoring to keep pace with the spirit of the times. He stated that real education was vanishing, together with the so-necessary element of religion. He proved that agnosticism, atheism and free-thought were being inculcated instead of the fundamentals of morality, and that infidelity was spreading alarm-

ingly as the result. He made the particular application of his general thesis that Jesuit education had to meet this growth of infidelity by bringing it to our own city of Chicago and showing how the influence it should exert over the Catholic element in education would offset the element of materialism. He stated that the growth of the university would keep most surely pace with the growth of the city, and in conclusion expressed every wish for its glorious success.

The representative of the medical department of the university succeeded the representatives of the Law and Arts and Sciences departments in the person of Dr. Hugh Blake Williams, the fourth speaker of the evening's program. With a graceful introduction in which he modestly deprecated his selection as the medical's representative, Dr. Williams took up a discussion of the work of the medical department as his topic. He began by stating that affiliation with Loyola University had improved the aspect of Illinois medical, and entered upon a consideration of the work of the school, its methods, its equipment and its results. He dwelt at length on each particular phase of these topics, and in conclusion paid tribute to Dr. Burkholder, the Dean. He pictured his ceaseless endeavors and unflagging activities, described the work he had accomplished, and in conclusion the hopes and aspirations of the medical faculty for still greater success in the university work. The toastmaster, Mr. Finn, arose at conclusion of Dr. Williams' address and read a letter of regret from the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, one of the very first graduates of St. Ignatius, whose illness had prevented his attendance at the banquet. The former mayor was confined at home with a severe attack of grippe and in a letter regretting his inability to attend and containing greetings to the assembled alumni, addressed to them a few congratulatory remarks upon the expansion of their Alma Mater into Loyola University with the hope re-echoed by all for its continued growth and prosperity.

The last speaker of the evening was the Hon. William Lorimer, state senator for Illinois. Mr. Lorimer had journeyed from Washington to be present at the banquet, though not a member of the alumni association, and his appearance to address the banqueters elicited rounds of applause. Mr. Lorimer opened his address quietly and calmly with a discussion of Catholic education. He stated that he had ever thought Catholic schools to be backward in the teaching of science, but took it that a new institution was to be built up in the shape of the new Loyola University that would teach science in the right way and with correct principles. He then took up the discussion of the alumni association and its purpose, and stated only those who hadn't had an education alone

could appreciate its value. He stated there was nothing that is so great a help to a young man in attaining success as an education. He openly confessed that he had never enjoyed or possessed any education and appreciated his loss, measured in the achievements of the men with whom he had to deal in Washington. By easy stages he launched upon his favorite theme of the lakes-to-gulf waterway and showed wherein education was going to play a large part in its ultimate development. That the educated men would be the ones to recognize its necessity and feasibility and to promote its advancement. He discussed the history of the movement, the prominent part played in it by educated men, the appropriations of Congress to further the project, the need of Illinois for this waterway and the entire history of the agitation in Congress for the complete waterway. He made a plea with those who were impatient for immediate results for more time till the movement could become sectional and not merely local, and, in conclusion, with a final summing up of its advantages, urged upon his hearers enlistment in the cause of the waterway, and ended the evening's program amid prolonged applause. With common consent, the banqueters rose to their feet and with the spirit of good-fellowship moving them to outward acclamation, with joyous hearts lifted up their voices in a mutual toast,

"For they are jolly good fellows,
And we're glad to see them here."

Thos. F. Nolan, in a letter dated Rome, May 6th, tells us that William Murphy, in an examination, won the degree, S. I. D., that he was ordained on May 21st and started on a return trip to United States May 24th. Frs. Walsh, Long and Griffin, Rhetoric, '04, will return home this summer. Other St. Ignatius boys are doing well.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY, '10.

Academy Notes

Of course I know that in the realm of the Academy editor there is little room for sentiment, but when I think that we are leaving the never-to-be-forgotten atmosphere of dear old S. I. C. (no need to be alarmed; the chemistry class was the cause of it all), a lump comes in my throat and sad streams of salty tears spring suddenly to my sorrowful eyes. How vacant and empty my life would be without Tucker to enliven things, how dark would be my path without Tim Coman's crimson crest to light the way. Truly it would be a calamity should Devitt's devious, daring, delirious devices no longer divert my mind on many a dark, dull, dismal day, if O'Donnell, Baschnagel, "Turk" Noonan and "Ichabod" should pass from my life. Even the sight of Maucini's new long trousers does not make me laugh, and I must turn myself to verse to properly express my feelings. Note the emotion and the deep tenderness that prevails in the following spasm:

I want to go to school again
 And see the children play,
 I want to go to school again
 And work the live-long day.
 I want to be a child once more
 And romp around the yard,
 And laugh and sing——

and most probably get hurt if I keep this up any longer. But if you are unable to glean my meaning from the foregoing, all I want to say is

"SO LONG."

Joe Maucini started to wear long trousers Saturday, June 4th, the same day that his father was taken sick. Remarkable coincidence, wasn't it?

THE FATHER'S LAMENT.

The college boys now taste the joys and pleasures of vacation. Their outward poise my soul annoys, these bulwarks of our nation. They seem to think that I'm a sink in which they pour their knowledge, that I, so meek, did not learn Greek, when father went to college.

The high school grad is just as bad. He knows more than his daddy. Why, when his dad was just a tad he knew more than this laddy. They don't know how to milk a cow. Diplomas they have

taken. Their lives but seem a pleasant dream, but pretty soon they'll waken.

NEWS ITEMS.

Say, Bill McNulty, where did you get that ring you're wearing? (Better not show this to the folks at home.)

Three weeks ago Wednesday, on the 1st of June, the college yard was the scene of a tragedy that rivalled the mixup between Connelly and Tucker. The baseball had gone down the gas pipe and put a stop to an exciting game of "smuggle." First "Bud" (although a certain malicious foreigner, A. D. H., would spell it otherwise) tried to bring it to the surface, but his arm was unable to establish connections. McNulty also failed and some designing person (probable We, Us and Company) innocently suggested that Morrissey should try it. Morrissey, fully as innocent, did try it, much to the delectation and amusement of all present. The next day Zalewski carried his hand in a sling, and Morrissey brought to school a pillow and a grouch. Can you guess the answer?

If you look at the college yard by means of Joe Elliot's concave mirror it looks just like the pictures of it in the catalogue except that the beautiful wide-spreading trees are conspicuous by their absence.

Distance lends enchantment to the view. How inviting is your mental picture of the college from your summer cottage along the lake?

SOME FICTION REVISED.

"A Little Brother of the Rich," or the man that smells the gasoline as the automobile goes by.

"The Common Lot." Examinations again the first of September.

"The Duke's Secret," or How Healy Got His Homework.

"Baron Munchausen," or that fellow from elgin (very small e) that says he has lived in a city all his life.

"The Living Mummy," or Frank Opila.

Mr. Bill McNulty was guilty of the following in his class paper: "The Inclination to Study." (It comes often and no one ever pays any attention to it.)

"Have you seen Arthur today?"

The Goat: "Arthur who?"

"Our thermometer."

And he got away with it.

First Villain:—"I wonder what started that fire at the Jewish Home."

Second Ditto:—"Perhaps it was an Israelite."

I'll bet that a lot of you didn't get that one.

The annual spring frost. "The next thirty pages for repetition."

As it is customary to give the departing Academy editor a good "send-off," everyone is supposed to take his "bawling out" cheerfully and laugh at the other fellow's. As a parting injunction don't forget to come back next year and bring your small brother.

Before I go I want to leave my successor my best wishes and a standard that may be raised indefinitely higher. First of all, unknown friend, you must have a healthy, hard-working respect for the editor-in-chief. If you have, few will be the blue marks on your sweat-stained sheets of "almost," if not, not. If copy must be in in about fifteen minutes and you have only twelve sheets written which will be condensed into about a paragraph and a half, write about "Quigley had a little horse," i. e., pony, etc., etc., etc., or even the long-suffering comet and its missing tail may stand for a few more ill-directed shafts.

"This above all, to thine own class be true,
And it will follow as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be licked by any man."

THE JUNIOR ELOCUTION CONTEST.

On the afternoon of May 7th, 1910, Sodality hall was once more roused from its retirement to become the scene of the Junior elocution contest. With the hall filled to overflowing, after the Academic Choir had rendered the beautiful song by Lowe, "What Shall He Have That Killed the Deer," Ward Fitzpatrick, the first speaker of the evening, gave great promise to win the medal of the fifth class with "Gualberto's Victory." He was followed by Edward Lukanitsch, who spoke the "Victory of Marengo." Paul Mitchell next made his appearance and delighted the audience with "Baron's Last Banquet." "Mr. Brown's Haircut," artistically given by diminutive Charles Oink, carried the house amid storms of laughter and completed the quartet.

The elocutionists then yielded the floor for a while to Francis Slattery, a soprano soloist, who sang "In May Time," and was heartily encored. When the audience had composed itself Lawrence Patzelt reopened the contest, and spoke "A Modest Wit." "Bernardo del Carpio," ably delivered by Ignatius Walsh, then claimed the attention of the judges, and their attention was sustained by William Lauer's skill in reciting "Rodney's Ride," but the hit of the evening was made when Robert Hogan cut his name "One

Niche the Highest" in the mind of everybody, including the judges.

After this flood of oratory a halt was called in the proceedings while the Academic Choir rendered "Stars of the Summer Night." John Peterson then introduced the fourth class with a vivid and realistic interpretation of "Mona's Waters." Earl Coppinger succeeded him and earned rounds of applause with his piece, "The Brave Fireman." Clair Daly heightened the interest with his selection, "The Tiger Lily," and "The Royal Archer," by Michael Ryan, only served to make the contest more exciting. Frank Malone brought the evening to a fitting climax with his thrilling tale, "The Engineer's Story," leaving the result of the contest still in doubt.

The Academic Choir was again called into the limelight while the judges were making their decisions, and their selection, "The Swing," brought forth many a hearty response. Finally the judges decided that the winners of the gold medals were—very much to be congratulated, et cetera, and amid thunderous applause announced that their names were Robert Hogan of the fifth class and Michael Ryan of the fourth. The Academic Choir concluded the program with the Welsh folk song, "All Through the Night," rendered in most charming fashion.

EDW. J. BARRY, '13.





Six battered baseballs are gathering dust in the trophy case, the 1910 varsity has disbanded and the rooters are struggling and perspiring in the throes of final exams. All that is left is the retrospect and we are puzzled just where to begin. So many interesting features stand out in the season just closed that it would be hard to center upon one particular point. The team batting, the defeat of St. Viateur's, the clean sweep of victories, the number of games left unplayed, all call for notice and we scarcely know which is most interesting. To begin with, the 1910 varsity has played its last game under the banner of S. I. C. With the incorporation of the university and the erection of the proposed athletic plant in Rogers Park, future varsities will most probably be chronicled as "Loyola" nines or elevens, since the various departments of the "U" will doubtless furnish their quotas to the squads. This, the last of the great old S. I. C. baseball varsities, has hung up a record that the future teams will do well to equal. It has gone through the season without a defeat. It has batted at the terrific figure of .330 and fielded with the accuracy recorded by the average, .929. In addition it has defeated St. Viateur's for the first time since—well, since a certain gallant band of ancient heroes put it over in 10 innings, 3 to 2. This year it required overtime also—10 innings—4 to 2, but they turned the trick, and the red-fire, red-paint, joy-crazed rooting, et al., was all ours. Captain Pechous has led his men to victory in splendid fashion this season and we take this occasion to publicly thank him in the name of the student body for his strenuous efforts and congratulate him upon his successful results. Manager Dolan, who had the exquisite joy of receiving no less than ten set-backs because of bad weather and conflicting dates, mapped out a dandy schedule and is to be congratulated on his handling of the business side of matters.

In looking over the score book for the last three seasons, it is a striking fact that for three consecutive years the varsity has batted

over .300. Such slugging cannot but produce results, as three campaigns of extraordinary success attest. This spring, though only six games were played, due to bad weather and other causes, the varsity pounded out a total of 61 hits, or 10 a game. The total team batting average was .330. Further comment is worse than useless. It meant that pitchers were hit with a freedom and abandon that was irresistible. It meant that hits were delivered when needed, and it meant that games were won. If the full schedule had been played out there is no question but that the same average would have been maintained. While some of the individual averages might have been lowered and others increased, the team batting average could not have been much diminished, as the ability to slug the ball, as shown in the following percentages, proves. With the exception of Schoup and Zelezinski, who participated in only three games, and of Pechous, Herman and Doyle, who played in five, the averages are for six full games. Amberg only broke into one game, where he succeeded in drawing passes every time at bat, and consequently did not get into the batting totals. The percentages:

Killian	520	Ryan	227
Zelezinski	500	Furlong	222
Schuster	476	Carlin	182
Pechous	429	Stack	176
Herman	368	Schoup	167
Doyle.....	133		

On defense the record of the team is almost equally, though not quite, as good. The team fielding was .929, which, combined with the .330 at bat, made an invincible combination. Considering the fact that cold and rainy weather and bad grounds made regular practice an impossibility until three-quarters of the way through the season, and that the infield was subjected to an occasional shift, due to Captain Pechous' illness, while team play had to be developed under the most adverse conditions, the record in the field was most remarkable and was an able complement to the record achieved with the stick. Schoup fielded his two games without a miscue, getting a clean 1.000. Of the regular men, Stack led with .984, Killian was second with .979, Doyle followed with .926, and Capt. Pechous was fourth with an average of .905. The others were closely bunched in the higher eight hundreds. The work performed in the field was of a very high order, and while the team average relative to that secured at bat was not quite as extraordinarily high, still it was one to boast of and indicated a mighty fast gait while in the field. It is somewhat higher than the fielding averages usually



Schuster
Zelezinski

Stack

Shoup
Doyle

Dolan—Man.
Pechous
Capt.

Carlin

Killian
Ryan

Furlong
Amberg

recorded, and taken from both standpoints, of offense and defense, the 1910 varsity was a mighty fast and well-balanced team.

Behind the bat there was no change whatsoever this year, Stack and Doyle continuing to hold down their old jobs with professional ease. On the slab one mighty figure loomed up conspicuously, a joy to the rooters and a terror to the enemy—Jack Ryan. Hankes, who was first hurler last year, left school upon completion of his course in the commercial department early in April after winning the opening game of the season against Lake Forest. Ryan stepped into his place and won every one of the five games that were subsequently played. In not one contest did he fan less than ten men and the scarcity of hits recorded off his delivery was consoling. It was his marvelous pitching and the ability of the team to hit in pinches that made the season so successful. At first Killian fielded a splendid game and confirmed last season's high estimate of his ability as a first sacker. His terrific slugging at bat was quite in keeping with his work in the field and altogether he enjoyed a remarkable season. Tom Furlong held down second admirably. Scarcely anything got by him and he was on the job every minute of the game. At short the Hon. "Dutch" Herman cavorted with all his old-time ease and skill. He covered an immense amount of territory and at bat poled out the good ones at a .368 clip which was no small achievement in itself. At the far corner Capt. Pechous fielded his usual steady, consistent game, and toiled diligently to defeat the enemy. His record of .429 with the stick was splendid and in spite of ill health and inability to practice at times he managed to field .905, which meant consistent and well-balanced playing. In the outfield the only man who played one position throughout the entire season was Schuster in center. Left and right were filled by pitchers and catchers at various intervals, Zelezinski, Doyle, Schoup and Carlin all taking their turn after Ryan had given up left field for the box. Hankes and Ryan used to alternate in left, but the former's departure left a vacancy which no one was at hand to fill. Hence the pitchers and catchers. In center Schuster fielded a very accurate game, his playing often being the feature of the outfield work. At bat he was even more successful, bagging an average of .476. Despite the fact that there were no regular outfielders, the work performed in the gardens was deadly accurate and some hair-raising catches were perpetrated. Doyle, Zelezinski, Schoup and Carlin divided the work among them, Doyle appearing four times, Zelezinski three and Schoup and Carlin two, Doyle catching one of the games and Stack taking his place. In consequence of such kaleidoscopic changes an individual analysis of their work is impossible beyond a general comment on its goodness. Amberg only broke into part of one game at first base and

consequently did not get much opportunity to display his ability, but will beyond doubt receive a thorough tryout next spring.

The opening skirmish of the campaign was fought and won at Lake Forest University, Lake Forest, Ill., U. S. A. We add the U. S. A. for the benefit of certain rooters who proclaim everything outside the city limits to be in the provinces. But to return to the aforesaid skirmish. The result was the annual baseball victory and combined fielding practice at Lake Forest's expense. While the score left no doubt as to the relative merits of the two varsities, still it was a trifle disappointing because so low. It was only 9 to 2, whereas in later years it has been usually about 16 to 1. We consoled ourselves, however, with the thought that possibly Lake Forest was improving and enjoyed the batting practice immensely. It was the first game for each squad and, for Gleason of Lake Forest, his first appearance. He was compelled to retire in the sixth. Hankes was on the hill for S. I. C. and mowed down the Forest roamers with gratifying ease. Ten unwilling victims nibbled at his slants without effect and only three gentlemen succeeded in connecting at all. With ordinary luck Hankes would have scored a shutout, but bobbles in the field and a momentary unsteadiness in decisions let in two tallies to mar an otherwise perfect piece of work. Nine runs and nine hits were gleaned from Gleason's delivery together with four bases on balls. He retired in the sixth. Killian had a great day at bat, getting three hits, one of which was a triple and another a double. The only man who saw the ball at all for Lake Forest was Brockman, the shortstop, who secured two of their three scattered hits. Altogether it was a pleasant little journey and the victory was merely an incident of a very delightful day. The score:

S. I. C., 9; Lake Forest, 2.

The scene is twenty years later, an afternoon tea party on the lawn of the S. I. C. varsity. Enter the chorus in the shape of the Continental National Bankers. Enter the cast of the S. I. C. varsity with one J. Ryan as the "heavy." A certain Buckley comes center as the hero for the Continentals and the action proceeds. Started as strictly howling melodrama, it immediately degenerates into an equally howling farce, which eventually becomes a scalping match, S. I. C. having the bigger collection at the final curtain. All this by way of preliminary to state that the second game of the season was presented by the Continentals, 12 to 10, with Jack Ryan on the slab. The Continentals had held the West End semi-pros 6 to 4 the week previous and the varsity was in a flutter as to what it might encounter in the shape of box work. It encountered it all right, but it wasn't a flutter. The box artist simply soared and

presented us with 14 bases on balls. In the second half of the first frame the varsity received eight bases on balls which were sandwiched in betwixt four bingles for a total of six tallies. But Mr. Buckley's generosity was unbounded. Back he came in the second and third with four more tickets to first and five or six swats for a total of ten runs. The Continentals did not propose to expire without a struggle, however, and, helped out by four errors, three singles and a base on balls, managed to push six men over the pan in the third where at the most they should have only scored twice. As a game it was more or less of a joke, as the Bankers never had a chance and only counted mainly because of loose work in the field due to the varsity's unfamiliarity with the grounds, it being their first home game of the season, which, by the way, has always been one of huge scores for years back. A summary of the facts might be of interest. Killian and Pechous got three hits apiece, the team total being eleven. The varsity made five errors and pounded out three doubles. Jack Ryan fanned ten men and gave the enemy seven hits, four of which were doubles and one a triple. Buckley gave S. I. C. fourteen bases on balls, while Ryan issued three passes. What was contributed by the umpire the box score doesn't state. From the foregoing it is easy to observe why the final results were:

S. I. C., 12; Continentals, 10.

Here, before progressing further, it might be well to devote a paragraph or so to the number of games that were postponed. Never in the athletic history of the school has bad weather, wet grounds and other causes so disrupted the schedule and caused cancellation of games. Not one-half of the season was played out in actuality, and some of the very best games had to be indefinitely postponed. It was aggravating, it was annoying, it was financially unprofitable and it was decidedly disappointing. The game with Chicago U. could not be played on the date arranged because of the Retreat, and when postponed till later, rain interfered. St. Joseph's could not come down from Dubuque because it had rained for two steady days and the Cubs' park was a quagmire. Racine was cancelled because of an illness on their squad. For P. and S., Cathedral College, St. Procopius, Marquette U., Armour Institute and the Chicago game it rained with unflinching regularity and the negotiations with Knox and Northwestern were dropped because of bad weather when almost completed. Thus at least eight games were not played and among them four of the big ones of the season. It is to be hoped that nature will smile more kindly next year, for if it does not we shall of necessity be driven to indoor baseball exclusively.

And then came the big game, the game we've been compelled to record as a defeat for ever so many years, the annual game with St. Viateurs. At Kankakee, on April 21st, in ten innings and after a hard fight we trimmed them 4 to 2. It was great, it was glorious, it was magnificent. It was a game to write about, read about, dream about—and we won. That last is the most interesting and important fact of all. It is almost ten years since a certain gallant band invaded the Kankakee stronghold and bore off a victory with a score of 3 to 2. In all that interval we've never tasted victory, and now at last its fruits are mighty sweet. To begin with, it was Kankakee's first defeat on their own grounds since they lost to Armour in 1907. That made victory all the sweeter. Secondly, victory was so nearly in our grasp last year that the loss of it was a terrible blow, and, thirdly, it required overtime to do it, while, fourthly, Jack Ryan had the enemy faded and packed away in the cooler when it came to the pinches. All of which contributed to a mightily interesting game. The downstaters used fourteen men in their effort to win, while S. I. C. used ten. Harrison and Fitzgerald started in the points for St. Viateurs and were relieved later by Coss and O'Connell. Ryan, Doyle and Stack were the battery for S. I. C. The varsity scored in the second, counting two on a combination of clean hits and a sacrifice, and thereafter did not approach the plate till the fireworks exploded in the tenth. In the meanwhile Jack Ryan had the enemy on the hip until the seventh, when they acquired their first score. Only three scattered bingles were all they could comb from his delivery for the entire ten rounds. Jack was a trifle erratic at times and passed no less than eleven men, but the way he would strike out the next two men up after walking one or two was tantalizingly effective. No less than nineteen men were set down on strikes and it was this inability to hit Ryan in the pinches that lost St. Viateur's the game. They simply could not hit him at all, as the 19 strikeouts testify. A slight soreness in his shoulder and a fitful wind were responsible for much of Jack's generosity, because he wasn't wild. The deadly accuracy of the 19 whiffs negated anything like an ascension, and the pitching exhibition he gave that afternoon was a positive delight to behold. In the ninth the Kankakeeans tied it up with a combination of a walk, a stolen base and a single, a marvelous catch by Stack in center field of a terrific drive for the third out preventing additional scoring. In the tenth, with one down, the fireworks exploded. Schoup was taken out to let Zelezinski bat for him, and the latter started the break by poling a clean bingle through the infield. Herman then proceeded to immortalize himself by duplicating the performance, the two moving up to second and third on Ryan's out. Capt. Pechous was next up. The situa-

tion was tense and a guessing match ensued between Coss and himself. With one and two called, Pechous took a good look at Coss' fourth offering—and straightened it out to center for a long single on which Zelezinski and Herman registered at the pan. In the downstaters' half of the tenth the enemy were retired in order and the varsity's first triumph over the Old Gold and Purple in ten years was accomplished. Captain Pechous' timely hit in the tenth and Ryan's ability to hold the enemy hitless in the pinches were the contributing causes of the victory, and the resulting celebration upon the team's return to town made up for the ten long years of famine. If the varsity had signalized itself by no other achievement than winning this one game, that victory would have been enough, and we rejoice with an exceeding joy to here chronicle the fact that at Bergin Field, for the first time in a decade, on April 21st, in ten innings, the varsity scalped the Kankeans, triumphed over them, defeated them and bore off the banner of victory inscribed:

S. I. C., 4; S. V. C., 2.

After a few more games had been postponed because of bad weather, etc., etc., etc., until the rooters were beginning to wonder if the varsity would ever play again, a journey was made to Marshall field for fielding practice with the Chicago yearlings. The grounds were in an awful state and the game dragged fearfully, not starting till almost 4:30. The Chicago varsity was away on a trip that day and the absence of their protecting presence made the Freshies visibly frightened. At any rate, Jack Ryan had them at his mercy and amused himself by fanning eleven of them in seven innings. By some stroke of fate they managed to push a man over the register in the seventh, but as the varsity had amassed six tallies amid much listless work in the interim their effort went for naught. The game with the Freshmen was more of a fielding practice than anything else and was taken on merely because it was impossible to arrange a suitable date with the regular team. The freshmen hurlers had nothing to offer that the varsity couldn't hit, and ten resounding swats were banged off their delivery while the excruciating torment lasted. The score:

S. I. C., 6; C. U. F., 1.

A suitable interval of several weeks having elapsed, the fifth victory of the season was won at the White Sox park from nine gentlemen hailing from the village of Rensselaer, Indiana, where St. Joseph's college is located. Far be it from us to speak with levity of the literary Indianans, for they certainly can play ball. So much so that we have suffered three straight defeats at their hands in as many years. Hence our seriousness. Last spring, with victory almost in our grasp, those sturdy Hoosiers rallied and bore

off the palm in triumph. This year it was our turn—beg pardon, not the varsity's turn, but Jack Ryan's. A writeup of the game must consist exclusively of a writeup of Jack's pitching, for the Rensselaer squad couldn't touch him with a flagpole. For eight straight innings not one man got past the keystone sack and fifteen victims had swung wildly at his slants in a futile effort to connect. Not a single hit had been recorded in all that time and there were two down in the ninth when the only hit and only run of the game for the visitors was secured. The St. Joe pitcher had been walked and stole second, where he rested from his labors while the gentlemen at bat were helplessly trying to discover where the ball disappeared to just before reaching the plate. With two strikes on the fourth man up, Ryan dished up the wrong twister, the batter connected and the enemy scored. This little break in the ninth didn't produce any result and simply heightened the helplessness of the visitors before Ryan's slab work. It was a great exhibition and completely eclipsed the nine strikeouts and seven hits recorded for the enemy's twirler, Hasser. Pechous led in the run-getting for S. I. C., registering twice, while Killian and Schuster divided honors with the stick, each securing two hits, one of Jack's being a two-sacker. Of the enemy there is little to write except that a deep path was worn from home plate to the visitors' bench, due to the frequent and numerous failures to solve Ryan's delivery. It surely was a remarkable piece of artistry and towards the last the Indianans' efforts to hit grew pitiful. Their twirler performed nobly until the sixth when the varsity got together and pooled their contributions, extracting three runs as a result. Another was added in the eighth, making the final results:

S. I. C., 4; S. J. C., 1.

It remained for the Young Men's Sodality team to furnish the annual big score. They did it with a zest and a determination that could be stopped by nothing, though to the inability of Flanagan, their star twirler, to go on the rubber probably was due the hugeness of the score. On Memorial day in the presence of a vast crowd they were slaughtered by the varsity at the college grounds, score 15 to 1, in a game that had as many interesting and absurd features as probably any other played since last year's frolic with Kent Law. Jack Ryan served up the foolers for the varsity with his accustomed successful results. Eleven of the enemy breezed and only seven succeeded in getting on base at all. Two of these were given transportation, while two of the remaining five secured two-baggers, the others contenting themselves with singles. Only eight rounds were staged for reasons to be stated anon. Y. M. S. scored in the eighth after being blanked in the previous seven.

Meanwhile interesting events transpired. The varsity simply slaughtered Hardyman, who gave way to Neill in the eighth, to the tune of 16 hits and 3 passes. Of these Killian secured four, two of which were fierce two-base smashes. He also scored four runs, but those were a mere trifle. Zelezinski pounded out three one-base drives, while Schuster and Furlong got two bingles apiece, every man on the team getting at least one hit. Mixed in with these were three bases on balls and five errors contributed by the Y. M. S. As if this amazing total were not enough, the varsity stole no less than twelve bases, an astounding sum which was divided up between Pechous, Killian, Stack and Furlong with two apiece, Ryan with three and Zelezinski with one. Among other things, Doyle and Schoup got two-base hits. In contrast to the varsity's gambol about the cushions was the lone stolen base of Leavy, the Y. M. S. second sacker. The reason only eight innings were played was because in the last half of the eighth the varsity amassed no less than eight runs. Y. M. S. seemed to be tired in the ninth, so that time was called with the score:

S. I. C., 15; Y. M. S., 1.

THOMAS Q. BEESLEY '10.

In truth may it be said of this branch of athletics, that the first High School baseball team has been a success. Like all great enterprises, there were difficulties to be surmounted, which, with the aid of all the students, were in the main overcome.

Though he was forced to begin arranging games late in the season, Manager John Duffy procured a schedule of sixteen games. Of these only six were played, as the weather man has not had sufficient control over the elements.

Doubtless several of the players will make the College team next season. Ivan, who has done the twirling, is a sure comer, having no less than seven strikeouts in each game. Captain Jender was sought by the College team but he preferred to hold the second sack for the High School.

Holton, catch; Ivan, pitch; Connelly, 1st; Jender, 2nd; Capt. Heally, 3rd; Kiley, s.s.; Noonan, l.f.; Lindstrom, c.f.; Bannon, r.f.; Devitt and King, utility.

Congratulations are offered to the team, especially to Mgr. Duffy, who has worked with untiring effort to make this first year of the High School team a success.

St. Ignatius High, 5; St. Cyril's, 4; St. Ignatius High, 6; St. Cyril's, 2; St. Ignatius High, 2; Loyola Academy, 10; St. Ignatius High, 4; Loyola Academy, 3; St. Ignatius High, 5; Redmonds, 0; St. Ignatius High, 3; St. Rita's, 4.



The days that we have striven for, the days that we have longed for with dreams of conquest, are at hand. June, for the student who is about to be turned out upon the mercy of the "cruel" world, is the month of expectations and regrets. Expectation for the culmination of all his dreams; regret for the joys that have gone; regret for the associations that are to be broken. The time has come when the present Exchange editor must resign his position to other hands. There is a pleasure in terminating the work, yet that work has been a constant source of pleasure, for the game of give and take in a literary way has a fascination all its own. We must, in parting, express our gratitude for the many kind words of praise that have come to us from our exchanges. To those who have shown us our defects we owe the most. Let this be our valedictory.

With all due respect for our contemporaries and detracting not an iota from their value, we must accord the *University of Virginia Magazine* the highest award for merit. THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA MAGAZINE We have not judged from a particular issue; our decision does not come on account of an admiration for some especially good article, but because of the general tone of the magazine. Maturity is one of the magazine's greatest assets; all crudities are carefully eliminated. We have the May issue at hand. "The Scarlet Fairy Book" has assumed the proportion and general appearance of a department. The subject in this issue is "Two Sides of the World." It is a strange compilation of waves, frogs, moons, silver-ladies and—circumstances. The circumstances are put in the shape of excellent English, that with a vivid imagination makes the waves, frogs, moons and silver-ladies interesting. We would suggest that the author introduce Halley's Comet; now that it is gone it could not object to being made the subject of another fairy story.

"Some Old Southern Authors" gives us the life, manners and characters of two well-known southern authors, Meek and Peck.

We must encourage the author with the hope that he will continue his efforts for the magazine. "In the Old Dominion" treats of an historical and romantic incident in the records of the mails of the country. "The Origin of Classes in Virginia" has an introduction which is strikingly like an introduction we have seen before. Perhaps "minds running in the same channel" explains the similarity.

The *Pittsburgh College Bulletin* is a strictly literary magazine. There is not a note of frivolity to be found in the whole issue, either in prose or in poetry. This is not to be wondered at since faculty work plays an important part in the makeup of the issue. The charge has been laid at the door of many of our exchanges that they are mere athletic chronicles; but no such charge can be made against the *Bulletin*. Just ten lines were devoted to athletics this issue. "A Brave Struggle" is a worthy effort. It is more than a struggle and the author must be congratulated for the logical development of his subject. He evidently did not write blindly, relying on his apparent ability to write well. "Spokes in the Wheel of a Century's Progress" is a good article as one gets toward the end. We hardly think that the author should have found it imperative to start with creation to write about the nineteenth century. The appearance of the '12 and '14 after the names of the contributors is a very commendable circumstance. It shows that those in the lower classes have a facility in writing and are not too lazy to employ it for the benefit of the college magazine. Too often the burden of issuing the magazine is left to the older students and oftentimes entirely to the editors.

It would be a year lost if *The Dial* did not merit a review. Our sister magazine has established a position for herself and does her best in her own quiet way to maintain it. We must complain, however, that she takes no notice of her contemporaries; she is impervious to criticism and goes serenely on—without an exchange column.

In the first place we must congratulate the home of *The Dial* upon the excellent record made in the English contest. *The Dial* should solicit the support of more such talent and then she might easily eliminate "class exercise" contributions.

"Mrs. Eddy and Christian Science" demanded a large amount of our attention. The pages of *The Dial* could have well afforded this article the first place. It would have been much better there than the lecture, "Shakespeare, the Orator." The fiction of this number is good in plot and point of view, but a trifle unfinished and crude in construction. The verse is good. We are glad to

find that *The Dial* has seen fit to drop their "Local Column." Now all that the esteemed *Dial* needs is an exchange column. List to one appeal.

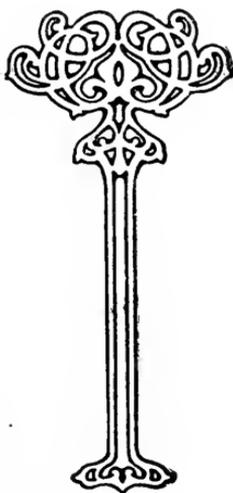
What can we do or say that will increase the prestige of *The Viatorian*? "*Fac et Spera*" confronts us regularly and we cannot help seeing that the editors of *The Viatorian* live up to their motto. "Intellectual Development" is a thoroughly finished production. It is logical and clear in construction and gives ample evidence that the author has not neglected "to enjoy the suprasensible." "Dante and Beatrice" is a very good criticism of the drama of that name. An idea of the height of criticism: "She (Sara K. Wiley) has produced a play of midgets and reduced world personages to the size of parlor marionettes. Her play would, by reason of its good versification, be marked 'fair' if it were the effort of an immature school girl." The author of "Whah" is a trifle keen and knows how to classify. "Labor Unions" is a good article, but the conditions which the author would have are too ideal for ordinary mortals. The author of "Woman Suffrage" has given us a readable essay. It is modest, striving to keep within the bounds of a student's knowledge upon such subjects. "Forevermore" reminds us of graduation; likewise "Take Your Time."

The May issue of *The Brunonian* starts out with "Chanson," a very pretty poem. Glancing through the magazine, it is impressed upon us that *The Brunonian* never seems to be short of readable stories. It would be a great satisfaction, though, if they were more accurate and if their authors had a better knowledge of ethics. Here is an instance: In a story that appeared not long ago the author makes the hero ask a priest whether he would be obliged to keep an oath even though the keeping of the oath would send him to perdition. The priest answers that the oath must be kept. This is absurd. Even a child would not have answered thus. But, then, it served to bring the author and the hero out of an embarrassing situation. "*Deus ex Machina!*"

"When the Limited Was Repaired" is a piece of good fiction. The author should have been more careful to eliminate all doubtful expressions, such as "she was hung up by the engine's water supply giving out." This offends our sense of the fitness of things. It makes the person involved too much like an old hat. "A Ride" might be termed a rift in the clouds of mediocrity. It is as pretty a piece of description as we have read in our exchanges this year.

We have had many visitors from St. Louis, but none more welcome than *The Fleur De Lis*. The boys "at the other end of the canal" may be proud of the May issue. It would **THE FLEUR** be worth while if it contained only the prize essay, **DE LIS** "Papal Infallibility." We do not wonder that this particular essay won the prize. Another could scarcely be better. The reasoning is so clear that a perusal of it strengthens the faith of the firm believer and shakes the preconceived and prejudiced notions of the non-Catholic. "St. Louis, Patron of Education," is the second article of that character that has appeared this year. The viewpoints in both are different. Both are an excellent tribute to the patron of the university and to the university itself.

JOHN T. BENZ, '10.



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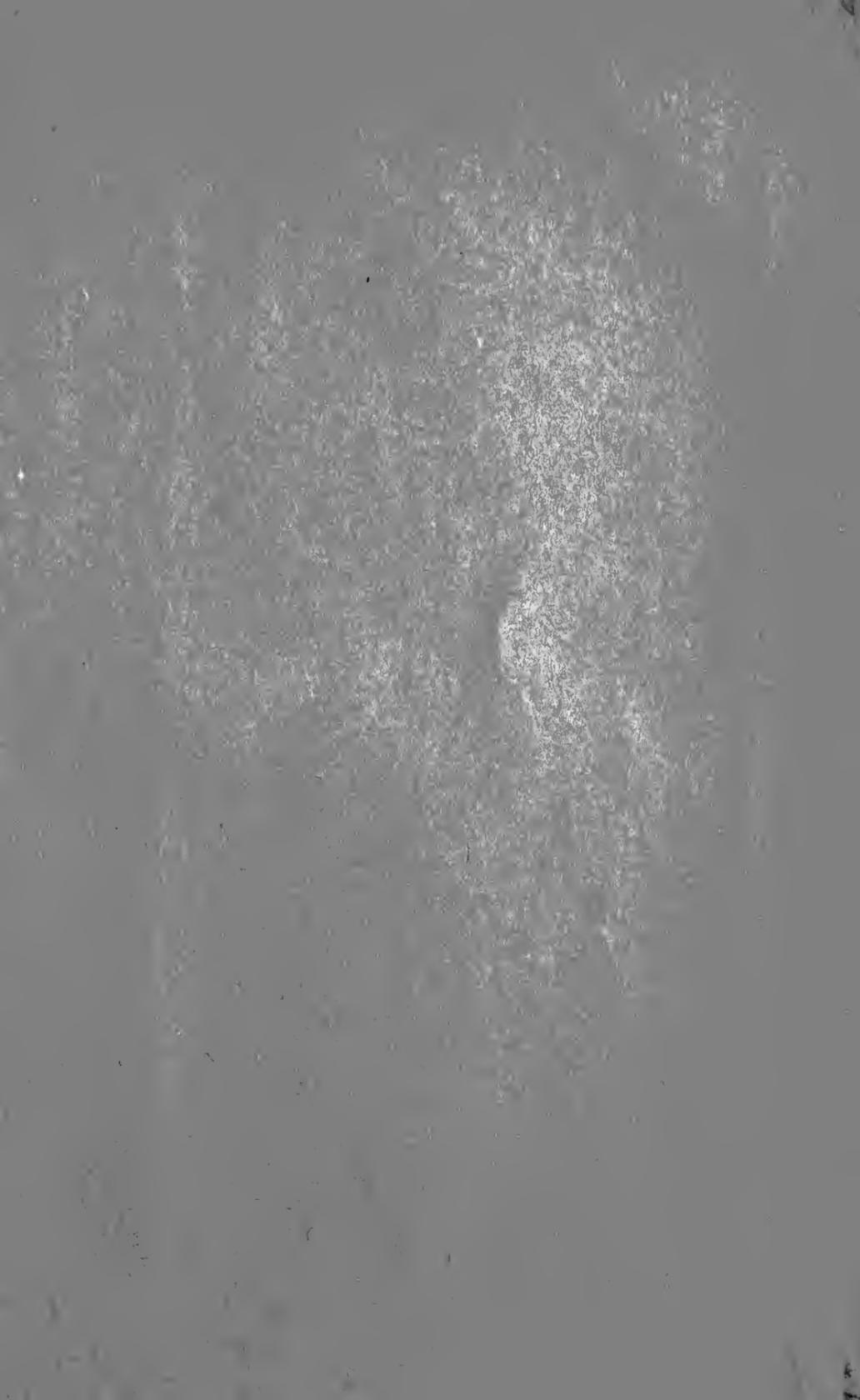
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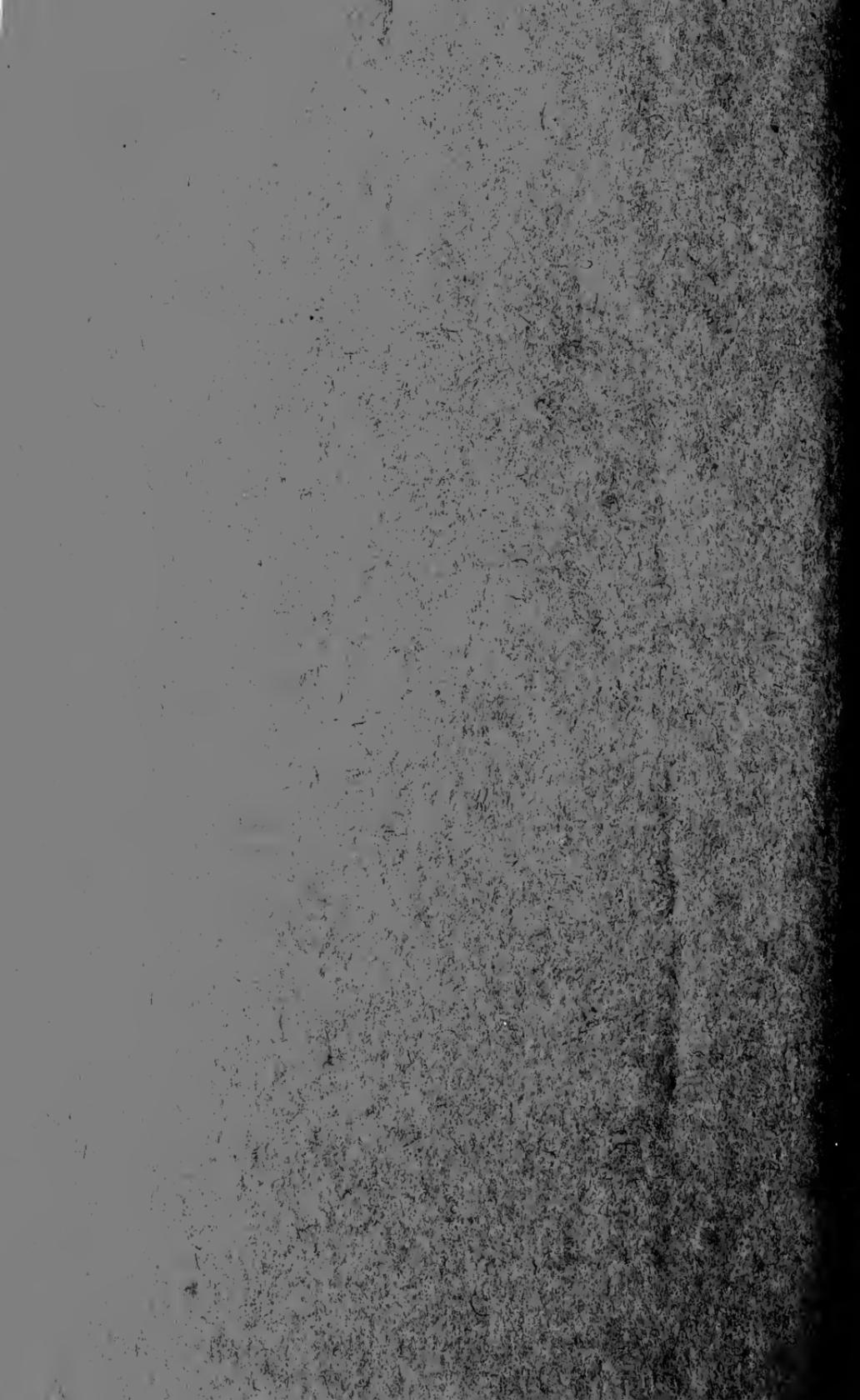
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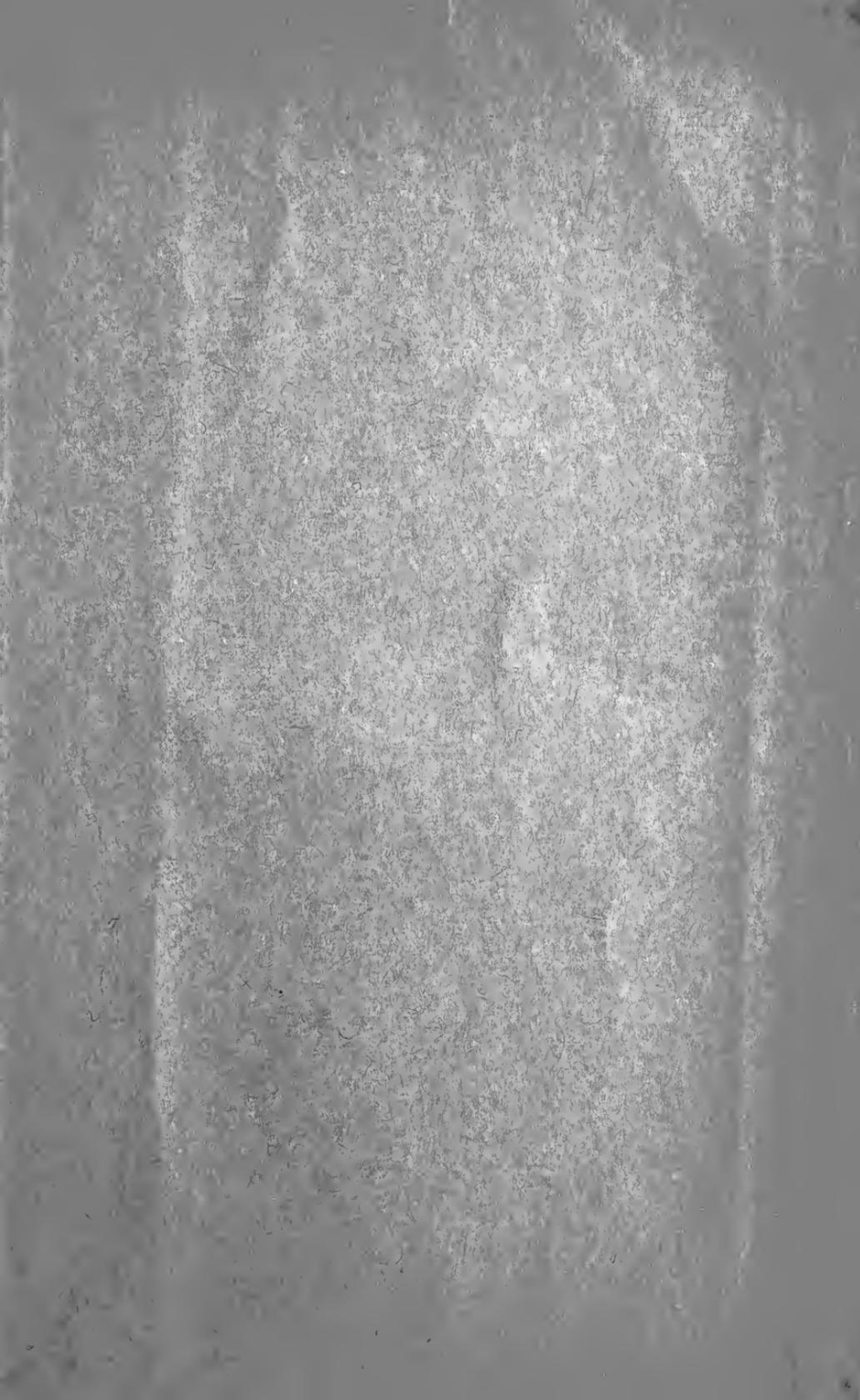
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